

XVIIITH YEAR.

FIVE PARTS, WITH MAGAZINE SECTION

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 24, 1899.

FIVE CENTS

THEATERS—

For Theatrical Announcements See Page 1, Part IV.

AMUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS—

With Dates of Events.

SOUTH PASADENA OSTRICH FARM—

70 Chicks Hatched Last Month.

The Best Place in America to Purchase

Ostrich Feathers

All Grades of

TIPS,

DEMI-PLUMES,

AMAZONS,

FANS,

BOAS,

CAPIES,

AND COLLARS.

Send stamp for Illustrated Price List to

EDWIN CAWSTON,

SOUTH PASADENA, CAL.

Special Today — 25 Cents Round Trip, including

Admission to Farm.

LEVY'S—111 West Third Street—

xxxx MUSIC NIGHTLY xxxx

Orpheum Orchestra - - 11 p.m.—12:30 p.m.

FIESTA PARK—Baseball.

MERCHANTS VS. LOS ANGELES

SUNDAY, 2:30 P. M.

2c. Ladies free. Shaded seats. Coolest place in town.

SUPERB ROUTES OF TRAVEL—

EXCURSIONS MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY—

\$1.75 "SATURDAY AND SUNDAY, SEPT. 23 and 24," from

Los Angeles to Alpine Tavern and return (including all

points on Mt. Lowe Railway.) "FIFTY CENTS TO RUBIO CANYON" and

return. Autumn days in the mountains among the giant pines, and the grandest

ride on earth. Pasadena Electric Cars connecting leave 8, 9 and 10 a.m., 1 and 4

p.m. All connections make entire trip and return same day. Evening special

leaves Ye Alpine Tavern after supper, making stop at Echo Mountain for guests to

enjoy the operation of the World's Fair Search Light and large Telescope, arriving at

10:45. To make your trip complete, remain over night or longer at "YE ALPINE

TATERN"—strictly first class and rates reasonable.

Tickets and full information at office, 214 S. Spring St. Tel. Main 960.

TIMELY SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS—

DOING ONE THING WELL—

Ours is a store for Fruits and Vegetables—a one-idea store. Our whole

business machinery is concentrated on giving you the best to be had for the

least money. Our time and money, and thought is devoted to this one thing. We

try to do it well, and that is why it pays to trade at the

ALHOUSE FRUIT CO.,

FRUIT HEADQUARTERS. Tel. Main 398. 213-215 West Second street.

FALL PIPPINS AND BELLEFLOWER APPLES—

We have purchased the crop of one of the finest apple orchards in Monterey

County. These apples heretofore have all been exported, and have been con-

sidered too good for this market. FULL WEIGHT BOXES, \$1.25. We handle

these Apples in carload lots. Special Prices in quantity.

WE SHIP EVERYWHERE. RIVERS BROS. TEL. M. 1433

1100 BROADWAY AND TEMPLE STREET.

HAY—HAY—HAY—

We have the largest and best stock of Hay in the city.

Contract your season's supply now. We will sell you ten tons or one hun-

dred tons of hay. Storage free. Delivered as you need it.

LOS ANGELES HAY STORAGE CO.,

TEL. M. 1596. COR. THIRD AND CENTRAL AVE.

CARBONS—Every picture a work of art.

16—Medals—16.

Visitors should not miss the opportunity to have

photographs taken under the most favorable condi-

tion of atmosphere in the world. Studio 220, S. Spring; op. Hollenbeck.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND—

The famous resort 3 1/2 hours from Los Angeles. Golf Links. Submarine

gardens as seen through glass-bottom boats. Coaching, hunting the wild goat,

hunting, etc. Most equable climate in the world—average temperature 70

degrees. HOTEL METROPOLIS always open at popular rates. Regular steamer

service from San Pedro. See Railroad time tables. BANNING COMPANY,

Tel. Main 36. 222 South Spring Street, Los Angeles.

COAL—CATALINA MARBLE—COAL.

EANNING COMPANY, wholesale and retail dealers in South Field Wellington

Coal. Marble cut, turned and carved in all imaginable shapes at lowest prices.

Men's aquariums tanks laundry tubs, etc. Tel. Main 36. 222 S. Spring.

FITZGERALD MUSIC AND PIANO CO.—

A good place to trade—113 South Spring Street. Fischer & Knabe Pianos.

COMING—Vladimir de Pachmann—

THE RENOWNED PIANIST.

HOTELS, RESORTS AND CAFES.

ABBOTSFORD INN—

Corner Eighth and Hope Streets

[THE PHILIPPINES.]

BOMBS IN AIR

ON SUBIG BAY.

Naval Attack Upon an

Insurgent Post.

Four Vessels Take Part in a

Brisk Engagement.

Sailors Land and Drive Rebels

from Their Position.

Only One American Wounded—Fil-

ipinos Keep Bad Faith—Reports

of Recent Battles—Chinese

Question.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

MANILA, Sept. 24, 11:15 a.m.—[By

Manila Cable.] The United States

cruiser Charleston, the monitor Monterey,

the gunboat Concord and the supply

ship Zafiro this morning attacked

Olangapo, on Subig Bay. The warships,

after briskly bombarding Olangapo,

landed 250 sailors, who destroyed the

insurgents' position. One American was

wounded.

PRISONERS NOT SURRENDERED.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

MANILA, Sept. 23, 4:45 p.m.—The

Philippines have not made good their

offer to surrender the American prisoners

and they have not sent an officer to

meet Gen. Otis, as promised. Nothing

further has been heard from the rebe-

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THE WAY THE YANKEE POLICE WOULD HAVE DONE.



There would have been no need of any military or fire department.

This is one of the reasons given why

it is necessary from a military stand-

point to keep them out. It has been

represented, however, by the Chinese

Minister that the landing of the 700

Chinese now at Manila could do no

harm, and that to return them to China

would be a severe hardship. It is this

individual case which Gen. Otis is to

decide, but it is well understood that

whatever is done in this instance will

have no effect in determining the other

questions presented by the Chinese

upon the general subject of exclusion.

This, however, is understood, that the

military necessity of the case will de-

termine what shall be done while the

islands are under a military govern-

ment, and the subject will be handled

from that standpoint, rather than with

reference to the fact that a Chinese

exclusion law is in force in the United

States.

GOAT JUICE DID IT.

Hopelless Manila Completely Re-

stored in Mind and Body.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

JOLIET (Ill.) Sept. 23.—Irwin Ful-

ler Bush, a young married man of this

city, was sent to the Kankakee Asylum

last March pronounced hopelessly in-

sane.

Today, through treatment with lymph

from the glands of goats, Bush is home,

completely restored in mind and body.

CHINESE QUESTION.

Cabinet Will not Reverse Gen. Otis's

Decision.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—[Exclusive

Dispatch.] The War Department today

widely printed this morning that the

Cabinet had decided to reverse Gen.

Otis's decision against allowing Chi-

nese to land in the Philippines. No

such action has been taken by the

Cabinet, and, therefore, Gen. Otis's

refusal to allow Chinese to land in the

Philippines still stands.

The Cabinet merely asked Gen. Otis

for a full report upon Chinese mat-

ters. This was made necessary by the

fact that the Chinese Minister has

protested to the State Department

against Gen. Otis's decision, and in

order to reply to the Minister's protest

full information must be had from Gen.

Otis.

The government now believes Gen.

Otis has acted wisely in refusing to

allow Chinese to land, although his de-

cision will finally be sustained by the

government, it will have a good deal

to do with friendly relations with

China. That government feels rather

hot about the matter just now, and

there are threats of retaliation in the

way of barring American commerce,

which is just beginning to make its

way into China.

Chances are that the matter will be

hung up by the President, and let

wholly for Congress to decide when

the Philippines matter comes up for

consideration by that body.

MILITARY EXPEDIENTY.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—The land-

ing of the shipload of Chinese now at

Manila will depend on military expe-

dienty, which will be determined by

Gen. Otis. If, in his judgment, the

landing of the 700 Chinese will not in-

terfere with the military conditions or

disturb the situation they may land.

The conditions in the Philippines, it is

pointed out, are such as to make the

entry of Chinese laborers a disturbing

element. The Filipinos are opposed to

them, and there is a bitter feeling ex-

isting against the Chinese there. It is

believed here that if the United States

military authorities allow the Chinese

free access to the Philippines, it will

exasperate the people, and tend to re-

tail the pacification of the islands.

[POLITICAL.]

WESTERN MAN

PREFERRED.

New Yorkers Hanker for

Hobart's Place.

Booms Begun in Behalf of

Root and Depew.

McKinley Said to Favor Running

Mate from Far West.

Senator Platt Sees the President

About It—Roosevelt Hoped to Open

the Campaign in Ohio—The

Maryland Feud.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—[Exclusive

Dispatch.] Senator Platt of New York

had a talk with the President today

WORKED A DEAD MAN.

A REMARKABLE CASE UN-EARTHED AT TUCSON.

J. Clarence Brown Believed to Be Guilty of Both Murder and Robbery in Having Forged E. W. Derry's Name.

Swindle not Exposed Until After the Money Had Been Paid and Description of Deceptor Wired from San Francisco.

Suspected Stage Robber Discharged for Lack of Evidence—Pacheco Pass Skeleton Removed—Mrs. Knudsen's Body Found.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] TUCSON (Ariz.) Sept. 23.—A remarkable case of supposed murder and robbery is being unearthed. J. Clarence Brown, a young man of good appearance, drew a draft on a San Francisco bank for \$1000, signed by E. W. Derry, through the Consolidated Bank of Tucson. The bank wired to San Francisco who answered that Derry's draft was good, on which the bank made part payment. It was learned the next day that the party who signed the check was not Derry. Brown was endeavoring to leave the city. He was arrested.

The San Francisco bank, in the mean time, wired the reception and payment of the draft. The bank here requested a close scrutiny of the signature, which brought the report of its genuineness was in doubt. Brown, when interrogated, stated he had come down from the Klondike some months ago; had deposited a large sum of gold in the bank in his true name, E. W. Derry, stating at what hotel he stopped.

The hotel where Brown stopped, Derry, which instead of describing Brown, described the man found last week in a mountain cañon several miles from Nogales which lacked evidence of suicide, although hung from the limb of a tree, with knees almost touching the ground.

Brown had among his effects a large number of canceled checks, letters, a bank book and other papers belonging to Derry; also evidence of where he had written Derry's name hundreds of times. He had been practicing on the signature. It is stated that Brown and Derry were partners. They were last seen together a month ago, leaving Bisbee in a vehicle. Derry has not been seen since. The case has caused much excitement.

CHINESE BLOOD MONEY.

Hired Assassins Sent to Canada After Kang Yuwei.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] VICTORIA (B. C.) Sept. 23.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] According to the Chinese Imperial Gazette, copies of which came by the Idsu Maru tonight, the following secret edict was issued in the name of the Emperor, July 5, and sent to the viceroys and Governors of the coast and river provinces.

"It is on account of the leniency of the Imperial government that we had no desire to implicate a number of persons connected with the treasonable wretches, Kang Yuwei, etc., who, after having conspired against the state, finally fled to Canada. It has recently come to our knowledge that Kang Yuwei and others have been traveling about gathering adherents and brooding rebellious designs, instigating and misleading others to their hearts' content. It would therefore be unwise to allow them to be so lucky as to escape the grasp of the law. It is hereby commanded that rigorous and unceasing efforts should be exercised to secure their arrest, and such vigilance not be relaxed in the slightest degree. The aims and wickedness of Kang Yuwei, Liang Chichow and the Chinese traitors, revolting and atrocious in the extreme. These should be captured, one by one, and the government will not grudge unprecedented rewards for those who merit it. Those who are found to have ventured to join treasonable offenders will also be arrested and severely punished in order to exterminate germs of treason and rebellion."

The Gazette adds that a number of emissaries of the throne are now in Canada, with the object of compassing the death or arrest of the exile.

PRUNE-GROWERS ORGANIZE.

Union Formed for the Purpose of Mutual Protection.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] SAN JOSE, Sept. 23.—At a meeting of the prune-growers of this county this afternoon, the Santa Clara County Fruit Union, for the purpose of mutual protection and of saving the produce of its members in eastern markets, independent of and without antagonizing any other company, was organized.

Directors were elected as follows: S. R. Johnson, president; Jacob Miller, vice-president; W. P. Craig, secretary; J. E. Abbott and J. E. Johnson, directors.

At the meeting 1500 tons of fruit were represented, and 1000 tons were immediately pledged.

HOPE FOR REWARD.

Pacheco Pass Skeleton Removed by Tucson Patrol.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.] SAN JOSE, Sept. 23.—Sheriff Langford says there is no doubt in his mind that the human skeleton was found in the hills near Pacheco Pass, by Fred Keener of Visalia, as he claimed. Keener claimed he caught sight through a little opening in some poison oak, of fluttering cloth which led to the discovery of the body.

Langford lay on the rock as Keener directed, and then Deputy Statton went inside the poison oak and lay down. Langford saw plainly his vest, shirt-front and waistband, just as Keener says he saw the clothes on the skeleton. The Sheriff is convinced that he is on the trail of those who removed the skeleton, but refuses to give out any information now. He adds that the people in this section of the country believe there is a reward of \$13,000 for Dunham, dead or alive, and that some one has taken the bones hoping to get the reward.

MINING ENGINEERS COMING.

Delegates to Meeting of American Institute at San Francisco.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.] SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 23.—The special train with the eastern members of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, who are coming to this city to attend their thirtieth annual meeting, and the local committee who left last evening to meet and welcome them to this State at Montague, on the Oregon line, are scheduled to arrive here Monday morning. Many of the visiting engineers are accompanied by their wives

and children.

Tomorrow morning the entire party will visit the copper mines and smelters at Kewick, Shasta county, and will be entertained at lunch by the Copper Mountain Mining Company. Redding will be reached in the evening, and the visitors will be given a reception by prominent people of Northern California. Every arrangement has been made to properly receive the distinguished visitors on their arrival in this city. Headquarters have been established at the Palace Hotel.

NEW SUGAR ENTERPRISE.

Large Factory to Be Erected at Santa Rita Junction.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] PLEASANTON, Sept. 23.—A large sugar-beet factory is to be constructed at Santa Rita Junction, near Pleasanton, and land has been leased to supply a portion of the required beets. The Rancho del Valle, J. Sutterland and the Hewitt estate and Chast estate have all entered into leases for land, which will aggregate several thousand acres. It is said that work will commence at once. E. R. Lillenthal is said to be the head of the enterprise.

MAYNE'S PROFITS.

Judgment for the Defendants in a Suit to Recover.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 23.—The suit of Charles B. Polhemus against the estate of the late Charles Mayne for an accounting and for the recovery of one-half of Mayne's profits, estimated at upwards of \$1,000,000, has ended in the Superior Court with a judgment in favor of the defendants—Louis R. Barrolihot and Antonio Borel, representatives of the Mayne estate.

No appeal has been taken, and it is understood that the closing of the litigation is the result of a compromise whereby the demands of the plaintiff were substantially recognized.

MISSING MRS. KNUDSEN.

Her Body is Found Floating in the River Near Redding.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] REDDING, Sept. 23.—The dead body of Mrs. Louisa Knudsen, who mysteriously disappeared from her home in this city on the night of September 14, was found floating in the river two miles below here today. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of death by drowning.

WEIR DISCHARGED.

Not Enough Evidence Produced to Hold the Suspected Robber.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] NAPA, Sept. 23.—The preliminary examination of Joseph Weir, charged with robbing the Calista and Clear Lake stage line on the 14th inst., was held here today before Justice Chinn of St. Helena. As the evidence introduced was not strong enough to hold the defendant, he was discharged.

GRAPES-GROWERS PRICES.

FRESNO, Sept. 23.—At a mass meeting of grape-growers today it was unanimously decided to stand by the prices already fixed by the California Raisin Growers' Association, for second crop muscat grapes. The prices are \$10 a ton for 24 per cent. sugar; \$9.50 for 23 per cent.; \$9 for 22 per cent., and so on. The wine men refuse to pay these prices, which they say are too high.

TRUETHWORTH GETS TEN YEARS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 23.—George F. Truethworthy, who killed John Landman on the night of June 11 last, finally died today in the State Prison, the second degree, was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in San Quentin today.

RAIN'S DAMAGE AT SEBASTOPOL.

SEBASTOPOL, Sept. 23.—Torrential rains have done great damage to houses here, and the vineyards and orchards in the vicinity have been devastated. Communication is interrupted at many points.

EXPLOSION VICTIM DEAD.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 23.—John Burke, one of the four victims of the explosion on the China street car, died today of his injuries. Sherman was 35 years of age.

IDENTIFIED AS FRANK WIDNER.

SANTA ROSA, Sept. 23.—The man who was found dead in a Third-street lodging-house, has been identified as Frank Widner of Columbia. The cause of his death is unknown.

WOMEN MISERS ROBBED.

Old Woman Bound While Many Thousands Are Taken.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] CITY OF MEXICO, Sept. 23.—A sensational robbery took place yesterday in the suburbs of this city. Guadalupe Vasquez, an old woman, 85 years of age, living with her widowed daughter, was the victim. The women were alone, and employed no servants, which is unusual in this country among the people having property.

Every one thought them exceedingly poor, but the woman was only apparent, for they had a great sum of money in the house, having in a steel box, no less than \$50,000 in bank bills, the proceeds of the sale of a hacienda near this city. Besides this sum there were many thousands of dollars kept in the wardrobes, in stockings or between the leaves of books.

In some way news that the women had a great amount of money got to the ears of some men, who came to the house and hired a large corral at its rear for the purpose, she says, of holding a party. The purpose was robbery, as now appears, and yesterday morning the mother being alone in the house, the men came, and on the pretense of having a message to deliver, were let in by the old woman whom they seized and bound with ropes. They then took the steel box with the \$50,000 and decamped, without searching for other money.

German Floods Subsided.

BERLIN, Sept. 23.—The floods have subsided throughout Germany. The damage done is enormous, amounting to millions of marks. The magnificent Prince Regent Bridge at Munich has been completely demolished. It will be reconstructed wholly at the expense of the Prince Regent, at a cost of about a million marks. Lilli Lehman, the singer, was kept a prisoner by the flood throughout the week in her villa at Schaefering.

Thoroughbred Stallion Arrives.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 23.—The thoroughbred stallion Tarcola, winner of the Melbourne and other classic events in Australia, has arrived here on the steamer Mariposa. He has been imported by a California stock farm for breeding purposes. Tarcola is gray bred and is expected to prove as great a sire as Sir Modred or Maxim.

Car in Hesse.

EGELSBACH (Hesse) Sept. 23.—The Car and Carriage of Russia arrived here today. They were received by the Grand Duke of Hesse and proceeded to the Wolf's Garden Castle.

DEKINS Van and Storage ship goods in car lots and patrons get the benefit.

SOLD AND DELIVERED

BIG SOUTHERN PACIFIC DEAL MADE TWO WEEKS AGO.

Prince Poniatowski Said to Have Consummated the Sale of the Crocker Holdings at a Good Price.

Purchase by an English Syndicate Said to Be Part of Reorganization Plan for the Central Pacific.

General Western Rate War Regarded as Imminent—Western Immigration Bureau and Competing Traffic.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] It was authoritatively announced this evening that the reported sale of the Crocker holdings of Southern Pacific stock was consummated two weeks ago, and that the securities have been paid for and are now in the possession of the New York banking house of Speyer & Co. Persons interested in the big deal are authority for the statement that the sale was made and the stock delivered at the time mentioned. The Crocker holdings amounted in all to 380,000 shares, and the price paid is declared to be nearly \$14,000,000.

According to previously published reports, the Southern Pacific stock was bought by an English syndicate. The real facts are that the transfer of the stock is part of a general scheme for the financial reorganization of the Central Pacific, and its consolidation with the Southern Pacific Company. The organization of the Central Pacific, which is well known, secured the consent of the English shareholders of the Central Pacific to an exchange of their holdings for Southern Pacific stock and bonds.

The foreign shareholders, according to the plan of reorganization approved by the stockholders of both interested corporations at their last annual meeting, were to receive for each \$1000 of Central Pacific, \$1000 of Southern Pacific stock and \$200 of 4 per cent. Southern Pacific gold bonds. The bonds were insisted upon by the Central Pacific stockholders as security for a fixed income equal to the annual dividends that the Central Pacific stock has been drawing for several years past. When it came to making the transfer, however, the Southern Pacific people found that they had not sufficient stock of Kentucky corporation to carry out the plan of adjustment. The purchase of the Crocker holdings was then negotiated, and this stock, it is now declared, will be used as a contribution to the securities that will have to be turned over to the holders of the Central Pacific.

Prince Poniatowski is credited with having consummated the big deal. The Crocker are said to have placed all the negotiations in his hands, and he is now receiving deserved credit for having secured the sale of the Central Pacific stock for the stockholders of the Central Pacific.

FURTHER CONFIRMATION.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.] SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 23.—The Southern Pacific officials in this city confirm the reported sale of the Crocker interests in the Southern Pacific Railroad, but decline to state the purchasers are. It is supposed that the stock has been transferred to Huntington and his adherents.

CONSOLIDATION EFFECTED.

Cleveland, Canton and Southern Decided to Col. Herrick.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.] CLEVELAND (O.) Sept. 23.—H. G. Carleton, master commissioner of the Cleveland, Canton and Southern road, today decided the property to Myron T. Herrick and other capitalists, representing the second mortgage bondholders, for \$1,950,000. Col. Herrick transferred his interest to the Wheeling and Lake Erie road, thus consolidating the two properties.

Following this transaction, a mortgage for \$15,000,000 was executed on the combined property in favor of the Mercantile Trust Company of New York.

IMMIGRANT TRAFFIC.

Western Bureau Wrestles With the Question of Competition.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.] CHICAGO, Sept. 23.—The Western Immigrant Bureau, which has wrestled with the question of competing with the Canadian Pacific in immigrant traffic, has decided that no satisfactory arrangement can be made with the Canadian road.

Successful competition has been handicapped, it is asserted, by the Southern Pacific, which demanded the full proportion of the traffic rates west of Ogden. It has been decided that this road does not recede from its position. Tickets shall be doubled west of Ogden, via the Oregon Shore and the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company to Portland, and from there to Santa Fe direct.

Espee Fruit Shipments.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 23.—J. A. Fillmore of the Southern Pacific Company today stated that the end of the month his company will have taken 5200 carloads of fruit out of California. Mr. Fillmore is of the opinion that the shipments of oranges, lemons and olives will reach 18,000 carloads this season.

RATE WAR IMMINENT.

Chicago and Alton Road Ready to Meet All Cuts.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.] CHICAGO, Sept. 23.—In railroad circles here a general western rate war is regarded as imminent. James Charlton, general passenger agent of the Alton, today notified the chairman of the Western Passenger Association that his

road would meet all cuts of competitors over its own counters. "We have decided," runs the letter, "on September 25, to give an open rate of \$10 over our own counters to Kansas City. The tickets will be limited for continuous passage on date of sale." This is a cut of \$2.50 on the regular traffic rate, and will be used as a basis for the reduced rate to Omaha.

CIVIL CODE FOR CUBA.

BROOKE AND LEE TO DRAFT A PLAN OF GOVERNMENT.

Will Return to Washington Soon for That Purpose—Early Withdrawal of Troops—Labor Troubles in Havana—Proposed Railway System.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] WASHINGTON (D. C.) Sept. 23.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Gen. Brooke and Lee are expected to return to Washington from Cuba soon to become members of a board to prepare a draft of a code of civil government for Cuba. The President intends to have some form of Cuban government ready to submit to Congress soon after it convenes. It is also reported that the War Department is now making plans for withdrawing United States troops from Cuba as soon as the yellow fever season closes.

HAVANA LABOR TROUBLES.

Carmen Return to Work—Masons Still Out on Strike.

[A. F. EARLY MORNING REPORT.] HAVANA, Sept. 23.—[By West Indian Cable.] The Carmen have agreed to return to work. The Mayor, Señor Perfecto Lacoste, has given them satisfactory guarantees respecting their future treatment at the hands of the police.

Gen. Cardenas, Chief of Police, is trying to effect a settlement of the strike of the masons. One large contractor announces that unless the strike is ended he will leave the city. The masons are not immediately returning to work. They would all be dismissed. This threat proved effective.

The persons who were arrested under the orders of Gen. Ludlow for alleged participation in the recent attempt to attack a party of Spanish bakers, who were giving a dinner at Regency, a suburb of Havana, were released today. This resulted in a demonstration. Some six thousand people collected and listened to speeches of congratulations. The speakers laying stress upon the fact that the American officials recognize the Cuban struggle for independence. In this respect, and pointing out the difficulty of convicting persons charged with committing outrages against Spaniards.

La Lucha, referring editorially to the incident, says: Cubans show the same characteristics as all other Latin races. In spite of the fact that a powerful American nation has troops in the island, outrages are continually occurring. These would occur if the troops were not in the island. Disappointed agitators play upon the excitability of the people, fomenting the spirit of rebellion and encouraging bloodshed because of political differences. Such a system is removed but one step from a reign of terror."

El Diario de la Marina says: "Hawaii and the Philippines will soon be able to supply the American market with sugar. Cuba as an independent government would not be able to compete with the sugar of those islands on account of the preferential duty. If Louisiana and California beet-growers succeed in having a duty placed on all imported sugar, the duty on Cuban sugar will be higher than the Cuban than the American sugar islands Cuba would be forced to ask annexation in order to be placed on an equal footing with these states. This will be one way to compel Cuba to ask for annexation."

Replying to La Discusion, El Diario says: "Spaniards have a perfect right in Cuba. They are not here because of the tolerance of the revolutionary party, but by virtue of the treaty of Paris, under which the intervening government has guaranteed the lives and property of the Spaniards here."

RAILWAY FOR CUBA.

London and Boston Capitalists Have Planned the Undertaking.

[A. F. EARLY MORNING REPORT.] LONDON, Sept. 23.—[By Atlantic Cable.] Gen. A. G. Greenwood, who has just returned from Cuba, has the following to say of Cuban railways: "Within a very short time the construction of a railway will probably be begun, which will make every point of importance in Cuba, easy of access. We have the right-of-way, we have the concessions, and best of all, we have the money."

"It is our purpose to have a main line through the island, and to do this we must build a road from Santa Clara to Santiago de Cuba, a distance of about 400 miles. Then we will build branches to the main line from every point on the north and south side of the island. This means the building of more than 850 miles of road, at a cost of at least \$25,000,000."

"London and Boston capitalists have financed the undertaking. The surveys have been made, and all necessary to permit the commencement of the work of construction is the repeal of the Foraker resolution. This, we have every reason to believe, will be repealed in the early days of the coming session. We shall rush the work and give Cuba a railway system that will prove of incalculable benefit in the development of her many resources."

"The Cuban bond question is a serious affair, and is liable to involve Spain in another way. There are more than \$500,000,000 worth of bonds, and they were issued by the Spanish government. A few millions are held by wealthy Cubans, but the very large bulk of them are owned by Frenchmen and Germans. England has none of them."

"The United States is in no way responsible for them and disavows any responsibility. So, too, have the

Cubans. It is clearly an obligation that Spain must discharge. If she won't do it, France and Germany may compel her to do so."

DIETRY MYSTERY.

German Interest in It Subsidizing. Exposition Boycot Off.

BERLIN, Sept. 23.—[By Atlantic Cable, Copyright, 1899.] The Dreyfus excitement has largely subsided here since the pardon, though many papers express the belief that the mystery surrounding the case will be one day removed. Others say the end is wholly unsatisfactory. In military and diplomatic circles the idea seems to prevail that Dreyfus was indeed a spy, but for Russia. This has found utterance in many papers.

An interesting outcome of the case is the fact that the Emperor, who has been deeply stirred by the revelations made at Rennes of the espionage system between France and Germany, of the extent and elaborateness of which he has hitherto been ignorant, has instructed Gen. von Hahnke, chief of his private military cabinet, to thoroughly investigate how and to what extent the system can be abolished or reduced to a minimum.

The correspondent of the Associated Press, writing reliably that His Majesty, above all, was startled by the fact that the military attaches of both countries, while personally men of the nicest sense of honor had been so deeply involved in the scandal, and he instructed Gen. von Hahnke to ascertain if it were possible for Germany to take the initiative in abolishing extra territorially for attaches of the military cabinets of the embassies, thus abolishing the most heinous and dangerous form of espionage.

The correspondent of the Associated Press, writing reliably that Gen. von Hahnke has reported that it is impossible for one state, especially a military nation, to do this alone. He has many potent reasons for this view.

The government this week exerted strong pressure to induce German industry and commerce to abandon all movement against the Paris exposition. Chief Commissioner Richter sent a note to all leaders of the movement giving strong reasons why it would be unwise for Germany, and injurious to her interests not to appear as strong as possible in Paris in 1900. This and other facts have had effect, and it may be said that the anti-exposition movement in Germany is entirely dead.

A curious feature is that the note dwelt on the fact that the exposition is not a political, but purely an economic enterprise, and that the mistake of 1893, which seriously injured Germany's commercial prestige, must not be repeated.

New Wireless Telegraphy.

PITTSBURGH, Sept. 23.—Prof. Reginald A. Fessenden, by experimenting tonight at the Western University, demonstrated that his wireless telegraphy invention will work at long distances. It varies in many details from Marconi's. He will use it by invitation at the coming international yacht race in New York where Marconi's also is to be tested.

Austrian Cabinet Crisis.

VIENNA, Sept. 23.—At a Cabinet council this morning the ministers resolved to resign in a body. The Premier and Minister of the Interior, Count Thun-Hohenstein, saw the Emperor at 10 o'clock and tendered the resignations. The crisis was caused by the impossibility of terminating the Parliamentary deadlock.

The Owl Gives What You Order

This is a dependable store—you get what you order.

Every prescription is filled exactly as ordered by the physician.

Come yourself, send your child, telephone, write—no matter how you order—you must be satisfied or we are not.

New catalogue with pictures
Now in press—write for it

Trusses—perfect fit	\$1.50	Bailey's Lanoline Cream	25c
Cuticura Salve	40c	Wool Soap	10c
Baker's Poison Oak Cure	25c	Roger & Gallet's Soap	75c
Tooth Brushes	10c	Woodbury's Soap	20c
Pinkham's Compound	75c	Packer's Tar Soap	20c
Hood's Sarsaparilla	75c	Pears' Soap	10c
Ayer's Sarsaparilla	75c	Churchill's Skin Soap	15c
Scott's Emulsion	75c	Bath Sponge	5c
Baker's Cod Liver Oil	50c	Carter's Dyspepsia Tablets	40c
Vin Mariana	\$1.10	Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets	40c
Maltines	85c	Alpha Syringe	\$1
Ayer's Hair Vigor	85c	Hot Water Bottles—2 quarts	70c
Ajax Tablets	40c	Whisk Brooms	10c
Williams' Pink Pills	40c	Pinaud's Eau de Quinine	35c
Syrup of Figs	40c	Thompson's Headache	10c
Pozzoni's Face Powder	30c	Powders	10c
XXX Horse Liniment	40c	Extract of Witch Hazel	25c
Glauber's Salts—pound	10c	Renner's Malt Extract	20c
Tincture of Arnica	10c	Blue Grass Whiskey	\$1
Berg's Dog Remedies—each 40c		Lablache Face Powder	30c
		Leather Purses	25c

Free Delivery

To all parts of Los Angeles and Pasadena. To railroad points within 100 miles on orders of \$5 or up. To railroad points in Arizona on orders of \$10 or up. Cash must accompany orders.



Kind Words for Carter's Dyspepsia Tablets

L. J. Worsley, of Riverside, California, is no longer a sufferer from dyspepsia. The following letter explains why:

My gratitude to Carter's Dyspepsia Tablets is of such a nature that words fail to convey anything like an expression of my appreciation. I suffered untold misery for over 20 years as a result of Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Liver Complaint, and in consequence, a completely run-down system. I used most all remedies advertised as sure cures, with no relief. Carter's did just what you claim for them. I have not had the slightest recurrence of the disease, and cheerfully recommend Carter's indigestion tablets to all. L. J. WORSLEY, Riverside, Cal.

Nobby Boys...

When you see a boy with a Nobby Suit on, you can be almost sure that we clothe that Boy. Our styles are distinctly different, our prices right. Bring the Boys to us.

Mullen, Bluett & Co.,
N. W. Cor. First and Spring Sts.

10 Days Sale

Of Mexican drawn work. Buy now for holidays and save money.

Don't Forget the Place.

Campbell's Curio Store,

325 S. Spring St.

A Bunch of Violets in Every Ten Drops of LAUX'S PERFECTION VIOLET.

The truest, most delicate and lasting Violet Extract on the market.

Only 50c per ounce. Come and sample.

C. LAUX CO.,
... DRUGGISTS ...
231 South Broadway.

Copper Plate Engraving and Printing. The Whedon & Spreng Co. 204 S. Spring.

BABY'S BIRTH

Is looked forward to with expectations of joy and gladness. The ordeal of bringing the little one into the world, however, is a critical one for the mother-to-be, and her anticipations of the coming event are shadowed with gloom. Half the pain and all the danger of childbirth can be entirely avoided by the use of "MOTHER'S FRIEND," a scientific liniment of priceless value to all women. Sold by all druggists at one dollar per bottle.

A booklet, giving all details, will be sent free by Bradfield Regulator Company, Atlanta, Ga.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

WAR IS INEVITABLE.

SOUTH AFRICAN MINE-OWNER RECEIVES A TIP.

British Arduer Somewhat Dampened by the Bold Stand Taken by the Orange Free State.

President Kruger in a Position to Cast the Die for Peace or War Within the Next Few Days.

German Press Considers an Outbreak of Hostilities Unavoidable—The Emperor Urged to Intervene.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

VICTORIA (B. C.) Sept. 23.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] H. Hirschel, president of the Sarsar Central Railway Company, with head offices here, a gentleman who made his millions in the Transvaal mines, received an alarming cablegram from his agents at Pietermaritzburg, Natal, today: "War absolutely certain." This appears to be the final word in a series of messages which Hirschel, Cohen and Brown have been getting from their African agents during the crisis, each having been fully confirmed by press dispatches a day or two later.

The Hirschel-Cohen interests in the Transvaal mines today are estimated at \$3,000,000, while Brown has a claim against the Kruger government for \$1,000,000, a claim, allowed by the court of the Transvaal, but which he regards as now worthless.

BRITISH ARDUER COOLED.

Orange Free State's Action Has Checked the War Fever.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] A cablegram to the Sun from London says: "If all depends on the issue of the negotiations between England and the Transvaal, war might still be avoided. There is still better reason now than a week ago for believing that the British government is not satisfied with its case, but that it is more likely to declare war tomorrow, so far as the moral of the situation is concerned, but Prime Minister Salisbury, Mr. Balfour and back of them, the Queen, herself, would probably hesitate long before attacking two South African republics because of the attitude taken by the Pretoria authorities. The moral position of Kruger's countrymen has been immensely strengthened by the evident intention of the Orange Free State to cast its lot with their all-powerful opponent. The courage of the Transvaal's action cannot be gainsaid, but it is more gallant to the Englishmen than the attitude of Kruger himself. Its bold declaration that the Orange Free State believes the whole British policy to be hypocritical and dishonest amounts to the assertion that the British purpose nothing but a high-handed determination to annex all of South Africa to the Queen's dominion."

"President Steyn and his advisers regard British aggression, despite Sir Alfred Milner's assurance that the British action is directed as much against their independence as that of their northern neighbors. In other words, that the Orange Free State civil government is far more complex and requires more careful action in order to avoid mistakes. The British church and state afford all manner of pitfalls and bring out many points that require careful work and profound study."

IN KRUGER'S HANDS.

It is for him to cast the die for War or Peace.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

LONDON, Sept. 23.—[By Atlantic Cable. Copyright, 1899.] Never at a stage of the Transvaal crisis has peace or war rested so entirely within the hands of President Kruger. The longer he delays precipitating a definite issue, the better are the chances for peace. He now knows to what extent he can rely on sections of South Africa to uphold him, and he realizes that the British will, if possible, avoid a conflict until the last transport lands here, and he is to ally a leader not to know the military advantage that comes to the aggressor. His appeals to the foreign powers to intervene have apparently been hopeless, but his efforts to drag in the Orange Free State have been successful, and if he honestly intends to defy Great Britain he never had a better opportunity than at present. It is such reason which is uppermost in the minds of the thinking British and which prompts them to feel that before next week's Cabinet meeting the Boers will have passed over Natal's frontier.

If they have not, there will be much ground for believing President Kruger intends an ultimate back down, though whether he is strong enough to carry his people with him in such action is open to grave doubts. The Cabinet council merely verifies the logical supposition that Great Britain will issue no hostile ultimatum until she is in a position to back it up.

The impression that war is inevitable, which is now fairly general, is based almost solely upon the belief that the Boers will not submit, while it is impossible for Great Britain to recede from the position which the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Joseph Chamberlain, brought about. The recent negotiations upon the part of the Colonial Secretary have not tended to appease the peace party in England. The speaker declares that "to fight over a question of mining rights is naturally impossible," by which the speaker refers to suzerainty being the whole base of the dispute.

THE GERMAN VIEW.

War in the Transvaal Considered to Be Inevitable.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

BERLIN, Sept. 23.—[By Atlantic Cable. Copyright, 1899.] An outbreak of war in the Transvaal is regarded here as a question of a few days, or at the most of weeks. The whole press devotes considerable space to the matter. Neither the attitude of the people nor of the press has changed materially. Without exception they disapprove of such a war, and blame Great Britain for badgering the Transvaal beyond endurance.

The Liberal press also blames the Transvaal for its illegal stand in first sanctioning Great Britain's attempts at

interference in its internal affairs and then rejecting all attempts at making thereof a casus belli. Thus argues the Vossische Zeitung, Cologne, Gazette, Tageblatt and others. The whole Conservative, Anglo, anti-Semite, Ultramontane, Agrarian and Centre press sides with the Boers. The Kreuz Zeitung says:

"No matter how things may develop, it is certain England is preparing for another act of brutal coercion."

The National Zeitung doubts whether it is still possible to adjust things in South Africa except by force of arms. The Vossische Zeitung says: "War is a foregone conclusion. England is only delaying hostilities in order to gain time to prepare a sufficiently large army of invasion. It will not move until the middle of October. The Boers just now are stronger in a military sense."

The Deutsche Tages Zeitung says: "Germany unquestionably has the strongest interest in maintaining the independence of the Boer states, which form a natural wall of protection against the British possessions. The Boer states must demand that the government vigorously protect these important interests. The only way to avoid the annihilation of the German colonies is to get Germany, Holland and Belgium to join in any direct emigration there, especially to the Boer states."

The Hamburger Correspondent again points out that Germany can only look on in the struggle, saying: "Germany, in this respect, is situated precisely like France, whose sympathies are with the Boers."

A Foreign Office official said to the correspondent here of the Associated Press: "Of course, it is in no sense of interest to have England and the Transvaal go to war. That little Boer nation will finally succumb, and probably will be wiped out of existence. It is only too likely that this will diminish our prestige in South Africa, and injure our not inconsiderable material interest there, for our trade with the Boer states is increasing, and is only next to that of England. Other interests will also be jeopardized and injured in such a struggle. Still there is no occasion and no political or moral right for us to interfere. So long as our undoubted rights are respected by the belligerents, we shall not interfere."

The informant of the correspondent refused to say whether it was a distinct formal understanding with Great Britain or whether the agreement of year ago on the subject of South Africa included German neutrality in the event of war with the Transvaal. Experts are beginning to speculate on the probable outcome of the war, and the losses on both sides. The Kreuz Zeitung says:

"The British plan is an invasion on three plans simultaneously from Rhodesia, Natal and Mafeking or Kimberley. The British plan is an invasion on three plans simultaneously from Rhodesia, Natal and Mafeking or Kimberley. The British plan is an invasion on three plans simultaneously from Rhodesia, Natal and Mafeking or Kimberley."

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OAKLAND'S OPENING.

CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB'S SEASON COMMENCED.

Fair Weather and Good Attendance at Initial Performance—Horses Will not All be in Condition for a Week.

Mount McGregor Loses the Handicap Event, Although a Pronounced Favorite in Betting—Cromwell Wins.

Final Day of Racing at Stockton. Elkes Wins the Fifty-mile Race at Philadelphia—Shamrock Takes a Trial Spin.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 23.—The California Jockey Club opened its racing season at the Oakland track today. The weather was fair and the attendance good. The track was in excellent condition. F. Mulholland and J. W. Brooks officiated in the judges' stand. James B. Ferguson did the starting, while H. H. Egbert acted as patrol judge. Everything went off smoothly, but it will be a week or ten days before all the best horses now at the track will be ready to start.

The feature of the card was the opening handicap at a mile for a purse of \$100. Nine horses started. Mt. McGregor, with Thorpe in the saddle, was a favorite throughout the betting, although his price fluctuated quite a good deal, while Cromwell, from lack of support by the speculative public receded from 8 to 5 to 4 to 1 before post time. Rosinante, never better than 3 to 1, had steady support.

Cromwell beat the Fretter in a drive by a length. Rosinante, who was eighth at the three-quarter mile pole, finished in her usually determined style, and was catching the leader at every stride. Cromwell in the race form just now, and won with 117 pounds in the saddle in race horse style. The Fretter, who was 20 to 1, ran an unexpectedly good race.

Owing to a bad start in the five-furlong race, Constellation was beaten out by Druidess. All of the races were well contested.

Five furlongs: Druidess, 107 (E. Jones), 12 to 5; Constellation, 107 (Morris), 4 to 1; John Miller, 115 (J. Ward), 9 to 1; third, time 1:04 1/4. The Echo, Abbieolo and Toser also ran.

Future course: Midvale, 100 (D. Vin), 1 to 2; second, 1:00 1/4. One mile and a sixteenth, selling: Fortis, 99 (J. Ward), 9 to 5; Orabec, 94 (Postel), 6 to 1; second, 1:11 1/4. The Scot and P. F. also ran.

One mile and a sixteenth, selling: Fortis, 99 (J. Ward), 9 to 5; Orabec, 94 (Postel), 6 to 1; second, 1:11 1/4. The Scot and P. F. also ran.

One mile: Cromwell, 117 (MacKinn), 4 to 1; second, 1:08 1/4. The Fretter, 88 (Morris), 13 to 5; third, time 1:41 1/4. Mamie G. Hohenzollern, Mt. McGregor, Jennie Reid, Monrovia and Lost Girl also ran.

Six furlongs, selling: Panamint, 108 (Thorpe), even; Good Hope, 98 (J. Ward), 5 to 1; second, 1:11 1/4. (Ruiz), 9 to 5; third, time 1:15 1/4. San Augustine, Beaumonde, Watossa, Katie Gibbons and Charles Le Bel also ran.

STOCKTON'S FINALE.

Fine Harness Events Characterize the Closing Day.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] STOCKTON, Sept. 23.—The final day of the race meet brought out a good-sized crowd to witness the racing. Four heats were required in each of the principal harness races to get a decision, and the racing was close, finishes and considerable betting on every trial. The surprise of the day was Myrtha Whips reducing her record seven seconds by making the circuit in 2:10 1/4, when she was formerly eligible to the 2:18 class.

The starting of the harness events, taken as a whole, was the best seen here in a long time, with the exception of Tuesday, when there were several bad actors. Ed F. Smith got large fields away on even terms, while Dick Harvey did his usual good work with the gelding. The horses were well pleased at the work of both gentlemen.

The judges are also to be commended on their action in setting down Ike Tullet, the crooked jockey, who accepted \$50 to anchor McFarlane at the post on Thursday. So Ah Chuck could have a thing and place the stable, Twinkle Twink and Tenica. The jockey was ruled off association tracks for life, as President Judge Ed F. Smith stated that the judges had sufficient evidence of fraud to convince them that the boy was crooked.

The bookies had a crimp put in their bank rolls in the fifth event, when the heavily-played favorite, Col. Dan, galloped home a city block in front of a bunch of stragglers.

Pacing, 2:25 class, three in five, purse \$1000: Kelly Briggs, Baywater 2 1 1; Wilkes-Algon (Hoy), 2 1 1; Martha Whips (Helmman), 2 1 1; Irvington Boy (Cecil), 4 3 3; Daedalion (Donathan), 6 2 3; Cloc (Clark), 3 5 4; Sable Le Grand (Brown), 5 4 4. Time, 2:10 1/4, 2:11, 2:15 1/4, 2:14 1/4.

Trotting, 2:18 class, three in five, purse \$500: Dr. Frasse, Iron Alto-Linda 1 1 1; Oak (Bunch), 1 1 1; Ned Thorn (Helmman), 2 2 4; Sable Frances (Spencer), 2 2 4; El Mor (Menchaca), 4 3 2; Listerine (Clark), 4 3 4. Gentlemen's driving, two in three, \$50 added.

Home Way, Strathway-Grosvenor 1 (Jacobs), 1 1 1; Lou (Bardo), 1 1 1; George W. (Dunham), 2 3 2. Time, 3:04, 2:47.

Six furlongs, all ages, purse \$125: Col. Dan, Salvador-Fleuriste (Frawley), won; Fred Gardner (Narvaez), second; The Miller (Sullivan), third, time 1:15. Attrax and Tanok also ran.

Four and a half furlongs, selling, all ages, purse \$100: Jim Brownell, Middleton-Nana (Gibbs), 1 1 1; El (Narvaez), second; Isabelle (Sullivan), third, time 0:55 1/4. Purniah, Jesse O. Castellor, Bertha Black and Jennie Gibbs also ran.

Five furlongs, all ages, purse \$150: Tanager, Fonso-Roy B. (Frawley), won; Britt (Fountain), second; Tres Jolie (Narvaez), third, time 1:02 1/4. Poligno also ran.

SHAMROCK'S TRIAL.

Her Work Yesterday the Most Satisfactory Yet Done.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—In a stiff easterly breeze that made the water lumpy off Sandy Hook today, Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht Shamrock sailed one of the most satisfactory trial spins she has yet had. There was not much windward work in it, but with the wind abeam, she covered the distance from Scotland Lightship to a mark off Elberon in 1 hour and 8 minutes. The reach back was made in 1 hour 12 min-

utes, about 35 miles in 2 hours 30 minutes, or at the rate of nearly twelve miles an hour.

The yacht carried her club topsail throughout the trial, although her lee rail was often awash. During the first half of the course it took her nearly five minutes to pass one of the crack schooners of the fishing fleet which met her outside. Catting off the tow-line near Sandy Hook at 10:35 o'clock, Capt. Horatio sent the Shamrock over toward the Long Island shore and put her through a preliminary spin for one hour and fifteen minutes while waiting for the Erin to come out.

As soon as Designer Fife went aboard the trial began in earnest. The start was made from the Scotland Lightship at 11:50 o'clock. The start mark off Elberon was rounded at 12:58. Then the yacht was put on the other tack and with sheets broad off to port, she made fast time back to the finish line, crossing it at 2:10. The Shamrock's crew will have a rest tomorrow, and trials will be resumed for three days of next week.

ALL RECORDS BROKEN.

Elkes and McCachern Do Great Work at Philadelphia.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 23.—The fifty-mile motor-paced race on the Woodside Park track today between Harry Elkes, the middle-distance champion; Burns Pierce, Frank Waller and Archie McEachern, the Canadian champion, was won by Elkes in 1. 24m. 31.2-5. Every record from five to fifty miles was broken. McEachern smashed all the records from five to nineteen miles, inclusive.

Up to the seventh mile the records were previously held by Linton, and from there to the sixteenth, Elkes's record was overcome. The seven-mile record was previously held by Doerr. Elkes took the lead then and broke all world's records from twenty-five to fifty miles, all of which were previously held by him except the twenty-seventh, which was made by Doerr. At the forty-sixth mile, McEachern became exhausted and was assisted from the track. Pierce finished second, and Waller third.

AT FOUNTAIN FERRY.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] LOUISVILLE (Ky.), Sept. 23.—Harry A. Gibson of Cincinnati beat Charles Porter of Detroit in a twenty-five-mile motor-paced race at Fountain Ferry track this afternoon in the remarkably fast time of 45:37.2-5. The twelfth mile was made in 1:46.

EASTERN BASEBALL.

Home Runs and Tied Scores the Features at Brooklyn.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] BROOKLYN, Sept. 23.—The Washingtons kept the Brooklynans guessing up to the finish today. It was a peculiar game. Washington forged ahead in the first, third, fifth and eighth innings, only to be tied each time and ultimately beaten out. Home runs over the fence by O'Brien and Freeman were the features, that of Freeman being the longest on record here. The attendance was 3300. Score:

Washington, 5; hits, 7; errors, 5. Brooklyn, 2; hits, 3; errors, 2. Batteries—Dineen and Kittredge; McJames, Kennedy and McGuire. Umpires—Mannassau and McGarr.

NEW YORK-BOSTON.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—Seymour pitched in splendid form, against the Bostonians today. The attendance was 1200. Score:

New York, 5; hits, 9; errors, 1. Boston, 2; hits, 9; errors, 4. Batteries—Seymour and Warner; Meekin and Bergen, Sullivan.

PHILADELPHIA-BALTIMORE.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 23.—The Phillies defeated Baltimore today in a game devoid of interesting features. The attendance was 610. Score:

Philadelphia, 7; hits, 9; errors, 2. Baltimore, 2; hits, 8; errors, 2. Batteries—Platt and McFarland; Nops and Robinson.

Umpires—Smyer and Dwyer.

PITTSBURGH-CLEVELAND.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] PITTSBURGH, Sept. 23.—Pittsburgh and Cleveland played two interesting games, Pittsburgh taking both easily. The only feature of the games was the good fielding of the games. Ely, Smith, Lockhead and Kruger.

The attendance was 200. Score:

First game: Pittsburgh, 4; hits, 8; errors, 3. Cleveland, 1; hits, 8; errors, 1. Batteries—Gray and Scriver; Hughey and Sugden.

Umpire—McDonald.

Second game: Pittsburgh, 6; hits, 11; errors, 2. Cleveland, 2; hits, 8; errors, 6. Batteries—Hamlin and Harper; Collier and Duncan.

Umpire—McDonald.

COAST BASEBALL.

Santa Cruz Defeats San Francisco by a Close Score.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] SANTA CRUZ, Sept. 23.—Santa Cruz won the baseball game at San Francisco this afternoon by a score of 3 to 2. It was anybody's game until the last ball was pitched. Santa Cruz had nine and San Francisco six base hits. Santa Cruz had two errors and San Francisco one. The local crowd was in the first, fifth and ninth innings. San Francisco made its runs in the second inning. The batteries were, Santa Cruz, Whalen and Morrow; San Francisco, Iberg and Swindell. Umpire, O'Connell. The same teams will play tomorrow.

SACRAMENTO-OAKLAND.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 23.—The Sacramento baseball team defeated Oakland in the ninth inning of the game today by a score of 6 to 4. The error column of the Oaklanders tells how the game was lost. Score:

Oakland, 4; hits, 7; errors, 6. Sacramento, 6; hits, 7; errors, 0. Batteries—Hamlin and Harper; Harvey and Stanley.

Umpire—William Long.

ROOTS' EASY WIN.

He Easily Defeats Stiff in Six Rounds at Chicago.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] CHICAGO, Sept. 23.—Jack Root won easily from Billy Stiff in a six-round bout at Tattersall's tonight. Root, who is much the faster man on his feet, had the best of the fight all the way through. Stiff only landing two good blows. Root kept Stiff in trouble with straight punches at the end of the sixth round Stiff was badly marked up, his right eye being closed and his nose and mouth bleeding. There was not a mark on Root.

BOXERS' PROTECTION.

Chicago Pugs Form an Association and Adopt a Platform.

Ville D Paris.



221 and 223 SOUTH BROADWAY.

FALL WINTER

New Garments.

The Latest Creations Practical in Prices Elegant in Styles

Golf Capes (12 styles) Selling from \$7.50 Upwards.

Cloth Capes (Very Nobby) AT \$11.00 AND \$13.00

Our Strong Leaders—

New Jackets AT \$3.50

Dress Skirts AT \$4.00

NEW SUITS, SEPARATE SKIRTS . . .

Fancy Waists—Black and Colors.

Silk Waists—\$4.00 to \$10.50

Woolen Waists—\$2.25 to \$4.50

Extra Special Value—\$1

All Pure Silk Colored Peau de Soie, full 21 inch wide, new Fall shades, at per yard.

We claim to have the Best Line of PLAID DRESS GOODS shown in the city at Popular Prices.

NEW STOCK KID GLOVES ARRIVING DAILY.

by the fighters, and the following platform was adopted:

"No purse less than \$50. "Fakirs and 'bad



WELCOME TO BATTERY D

FREE CURE FOR BALDNESS.

Trial Package of a Remarkable Remedy to Convince People it Actually Grows Hair.

Prevents Hair Falling Out, Removes Dandruff, Restores Prematurely Gray Hair to Natural Color, Stops Itching and Restores Luxuriant Growth to Eyebrows, Eyelashes and Shining Scalps.



ISAAC ADAMS.

Those who are losing their hair or have parted with their locks can have it restored by a remedy that is sent free to all. A Cincinnati firm has concluded that the best way to convince people that hair can be grown on any head is to let them try it, and see for themselves.

All sorts of theories have been advanced to account for falling hair, but after all, it is the remedy we are after and not the theory. People who need more hair, or are anxious to save what they have, or from sickness, dandruff or other causes have lost their hair should at once send their name and address to the Farnham Medical Dispensary, 100 West Third Street, Cincinnati, O., enclosing four cents in stamps to cover postage and they will forward prepaid by mail, a sufficient free trial package of their remedy to fully prove its remarkable action in quickly removing all trace of dandruff and scalp diseases and forcing a new growth of hair. The remedy is not a new experiment and no one need fear that it is harmful. It cures John Bruner, Postmaster of Millville, Henry Co., Ind., and he strongly urges everyone to try it. A Methodist preacher, Victor A. Falgout, of Tracy City, Tenn., was perfectly bald on his forehead for many years, but has now a fine growth. Mrs. C. W. Castleman, 843 Main St., Riverside, Cal., reports her husband's hair has now covered with soft, fine hair, and she, too, has derived wonderful benefit. Among others who have used the remedy is the noble and noble, Gen. Act of the Big Four R. R. of Dayton, Ohio, who was entirely cured of baldness. The president of Fairmount College, Sulphur Springs, Ky., Prof. B. F. Turner, was bald for thirty years and now has a splendid growth of hair.

HIS SHINING HEAD

Now Completely Covered with a Splendid Growth of Healthy Hair.

Isaac H. Adams of Lake City, Iowa, is a conspicuous example of the fact that baldness can be cured. He used the well-known Farnham Medical Dispensary's remedy for the hair, and in forty-eight hours the few remaining locks took a new lease of life and restoration began at once. In a recent letter to John Hammet of Postville, Iowa, who wrote to Mr. Adams in regard to the remedy, the latter replied: "The Farnham Remedies for making the hair grow on bald heads are all right. My hair came out so that I got bald all over the top of my head and the scalp got shiny. I used the Farnham Treatment, and in forty-eight hours the baldness of my hair began to grow and in a few weeks I had as fine a growth of hair as any man would want. Mr. Adams sent his photograph to the proprietors of the Farnham Remedies to show what a remarkable change had been produced." The remedy that caused Mr. Adams' hair to grow also cures all scalp itching and diseases, removes dandruff and restores the scalp healthy and vigorous. Trial packages are mailed free to all who write to the Farnham Medical Dispensary, 100 West Third Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, enclosing four cents in stamps to cover postage.

edition. The edition is replete with pictures of the soldiers, with scenes relating to the battery. Four ladies of the Red Cross, Mrs. J. L. Francis, Mrs. D. Posey, Mrs. J. S. Slauson and Mrs. H. W. Hellman, have made the battery a present of the paper.

EVENING AT THE PARK.

The Mayor extends a welcome. Will A. Harris's address. Long before the hour announced for the evening exercises many people began to wend their way to Central Park to hear the formal words of welcome spoken on behalf of the city, and to take advantage of another opportunity to greet the boys of Battery D. The people came from all quarters and all classes were represented; the high, the low, the rich, the poor, and every nation.



"IN THE HANDS OF HIS FRIENDS."

tionality. The cars discharged their thousands into the common, and early in the evening the crowd became too dense to keep to the walks, and all rules protecting the common shrubbery were for the time forgotten. With the passing of the minutes the crowd grew larger and larger; it eddied across the esplanades, took possession of lawns, and even flower beds, bore the jostling good naturedly, chatted merrily and waited. The War Board had not.

Down at the Army Camp, Diss and his subordinate officers, weary with the long ride, the marching and the constant hand-shaking of the day, were taking what rest they could while waiting for the men to assemble. The enlisted men, equally tired and at last released from a long term of military service, were scattered about, chattering with friends and enjoying all the novelty and pleasure of the first day at home. Some wandered too far and forgot the evening performance until there was not time to reach the Army; others found the pleasures of home life and the endearing talk of loved ones whom they had not seen for months far more seductive than the honor of a public reception, and did not appear at all. It was a sad sight to see this should be so, and each and every one of the veterans of Luzon who chose the quiet home and the society of mother or sweetheart to the adulation of the populace, will have his shortcomings gladly forgiven by the citizens, and his sin of omission will not be recorded.

At length the crowd at the park, ignorant of the cause of delay, began to grow impatient, and J. R. Newberry of the War Board communicated with Capt. Diss at the Army, and the soldiers present, numbering about half of the command, were ordered to "fall in." As, in the hurry and excitement, but it was eaten hurriedly and in an informal manner, for the men were anxious to be alone with their relatives. The hall was tastefully decorated with flags, bunting and flowers, and the table presented an attractive and appetizing appearance, being laden to overflowing with good things. A hostess presided at the head of each, and was assisted by two waitresses, wearing dainty white gowns. The place cards were unique, being made of two parts, which were artistically fastened together with red, white and blue ribbons. On the outside were the following words emblazoned in bright letters:

"Welcome Home! Battery D, California Volunteers." On the inside, were Owen Meredith's lines: "We may live without friends, we may live without books; But civilized man cannot live without cooks. We may live without love—what is passion but pining? But where is the man who can live without dining?"

On the stand were seated Gen. Harrison Gray Otis, president of the War Board, and J. S. Slauson, first vice-president of the Board, and J. R. Newberry, second vice-president, and J. O. Koepfli and John F. Francis, the other members; Mayor Fred Eaton, Hon. Will A. Harris, Capt. P. Zeeland, Mayor-elect, Mrs. J. W. F. Diss, who has followed her husband through all the vicissitudes of the Luzon campaign, and who returned to our shores interestingly of the bombardment of Manila and other battles, and of the homelike coming of the German, was provided with a seat on the platform by the War Board. Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Yaw, accompanied by the mascot "Maine," which was given to Battery D by his sister, Ellen Beach Yaw, when the boys left Los Angeles in May, 1898. He says that he shall keep the dog as long as she lives, and when accident or old age shall cause her death, he intends to have the body mounted and presented to the Chamber of Commerce, that her memory may not die. The great Dane dog, now about two years old, received quite an ovation when led upon the platform. She wore as a blanket a beautiful silk flag, bearing the words "Battery D" lettered in gold.

EXERCISES OPENED. J. S. Slauson called the assemblage to order. He said, in brief: "Citizens of Los Angeles: Many of you remember that beautiful Sunday in May nearly a year and a half ago when you assembled to bid God-speed to Battery D, then leaving to engage in the Philippine war. Today they have returned to our midst, having faithfully and conscientiously discharged the duties of that campaign. Now they have passed beyond the reach of the martial call and have again entered the walks of civilian life. The thousands of you here tonight, who stand with the reach of my voice, is an eloquent token of the estimate which the people of the city place upon Battery D. With a few chosen words Mr. Slauson introduced Mayor Eaton. Knowing that the boys were tired and that the listening crowd were obliged to stand his speech, as were those that followed, he said: "Officers and members of Battery D: When you returned to your native land, a short time ago, and found the citizens of San Francisco ready to receive you with open arms, not only they but many citizens of this city joined in the effort to give you a royal welcome home. It matters not where you might have landed; had it been in Oregon, in Florida, or on the coast of Maine, the people of this city would have shown the same feeling. "When you went abroad in the defense of your country you carried the sympathy of a great nation with you; the honor, the reputation and the bravery of the American citizens were all intrusted to your hands. Well have you performed your trust, and in its discharge you have earned and now receive the gratitude of a mighty people. "The war was laudable and has

The veterans of the civil war marched after the Odd Fellows with their Drum Corps. They were commanded by Capt. Roberts and Capt. Young. The crowds witnessing the parade did not forget that they, too, are heroes, and they received an ovation as they passed.

"Maine," the big Dane dog which was presented to the members of Battery D before they left for the Philippines by Ellen Beach Yaw for a mascot, occupied a prominent position in a carriage preceding the veterans themselves. He was resplendent in a harness of blue silk dotted with golden stars. His eyes glistened with pride and, "with cordial motions of his hospitable tail," he greeted his many friends.

Immediately after their mascot marched the 112 ex-members of Battery D, California Heavy Artillery. Their faces had been browned by the tropical sun, but they fairly beamed with joy. Across their shoulders, around their hats and necks were festoons and garlands of delicately woven smilax. They carried the arms that were furnished at the train, and they, too, were decorated with flowers and vines. The flag of the First Brigade, Second Division, Eighth Army Corps, was borne at the head with its edges tattered and in shreds. Capt. J.

Miss Kurtz. The officers of the society followed in a separate carriage. When the head of the procession reached the Seventh Regiment Armory the Battery D men passed by and slowly filed into the building, while honors were rendered. The crowd was so dense about the doors that several women fainted, and the police had to call members of the National Guard to aid in restoring order.

THE BIG DINNER.

The dinner served by the ladies of the W.R.C. and G.A.R. was a great success.

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have been mustered out of the Third United States Artillery. The representatives of the Red Cross Society brought up the rear of the long parade. They had met the train with two ambulances, in case any of the men should arrive sick. The medical corps was in attendance, consisting of Dr. Elizabeth Follansbee, Dr. Kate Wilde, Dr. F. L. Antone, Miss Keep and

Grace Burnett, Miss Hazel Galpin and Carrie Jackson. Souvenir Committee—Miss Mechior, chairman; Mrs. Cowles, Mrs. Smith, Miss Johnson. SOUVENIRS FOR THE BATTERY. In addition to the glory of the day—the feasting and the fat things of welcome the boys of the battery are to be provided with a souvenir in the shape of copies of the Capital's Red Cross

PARADE ON SPRING STREET.

(From Photo by Graham.)

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"Attention," when his wife espied him. She bounded over the ropes from among the crowd, threw her arms around his neck and gave him a resounding kiss. Then both the bugler and his wife blushed and the crowd gave them a hearty cheer. The War Board shook hands with Mrs. Horner, testifying their approval of her action. And there were many other touching scenes in the few minutes after the arrival of the train.

The women of the Red Cross and relatives of the returned soldiers came prepared with bouquets and wreaths of smilax, with which to deck the jackets and hats of the veterans. The local War Board, composed of Brig.-Gen. H. G. Otis, president; J. S. Slauson, vice-president; John F. Francis, J. D. Koepfli, and J. R. Newberry, drove to the station to take part in the reception of the boys. Among others present to join in the welcome were a squad of eight former members of the Third Artillery, who saw hard service around Manila, and were mustered out about two months ago. The squad was in charge of Sgt. Charles H. White, Jr., who won his chevrons in the regular army. Some time was spent at River station awaiting the command to march to the Armory, where dinner was to be served. The men were hungry, and they said so, but the delay gave them more time to spend with loved ones, and they did not complain.

An incident not on the programme occurred at this point. After the men of the battery had spent thirty minutes or so in exchanging greetings with their friends, the troops were reassembled in line by Capt. Diss, with the War Board drawn up in front, and presented arms as a compliment to Gen. Otis and his associates of the board. The salute was duly returned, and upon the conclusion of this ceremony, Gen. Otis stepped toward Capt. Diss, in his hand his brigade flag, and said: "Capt. Diss, I have the honor to present to you, sir, the flag of the First Brigade, Second Division, Eighth Army Corps, to be borne in front of your battery upon this occasion." Capt. Diss responded: "I thank you, General, very kindly, on behalf of my battery, and we will try to bear this flag on the present occasion with as much honor as it was borne at the head of your troops in Luzon." The brigade flag was then, by direction of Capt. Diss, taken to the head of his column, placed in the hands of a specially-detailed color-bearer, and borne alongside the Stars and Stripes in the march through the streets and to the Armory.

THE PARADE.

Soldiers and Civilians Escort the Returned Artillerymen.

The parade was a grand and imposing spectacle. It began to move at 1:15 o'clock, just fifteen minutes after the time announced, and under the command of Brig.-Gen. Last, who was mounted on a spirited horse, richly caparisoned with silver trappings. It passed slowly over the line of march

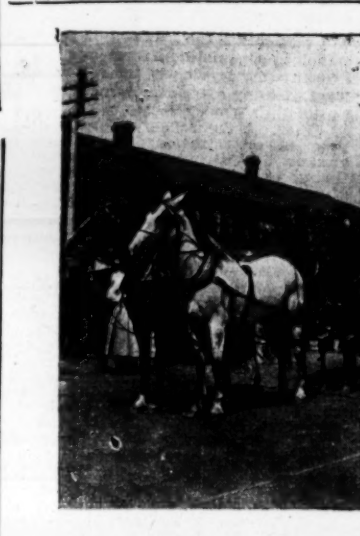
ence, ex-captain Signal Corps, U.S. Army, Capt. Miss Win. Baker, J. H. Dockweiler, C. T. Meredith. They were all mounted and made an imposing appearance with their drawn sabres and Annie Lewis. Chief of Police Glass rode at the head of the procession, clad in full uniform, on a splendid black horse. He led the column, and this was followed by two squads on foot.

After the police, Brig.-Gen. Last rode with his staff, followed by a mounted detachment of the First Brigade Signal Corps, commanded by Lieut. Sabine. Then came Troop D, First Brigade, N. G., headed by Capt. J. S. Slauson. The troop executed several cavalry movements and attracted much attention from the spectators. After the cavalry, led by the Seventh Regiment Band, marched three companies of the Seventh Regiment, A, C, F and L, Maj. D. R. Welles in command, and the crowd greeted them with wild and enthusiastic applause, bouquets being lavishly showered upon them from the sidewalks and balconies. Those members of the Naval Reserve who were not taken to sea on the Badger, dressed in marine costume and dragging a Gatling gun, walked immediately behind the Seventh Regiment Battalion. The Mayor and members of the City Council rode in carriages handsomely draped with the Stars and Stripes, as did also other city officials, the Board of Supervisors, and the War Board. Congressman R. J. Waters occupied the carriage with the War Board. The Los Angeles Military Band, playing patriotic strains, and about two hundred members of the Jonathan Club, to which organization Capt. Diss belongs, marched after the carriages. The Jonathan Club was led by James P. Burns, dressed in patriotic colors to represent Uncle Sam. The club carried the white satin flags which were donated over a year ago when the Seventh Regiment went away. The next division was composed of the three local parades of the Native Sons, commanded by their respective marshals. The members wore red, blue and golden regalia and presented a fine appearance. The San Diego Elks remained over expressly for the celebration. They had planned to leave on the morning train, but they decided to stay and help receive the veterans. The Los Angeles Elks carried Japanese parasols surmounted with flags, and the San Francisco lodge brought up the rear in a tallboy. Next came Chapter Orion of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. The members wore full uniforms with plumed chapeaux.

to the Seventh Regiment Armory. Long before the procession commenced to move there had been prolonged cheering, but when it really started thousands of lusty lungs rent the air with a deafening roar. Sirens screamed, steam whistles tooted, and a large cannon boomed at short intervals from the roof of the Baker Iron Works.

By noon the sidewalks on Spring street were filled with a surging throng, madly pushing and crowding to obtain a point of vantage. When the first glimpse of the ex-members of Battery D was caught, the multitudes on both sides of the street pressed simultaneously toward the center, and it was with great difficulty that the police were able to force them back. At Court street the military divisions had to form in columns of platoons, and at Fourth street they had to form in columns of fours.

Parents and relatives dodged through the crowd to keep alongside of the soldiers. Frequently the temptation would prove too great, and a loving mother would burst from the curbstone into the street and embrace her boy with a hysterical sob. At the sight of these joyful reunions many eyes were filled with tears. The members of the staff that assisted Brig.-Gen. Last in his command were: Lieut.-Col. W. O. Welch, Lieut.-Col. J. J. Choate, Maj. M. T. Owens, Maj. John L. A. Last, Maj. J. W. A. Off, Maj. John T. Jones, Maj. Brewster C. Kenyon, ex-Paymaster U.S.V.; Capt. George E. Law-



THE ELKS' TALLYHO.

(From Photo by Graham.)

W. F. Diss and Lieuts. McKeebe and W. C. H. H. Dockweiler, C. T. Meredith. They were all mounted and made an imposing appearance with their drawn sabres and Annie Lewis. Chief of Police Glass rode at the head of the procession, clad in full uniform, on a splendid black horse. He led the column, and this was followed by two squads on foot.

After the police, Brig.-Gen. Last rode with his staff, followed by a mounted detachment of the First Brigade Signal Corps, commanded by Lieut. Sabine. Then came Troop D, First Brigade, N. G., headed by Capt. J. S. Slauson. The troop executed several cavalry movements and attracted much attention from the spectators. After the cavalry, led by the Seventh Regiment Band, marched three companies of the Seventh Regiment, A, C, F and L, Maj. D. R. Welles in command, and the crowd greeted them with wild and enthusiastic applause, bouquets being lavishly showered upon them from the sidewalks and balconies.

Those members of the Naval Reserve who were not taken to sea on the Badger, dressed in marine costume and dragging a Gatling gun, walked immediately behind the Seventh Regiment Battalion. The Mayor and members of the City Council rode in carriages handsomely draped with the Stars and Stripes, as did also other city officials, the Board of Supervisors, and the War Board. Congressman R. J. Waters occupied the carriage with the War Board. The Los Angeles Military Band, playing patriotic strains, and about two hundred members of the Jonathan Club, to which organization Capt. Diss belongs, marched after the carriages. The Jonathan Club was led by James P. Burns, dressed in patriotic colors to represent Uncle Sam. The club carried the white satin flags which were donated over a year ago when the Seventh Regiment went away. The next division was composed of the three local parades of the Native Sons, commanded by their respective marshals. The members wore red, blue and golden regalia and presented a fine appearance. The San Diego Elks remained over expressly for the celebration. They had planned to leave on the morning train, but they decided to stay and help receive the veterans. The Los Angeles Elks carried Japanese parasols surmounted with flags, and the San Francisco lodge brought up the rear in a tallboy. Next came Chapter Orion of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. The members wore full uniforms with plumed chapeaux.

have been mustered out of the Third United States Artillery. The representatives of the Red Cross Society brought up the rear of the long parade. They had met the train with two ambulances, in case any of the men should arrive sick. The medical corps was in attendance, consisting of Dr. Elizabeth Follansbee, Dr. Kate Wilde, Dr. F. L. Antone, Miss Keep and

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One hundred and sixteen members of Battery D, California Volunteer Heavy Artillery, recently returned from service in the Philippines and mustered out at San Francisco, arrived in Los Angeles yesterday and were received joyously by the people of the city. The War Board had been making preparations for weeks to give to the returning soldiers, who went to the war from Los Angeles, a rousing reception and a hearty welcome, and with the cooperation of other patriotic organizations and the citizens generally, the programme of the board was carried out successfully.

Long before the hour appointed for the arrival of the special train bearing the returning members of Battery D, a large crowd had gathered at River station anxious to greet the boys at the earliest moment. There were mothers, fathers, sweethearts, brothers and sisters, whose beaming faces told of the joy in their hearts, as each minute drew them nearer a meeting with their long-absent dear ones. There were no disappointing delays. The train was on time, and just a few minutes before 12:30 p.m. the whistle of the engine was heard. "They're coming, they're coming," came from a dozen throats at once, and immediately a joyous cheer went up from the crowd. Those in front crowded nearer the track where they were in actual danger of being hurt, and those in the rear tiptoed, and craned their necks trying to get a better view of the train which had now come in sight.

The Times whistle screamed, and was joined by whistles all over the city, and cannons boomed their welcome to the returning troops. Battery D, California Volunteer Heavy Artillery, after a year's hard campaign in the far-away Philippines, where they were a credit to their country and an honor to the city that sent them, had at last arrived home. A rope inclosure had been set aside for the relatives of the soldier boys. The special train slowly drew up alongside this inclosure, the engine blowing shrill blasts as she came. The instant the train stopped the battery boys began to stream out, great stalwart fellows, dressed in blue shirts and khaki uniforms, and hardened by exposure.

At the platforms those who had been looking for their boys so long flew to their bosoms, and the scenes that followed are such as to be remembered better than described. But there was many a stalwart soldier whose eyes were moist with many tears as he pressed a mother or sweetheart to his breast.

One of the first to alight from the train was Capt. J. Wallace F. Diss, who was seized by his friends and given an enthusiastic welcome. Ben Smith, son of Superior Judge Smith, stepped from the car bronzed and weather-beaten, but was immediately recognized by his father and mother, who rushed up to him and drew him to their hearts. Bugler Jack Horner was awaiting a command to blow



THE BOYS EATING DINNER AT THE ARMORY.

(From Photo by Graham.)

[SOUTH AFRICA.]
WAR IS INEVITABLE.**SOUTH AFRICAN MINE-OWNER RECEIVES A TIP.**

British Arder Somewhat Dampened by the Bold Stand Taken by the Orange Free State.

President Kruger in a Position to Cast the Die for Peace or War Within the Next Few Days.

German Press Considers an Outbreak of Hostilities Unavoidable. The Emperor Urged to Intervene.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

VICTORIA (B. C.), Sept. 23.—[Exclusive Press.] H. Hirschel, president of the South African Railway Company, with head offices here, a gentleman who made his millions in the Transvaal mines, received an alarming cablegram from his agents at Pietermaritzburg, Natal, today—"War absolutely certain." This appears to be the final word in a series of messages which Hirschel, Cohen and Brown have been getting from their African agents during the crisis, each having been fully confirmed by press dispatches a day or two later. The Hirschel-Cohen interests in the Transvaal mine have been estimated at \$2,000,000, while Brown has a claim against the Kruger government for \$1,400,000, a claim, allowed by the court of the Transvaal, but which he regards as worthless.

BRITISH ARDER COOLED.

Orange Free State's Action Has Checked the War Fever.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] A cablegram to the Sun from London says:

"If all depended on the issue of the negotiations between England and the Transvaal, war might still be avoided. There is still better reasons now than a week ago for believing that the British government is not satisfied with its case. Colonial Secretary Chamberlain might be willing to declare war tomorrow, so far as the moral of the situation is concerned, but Prime Minister Salisbury, Mr. Balfour and back of them, the Queen, herself, would probably hesitate long before attacking two South African republics because of the attitude taken by the Pretoria authorities. The moral position of the Kruger's course has been immensely strengthened by the evident intention of the Orange Free State to cast its lot with their against an all-powerful opponent. The courage of the Orange Free State's action cannot be gainsaid, but it is more galling to the Englishmen than the attitude of President Kruger. His bold declaration that the Orange Free State believes the whole British policy to be hypocritical and dishonest amounts to the assertion that the Free State sees in the British purpose nothing but a high-handed determination to annex all of South Africa to the Queen's dominion.

"President Steyn and his advisers regard British aggression, despite Sir Alfred Milner's assurances to the contrary, as directed as much against their independence as that of their northern neighbors. In other words, that the Orange Free State civil government is far more complex and requires more careful action in order to avoid mistakes. The relations of church and state afford all manner of pitfalls and bring out many points that require careful work and profound study.

IN KRUGER'S HANDS.

It is for Him to Cast the Die for War or Peace.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

LONDON, Sept. 23.—[By Atlantic Cable. Copyright, 1899.] Never at any stage of the Transvaal crisis has peace on war rested so entirely within the hands of President Kruger. The longer he delays precipitating a definite issue, the better are the chances for peace. He now knows to what extent he can rely on sections of South Africa to uphold him, and he realizes that the British will not force a conflict until the last transport lands her men, and he is to wily a leader not to know the military advantage that comes to the aggressor. His appeals to the foreign powers to intervene have apparently been hopeless, but his efforts to drag in the Orange Free State have been successful, and if he honestly intends to defy Great Britain he never will have a better opportunity than at present. It is such a question of the uppermost in the minds of the thinking British and which prompts them to fear that before next week's Cabinet meeting the Boers will have passed over Natal's frontier.

If they have not, there will be much ground for believing President Kruger intends an ultimate back down, though whether he is strong enough to carry his people with him in such action is open to grave doubts. The Cabinet merely verifies the logical supposition that Great Britain will issue no hostile ultimatum until she is in a position to back it up.

The impression that war is inevitable, which is now fairly general, is based almost solely upon the belief that the Boers will not submit, while it is impossible for Great Britain to recede from the position which the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Joseph Chamberlain, brought about. The recent negotiations upon the part of the Colonial Secretary have not tended to appease the peace party in England. The Speaker declares that "to fight over a question of etymology is naturally impossible by which the paper refers to suzerainty being the whole base of the dispute.

THE GERMAN VIEW.

War in the Transvaal Considered to Be Inevitable.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

BERLIN, Sept. 23.—[By Atlantic Cable. Copyright, 1899.] An outbreak of war in the Transvaal is regarded here as a question of a few days, or at the most of weeks. The whole press devotes considerable space to the matter. Neither the attitude of the people nor of the press has changed materially.

Without exception they disapprove of such a war, and blame Great Britain for badgering the Transvaal beyond endurance.

The Liberal press also blames the Transvaal for its ill-placed stand in first sanctioning Great Britain's attempts at

interference in its internal affairs and then rejecting such attempts and making thereof a casus belli. Thus argues the Vossische Zeitung, Cologne. Gaucheblatt and others. The whole Conservative, Jung, anti-Semite, Ultramontane, Agrarian and Centre press sides with the Boers. The Kreuz Zeitung says:

"No matter how things may develop, it is certain England is preparing for another act of brutal coercion." The National Zeitung doubts whether it is still possible to adjust things in South Africa except by force of arms. The Vossische Zeitung says: "War is a foregone conclusion. England is only delaying hostilities in order to gain time to prepare a sufficiently large army of invasion. It will not be ready until the first of October. The Boers just now are stronger in a military sense."

The Deutsche Tages Zeitung says: "Germany has a strong interest in maintaining the independence of the Boer states, which form a natural wall of protection against the British possessions. The people must demand that the government vigorously protect these important interests. The only way to avoid the annihilation of the German colonies is to get Germany, Holland and Belgium to join in any direct emigration there, especially to the Boer states."

The Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten, then that if the Transvaal loses, then the German South African Company will be held. Great Britain then being enabled to isolate it economically, until it can be forced to submit to English hands, adding: "The Boers defend the advance post of German civilization against Anglo-Saxonism and fight an advance guard."

The Deutsche Zeitung severely blames the government for its inactivity in the quarrel saying: "This is a dangerous game for German interests."

In spite of these criticisms, many which are most bitter, the government has not altered its view or attitude. This is evident from the inspired utterances of the government press.

The Hamburger Correspondent again points out that Germany can only look on in the struggle, saying: "Germany, like France, is situated precisely between two warring nations, and with the Boers."

A Foreign Office official said to the correspondent here of the Associated Press: "Of course, it is in no sense our interest to have England and the Transvaal go to war. That little Boer state will finally succumb, and probably will be wiped out of existence. It is only too likely that this will diminish our prestige in South Africa, and injure our not inconsiderable material interest there, for our trade with the Boer states is increasing, and is only just beginning to be jeopardized and injured in such a struggle. Still there is no occasion and no political or moral right for us to interfere. So long as our undoubted rights are respected by the belligerents, we shall not interfere."

The informant of the correspondent refused to say whether it was a distinct formal understanding with Great Britain or whether the agreement of a year ago on the subject of South Africa included German neutrality in the event of war with the Transvaal. Experts are beginning to speculate on the subject, and the losses on both sides. The Kreuz Zeitung says:

"The British plan is an invasion on three plans simultaneously from Rhodesia, Natal and Mafeking or Kimberley. The best and most effective part of the English forces will probably be the volunteers raised in South Africa. There are 7000 mounted men already in Rhodesia, who, with other troops, will be the real corps of the expedition."

In the Frankfurt Zeitung, Gen. von Bugoslavsky, a military writer of note, predicts that the British will sustain enormous losses in the Transvaal, owing mainly to the inferiority of their officers and their inability to understand or apply modern tactics.

The first of a series of meetings by friends of the Transvaal was held here today, and a telegraphic message was sent to Emperor William asking for his aid in preventing a war between Great Britain and the South African Republic.

WILL NOT GO ALONE.

Dreyfusards Trying to Oust War Minister De Gallifet.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

PARIS, Sept. 23.—[By Atlantic Cable.] The proclamation of the Minister of War, De Gallifet, to the army, declaring the Dreyfus incident closed, has excited keen opposition among the Dreyfusards. Radicals and Socialists. It is rumored that an attempt will be made to oust the War Minister from the Cabinet. It is said he issued the proclamation without consulting his fellow-ministers. Some of the papers criticising him are in close touch with several of the ministers, and Gen. de Gallifet is credited with saying:

"They want to get rid of me. I am quite prepared to go. But I don't mean to go alone. Either all of them disappear with me, or I stop where I am."

GERMANS LIKE REED.

They Favor the Ex-Car's Candidacy for the Presidency.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

BERLIN, Sept. 23.—[By Atlantic Cable.] The press this week devoted unusual space to American politics. Regarding the anti-trust convention at Chicago, the opinion has been expressed that neither party dares to seriously fight the trusts. Thomas B. Reed's reported candidacy for the Presidency is hailed with approval, and President McKinley's Pittsburgh speech is bitterly condemned as "undignified and insincere."

MRS. POWERS FREE.

Acquitted of the Charge of Murdering Her Husband.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

CHICAGO, Sept. 23.—Mrs. Catherine Powers, widow of ex-Policeman Richard Powers, tonight was acquitted of the charge of murdering her husband. The killing occurred early in the morning on February 10, last. Mrs. Powers claimed that her husband, who was frequently brutal, was about to shoot her. She grasped his revolver and, in the struggle for its possession, the weapon was discharged, killing Powers.

UNHAPPY SAMOA.

German Press Correspondent Predicts a Fresh Uprising.

BERLIN, Sept. 23.—[By Atlantic Cable.] A correspondent of the Cologne Gazette, who is making a tour of Samoa, telegraphs to his paper that there is increasing excitement and anti-German sentiment in the islands, owing to alleged British machinations. The correspondent predicts a new uprising unless the malcontents are energetically restrained.

Torpedo Boat Launching Postponed.

BATH (Me.), Sept. 23.—An attempt was made to launch the torpedo boat T. A. M. Craven at the Bath Iron Works late this afternoon, but the new vessel was stuck on the ways, and it was decided to postpone the launching until Monday.

[SPORTING RECORD.]
OAKLAND'S OPENING.**CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB'S SEASON COMMENCED.**

Fair Weather and Good Attendance at Initial Performance—Horses Will not All Be in Condition for a Week.

Mount McGregor Loses the Handicap Event, Although a Pronounced Favorite in Betting—Cromwell Wins.

Final Day of Racing at Stockton. Elkes Was the Fifty-mile Race at Philadelphia—Shamrock Takes a Trial Spin.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 23.—The California Jockey Club opened its racing season at the Oakland track today. The weather was fair and the attendance good. The track was in excellent condition. F. Mulholland and J. W. Brooks officiated in the judges' stand, while H. H. Egbert acted as patrol judge. Everything went off smoothly, but it will be a week or ten days before all the best horses now at the track will be ready to race.

The feature of the card was the opening handicap at a mile for a purse of \$1000. Nine horses entered. Mt. McGregor, with Thorpe in the saddle, was a favorite throughout the betting, although his price fluctuated quite a good deal, while Cromwell, from lack of support by the speculative public receded from \$8 to \$5 to \$1 before post time. Rosinante, never better than \$3 to \$1, had steady support.

Cromwell beat The Fetter in a drive by a length. Rosinante, who was eighth at the three-quarter mile post, finished in her usually determined style, and was catching the leader at every stride. Cromwell is in rare form just now, and won with 117 pounds in the saddle in race horse style. The Fetter, who was 20 to 1 ran an unexpectedly good race.

Owing to a bad start in the five-furlong race, Constellation was beaten out by Druidess. All of the races were well contested.

Five furlongs: Druidess, 107 (E. Jones), 12 to 5, won; Constellation, 107 (Morse), 4 to 5, second; John Miller, 118 (J. Ward), 1 to 1, third; time 1:04.4. Futurity course: Midlow, 100 (Devlin), 1 to 2, won; Clarando, 100 (J. Ward), 8 to 1, second; February, 108 (Morse), 3 to 1, third; time 1:11.4. The Scot and P. F. also ran.

One mile and a sixteenth, selling: Fort, 99 (J. Ward), 9 to 5, won; Orabbee, 94 (Postel), 6 to 1, second; Libertine, 112 (Snider), 3 to 4, third; time 1:49.4. Pung also ran.

One mile, Cromwell, 117 (Macklin), 4 to 1, won; The Fetter, 88 (Mounce), 20 to 1, second; Rosinante, 109 (E. Jones), 13 to 1, third; time 1:41.4. Mamie G. Hohenzoller, Mt. McGregor, Jennie Reid, Monrovia and Lost Girl also ran.

Six furlongs, selling: Panamint, 108 (Thorpe), even odds, won; Good Hope, 98 (J. Ward), 5 to 1, second; Socialist, 111 (Ruiz), 9 to 5, third; time 1:55.4. Fields also ran.

Elkes and Charles Le Bel also ran.

STOCKTON'S FINALE.

Fine Harness Events Characterize the Closing Day.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

STOCKTON, Sept. 23.—The final day of the race meet brought out a good-sized crowd to witness the racing. Four heats were required in each of the principal harness races to get a decision, and there were several close finishes and considerable betting on every trial. The surprise of the day was Myrtha Whipsy, reducing her record seven seconds by making the circuit in 2:10, when she was formerly eligible to the 2:13 class.

The starting of the harness events, taken as a whole, was the best seen here in a long time, with the exception of Tuesday, when there were several bad actors. Ed P. Smith got large fields away on the Dick who Dick Harvey did his usual good work with the gate. The horsemen are well pleased at the work of both gentlemen.

The judges are also to be commended on their action in setting down the Fulle, the crooked and sooty, who accepted \$25 to anchor McFarland at the post on Thursday, so Ah Chuck could have a sure thing and play the Twinkle Twinkle and Twinkle. The jockey was ruled out of association tracks for life, as Presiding Judge Ed P. Smith stated that the judges had sufficient evidence to convince them that the boy was crooked.

The bookies had a crimp put in their bank rolls in the fifth event, when the heavily-played Col. Dan, galloped home a city block in front of a bunch of cars. Summaries: Pacing, 2:25 class, three in five, purse \$1000: Kelly Briggs, Bayswater (Wilkes-Algona (Hoy)) 2 1 1 2; Martha Whipsy (Herman) 1 2 3 3; Irvington Boy (Cecil) 4 4 3 3; Daedalion (Donathan) 6 3 3 3; Cloe (Clark) 3 3 3 3; Sable Le Grand (Hoy) 5 4 4 4. Time, 2:10.4, 2:11, 2:15.4, 2:14.4.

Trotting, 2:18 class, three in five, purse \$500: Dr. Fresse, Iran Alto-Linda Oak (Bunch) 1 5 1 1; Ned Thron (Helman) 1 4 3 3; Sable Frances (Spencer) 2 2 4 4; Ed Mor (Menchaca) 5 4 3 4; Listerine (Clark) 4 3 4 4. Time 2:14, 2:15.4, 2:14.4, 2:15.

Gentlemen's driving, two in three, \$50 added: Home Way, Strathway-Grosvenor (Jacobs) 1 1 1 1; Lou (Bavay) 2 2 2 2; George V. (Dunham) 3 3 3 3. Time, 3:04, 2:47.

Six furlongs, all ages, purse \$125: Col. Dan, Salvador-Pleurette (Frawley) won; Fred Gardner (Narvaez) second; The Miller (Sullivan) third; time 1:15. Alturas and Tanaka also ran.

Four and a half furlongs, selling, all ages, purse \$100: Jim Brownell, Middleton-Nana (Gilbert) won; Olaf (Narvaez) second; Isabella (Sullivan) third; time 1:05.4. Purnell, Jesse O. Castellar, Bertha Balth and Jennie Gibbs also ran.

Five furlongs, all ages, purse \$150: Tazalor, Fonso-Roy B. (Frawley) won; Britt (Fountainley) second; Tres Jolie (Narvaez) third; time 1:02.4. Poligino also ran.

SHAMROCK'S TRIAL.

Her Work Yesterday the Most Satisfactory Yet Done.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—In a stiff easterly breeze that made the water lumpy off Sandy Hook today, Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht Shamrock sailed one of the most satisfactory trial spins she has yet had. There was not much windward work in it, but with the wind abeam, she covered the distance from Long Island Light to the mark on the 10th and 8th minutes. A meeting reach back was made in 1 hour 12 min-

utes, about 25 miles in 2 hours 20 minutes, or at the rate of nearly twelve miles an hour.

The yacht carried her club topsail throughout the trial, although her lee rail was often awash. During the first half of the course it took her nearly five minutes to pass one of the crack schooners of the fishing fleet which met her outside. Catching off the tow-line near Sandy Hook at 10:35 o'clock, Capt. Hogarth sent the Shamrock over toward the Long Island shore and put her through a preliminary spin for one hour and fifteen minutes while waiting for the Erin to come out.

As soon as Designer Fife went aboard the trial began in earnest. The start was made from the Scotland Lightship at 11:50 o'clock. The outer mark off Elberton was rounded at 12:58. Then the yacht was put on the other tack and with sheets broad off to port, she made fast time back to the finish line, crossing it at 2:10. The Shamrock's crew will have a rest tomorrow, and trials will be resumed for three days of next week.

ALL RECORDS BROKEN.

Elkes and McCachern Do Great Work at Philadelphia.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 23.—The fifty-mile motor-paced race on the Woodside Park track today between Harry Elkes, the middle-distance champion; Burns Pierce, Frank Walker and Archie McEachern, the Canadian champion, was won by Elkes in 31:24.2. Every record, from five to fifty miles was broken. McEachern smashed all the records from five to nineteen miles, inclusive.

Up to the seventh mile the records were previously held by Linton, and from there to the sixteenth, Elkes's record was overcome. The seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth miles' records were previously held by Deery. Everything was made by Pierce. At the forty-sixth mile, McEachern became exhausted and was assisted from the track. Pierce finished second, and Walker third.

AT FOUNTAIN FERRY.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

LOUISVILLE (Ky.), Sept. 23.—Harry A. Gibson of Cincinnati beat Charles Porter of Detroit in a twenty-five-mile motor-paced race at Fountain Ferry track this morning. The remarkably fast time of 45:37.2-5. The twelfth mile was made in 1:46.

EASTERN BASEBALL.

Home Runs and Tied Scores the Features at Brooklyn.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

BROOKLYN, Sept. 23.—The Washington team, the Brooklyn, guessing up to the finish today. It was a peculiar game. Washington forged ahead in the first, third, fifth and eighth innings, only to be tied each time and ultimately beaten out. Home runs over the fence by O'Brien and Freeman were the features, that of Freeman being the longest. The attendance was 3300. Score: Washington, 6; hits, 7; errors, 5. Brooklyn, 7; hits, 11; errors, 2. Batteries—Dineen and Kittredge; McLaughlin and McGuire. Umpires—Mannassau and McGarr.

NEW YORK-BOSTON.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—Seymour pitched in splendid form, against the Beaneaters today. The attendance was 1200. Score: New York, 5; hits, 9; errors, 1. Boston, 2; hits, 9; errors, 4. Batteries—Seymour and Warner; Meekin and Bergen, Sullivan. Umpires—Swartwood and Hunt.

PHILADELPHIA-BALTIMORE.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 23.—The Phillies defeated Baltimore today in a game of interesting features. The attendance was 6150. Score: Philadelphia, 7; hits, 9; errors, 2. Baltimore, 2; hits, 8; errors, 2. Batteries—Piatt and McFarland; Nops and Robinson. Umpires—Snyder and Dwyer.

PITTSBURGH-CLEVELAND.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

PITTSBURGH, Sept. 23.—Pittsburgh and Cleveland played two interesting games, Pittsburgh taking both easily. The only feature of the games was the good fielding of Williams, Ely, Smith, Lockhead and Kruger. The attendance was 200. Score: First game: Pittsburgh, 4; hits, 8; errors, 3. Cleveland, 1; hits, 8; errors, 1. Batteries—Gray and Scriber; Hughey and Sugden. Umpire—McDonald.

Second game: Pittsburgh, 3; hits, 11; errors, 2. Cleveland, 2; hits, 8; errors, 2. Batteries—Tannahill and Bowerman; Collier and Duncan. Umpire—McDonald.

COAST BASEBALL.

Santa Cruz Defeats San Francisco by a Close Score.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

SANTA CRUZ, Sept. 23.—Santa Cruz won the baseball game at San Francisco this afternoon by a score of 3 to 2. It was a superb game until the last inning was pitched. Santa Cruz had nine and San Francisco six base hits. Santa Cruz had two errors and San Francisco one. The locals made runs in the first, fifth and ninth innings. San Francisco made its runs in the second inning. The batter base, Santa Cruz, Whalen and Morrow; San Francisco, Iberg and Swindell. Umpire, O'Connell. The same teams will play tomorrow.

SACRAMENTO-OAKLAND.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 23.—The Sacramento baseball nine defeated Oakland in the ninth inning of the game today by a score of 6 to 4. The error column of the Oaklandites tells how the game was lost. Score: Oakland, 4; hits, 7; errors, 6. Sacramento, 6; hits, 7; errors, 0. Batteries—Hammond and Harper; Harvey and Stanley. Umpire—William Long.

ROOTS' EASY WIN.

He Easily Defeats Stiff in Six Rounds at Chicago.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

CHICAGO, Sept. 23.—Jack Root won easily from Billy Stiff in a six-round bout at Tattersall's tonight. Root, who is a much longer man, outlasted his opponent, who was a much shorter man, and the best of the fight all the way through. Stiff only landing two good blows, Root kept Stiff in trouble with straight jabs, and at the end of the sixth round Stiff was badly marked up, his right eye being closed and his mouth badly bleeding. There was not a mark on Root.

BOXERS' PROTECTION.

Chicago Fugs Form an Association and Adopt a Platform.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

CHICAGO, Sept. 23.—Local boxers have formed an association for mutual protection and benefit. A meeting held this evening was largely attended

Ville D Paris.

221 and 223 SOUTH BROADWAY.

FALL WINTER

New Garments.

The Latest Creations Practical in Prices Elegant in Styles

Golf Capes (styles) Selling from \$7.50 Upwards

Cloth Capes (Very Nobby) AT \$11.00 \$13.00

Our Strong Leaders—

New Jackets AT \$3.50

Dress Skirts AT \$4.00

NEW SUITS, SEPARATE SKIRTS...

Fancy Waists—Black and Colors. Silk Waists—\$4.00 to \$10.50

Woolen Waists—\$2.25 to \$4.50

Extra Special Value—\$1

We claim to have the Best Line of PLAIN DRESS GOODS shown in the city at Popular Prices.

NEW STOCK KID GLOVES ARRIVING DAILY.

by the fighters, and the following platform was adopted:

"No purse less than \$50. "All fighters to show a doctor's certificate at the expense of the association. Those fighters who are unable to pass a satisfactory physical examination to be barred from all contests. "The finding of satisfactory substitutes in case a man is unable to fulfill his engagement. "The creation of a fund to help fighters who may be injured in training, each member to subscribe a small portion of the winning end of the purse."

PELICAN CLUB BOUTS.

Hurley Knocked Out After Being Floored Many Times.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—At the Pelican Athletic Club tonight the bouts resulted as follows: Johnny Reagan of Brooklyn defeated Billy Winters of Chicago in ten rounds. Billy Hanrahan of New York knocked out Tim Hurley of Pennsylvania in eight rounds. Hanrahan floored Hurley four times in the second round.

The last Hurley's head struck the floor with such force that he did not recover until it was time for the round, the bell having saved him.

GRAVESEND EVENTS.

Imp Gives Ben Holliday Weight and Wins Easily.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—The event of the day at Gravesend was the second special at a mile and a half, in which Imp attempted to give Ben Holliday five points and a beating, and did it with ease, to the dismay of the big betters who backed Ben Holliday down to 1 to 2 and to the delight of the crowd who had backed Imp, in spite of which she closed at 7 to 5.

In the Algeria stakes Rockton was a hot favorite, and justified the choice, for he came from the rear in the stretch in a great burst of speed and won as he pleased. Results: Hurdle, handicap, two miles: Mr. Sotol won, Hardy V. second, Marshall third; time 2:50.

Six furlongs, selling: Belle of Memphis, abuse second, Southon third; time 1:15.2-5.

Algeria stakes, five furlongs: Rockton won, Kilmarnock second, Modrine third; time 1:01.4-5.

City Briefs.

Mrs. Harris, in her department for facial massage, treats the face and scalp scientifically. She makes a specialty of the most obstinate cases of pimples, oily skin, worst form of wrinkles, powder marks, birth marks, moles and other blemishes. Ladies are cordially invited to call and inspect her process, and cures on exhibition. Mrs. Harris's parlors are the most elegantly fitted up in the city, with all the latest improved appliances for the rapid and successful treatment of work in the various departments. Facial massage, shampooing, hair dressing, manicuring, electric scalp treatment and scalp and hair removal by electricity. Expert hair dyeing. Prices very reasonable. Office, 4, Catalina Hotel, 439 S. Broadway. Tel. Green 1965.

"Imitation is the sure sign of success." The time is coming when it will be as common for ladies to have their wrinkles removed as it now is to have their teeth filled. Battered, shriveled, dilapidated faces will no more offend the sight. Formerly defects were hidden with paint and powder, now they are removed. The most pitted or wrinkled skin may be made as fresh and smooth as a child's. I also permanently remove superfluous hairs, scars, birthmarks, moles, without leaving a scar. Cure eczema, acne, pimples, freckles, tan, red veins, and oily skin. All work guaranteed. City references given; consultation free. Miss S. N. Herold, 539 1/2 S. Broadway, room 18, The Millin.

The Girls' Collegiate School, which begins its eighth year September 23, has strengthened its teaching force by the addition of several instructors. Among them are Misses M. E. von Paulsen of New York, a highly accomplished lady, who has spent years abroad in study, and Miss Mary F. Pierce, a graduate of Vassar College and most successful teacher, has been made head of the English department, and Prof. F. E. Routier of Paris will teach French. Miss Ida Leonard will have charge of classes in physical culture and elocution. Study is introduced in the primary department, and classes in cooking and dressmaking are proposed.

To regular readers of The Times is offered a beautiful and valuable book containing a collection of one hundred of the best cartoons selected from the which have appeared in The Times during the last two years. The conditions upon which this handsome book will be given free are that subscribers pay for the Daily and Sunday Times one year in advance. The book is handsomely bound and printed on specially-prepared heavy paper and will be a valuable and ornamental addition to any family library.

The Imperial Ladies' Tailoring Co. announce to the ladies of Los Angeles and vicinity that they have received an entire new line of the latest fall goods for tailor suits, golf skirts and golf capes, very handsome material for fall jackets. They earnestly request all ladies to call and examine these new patterns, even if you don't purchase. We will surely suit you in prices, as well as in style of our work. No. 422 S. Broadway, between Fourth and Fifth.

Ladies, my new fall styles are now all in; you will be very much surprised to see the quality and style we combine in our tailor gowns. We will still continue our low prices this week in order that you may grasp this opportunity to get big values in tailor gowns for little money. We make to order \$35 suits for \$20; \$50 suits for \$30; \$60 suits for \$35. Don't forget the three suits, 444 South Broadway, M. Berry, proprietor.

Do you want a beautiful complexion? Do you want the sunburn taken out? Do you want that glow of youth that nature intended you should have? You can have all this and more if you will take my face treatments and follow my skin food. Mrs. Weaver Jackson, hair dressing and toilet parlors, 218 South Spring.

Ladies, the company has sent us a small order of the new Dewey sewing machines, made and guaranteed by the New Home Sewing Machine Co. This week we will give you special bargains on them. Call early. New Home, Domestic, Wheeler and Wilson sewing machines. No. 349 S. Spring st. R. B. Morehead, mgr.

The Good Samaritan. Remember the needy. Save your cast-off clothing, beds, bedding or stoves for poor families of the city. A request is also made for shoes and clothing for poor children. Drop a card to P-33 Vreeland, at the "Good Samaritan" office, Capt. Frazier's place, No. 135 East Seventh street, and anything you have to donate will be called for.

N. G. Balda & Bros., the Turkish and Egyptian Bazaar, 122 W. Fourth street, are closing out (going to Paris exposition) all their fine rugs, Bagdad portieres, coat-of-arms and antique relics, at far less than actual cost in the old country. Bargain-hunters should call early. Far less than auction prices.

Miss S. Gilman, formerly maker of fine neckwear at The Unique, will make to order at home, 249 W. Fifteenth st. Ladies can save themselves 25 per cent. and have the style and material required and a fit by ordering directly. Other dainty sewing done. Call or write.

The Times business office is open all right, and liners, death notices, etc., will be received up to 1:30 a.m. Small display announcements may be sent in up to that hour, but large display ads. cannot be attractively set if brought in later than 8:30 p.m. Telephone Main 25.

Any coupons issued by the Comings Studio should be presented at once to Mr. Heggessy, former operator and manager of Marcellus, who purchased the Comings Studio, 217 1/2 South Spring street, as Mr. Heggessy will not accept these coupons after the 1st of October.

Ladies, you are invited to attend a genuine American opening of fine pattern hats, Friday and Saturday, September 29 and 30. No anti-Dreyfus hats on display. Evening fine enough for the best lady in the land. Mme. Desch, No. 262 S. Broadway.

Swedish Medical Gymnastic Institute, 405 1/2 South Broadway. We treat rheumatism, nervousness, female and stomach trouble (constipation), paralysis by scientific massage baths, diet, instructions, etc.

Prof. Payne will organize classes in dancing. Adults, beginners, Monday eve, October 2; Juvenile, October 14, 1:30 to 2; men and masters, 3 to 5. Academy, Blanchard Hall, 233 South Broadway.

Mrs. A. L. Carleton will hold her fall opening at her dressing parlors, rooms 111 and 113, 223 West Second street on September 29 and 30. All the latest Parisian novelties will be displayed.

Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to announce that I have just received from New York a full line of ladies' and gentlemen's goods; also a line of gold goods. J. Korn, No. 348 S. Broadway.

Mrs. J. M. Erdman of No. 308 South Broadway, Bradbury Block, invites the ladies of Los Angeles and vicinity to her millinery reception, which will take place Monday, September 25.

Ladies, you are most cordially invited to call and see my styles in tailor gowns. S. Benoff, the Ladies' Tailor, three hundred and thirty (330) S. Broadway.

Monday is the last of our summer

BISHOP'S

Keep up-to-date in all things. Eat

Bishop's Graham Wafers.

SODA CRACKERS

Remember that "Premier Brand" is California's Best Wine

and can be had at all first class hotels, restaurants and wine merchants.

CHARLES STERN & SONS

City Depot Ellington Drug Co., Fourth and Spring Sts.

WHITE TEETH

May not be produced in a day, but the continued use of Lister's Paste will whiten and preserve

SURE THING PILE CURE

Comes in collapsible tubes with a pile pipe attached. Newest and best cure known

WE SELL

Ellington Drug Co., N.W. corner Fourth and Spring Sts.



Corset Fitting to Order

We make corsets to order and to fit. We make to your exact measure such a corset as your form demands.

We cut by both French and American systems—the fitting is done by an unusual scientific method—it is thorough at every point—hence we can guarantee a corset to be all and more than you expected it to be.

"Worth's Beauty" our own make carried in stock in all sizes.

The Unique

CORSET HOUSE.

245 South Broadway.

millinery sale. All hats over \$5 for \$2; all under \$5 for 85c. The Yosemite, 115 South Broadway, bet. 1st and 2d st.

Dr. C. B. Jones will reside at the Hotel Gray Gardens, corner Seventh and Hill streets, while his wife and daughter are visiting their old home in Ohio.

Mexican drawn work, dollies, centers, trays and lunch cloths, and fine handkerchiefs; special sale this week. Campbell's Curio Store, 225 S. Spring st.

The Natick House will serve chicken dinner from 4:45 to 7:30 p.m. today. Meals, 25 cents, or twenty-one for \$4.50. Music by Arend's Orchestra.

In the business opportunities this morning appears an excellent chance for a hold man of moderate means to make money in Covina.

Mr. Thaddeus S. Fritz will preach in Blanchard Hall October 1 at 3 p.m., on "The Mission and Work of the Forward Movement."

S. A. Lamon has just returned and resumed business in the Bryson Block. Old and new friends and patrons are invited to call.

Fifteen thousand dollars will buy 102 feet on South Broadway. See W. I. Hollingsworth & Co., sole agents, 343 Wilcox building.

Spiritualist camp meeting at Sycamore Grove; change in morning programme. Lecture by Prof. J. S. Loveland at 10:30.

No fancy prices for borders. Non-trust wall paper for twelve-foot room, \$1.35. Ingrain, \$3.50. Walter, 627 Spring. Tel. M. 1655.

The Times job office has removed temporarily, while new building is being erected, to basement of The Times Building.

Religious service at Young Women's Christian Association, 3:30 today. Mrs. Frank A. Dewey, leader. All women invited.

Another Lot of Water-Soaked Garments.

This time it played havoc with better class goods, though the damage was not so great, many of them being black garments, and having been only soaked with water, but never mind, there's a price put on them that'll astonish you, don't think for a moment that this is anything but a

Genuine Damage and Salvage Sale.

And if you come around here Monday at eleven o'clock and expect to find anything left at these advertised prices you'll be mistaken and have only yourself to blame. There are only a certain number that go at these prices. When they're gone that ends it, so we caution you now, if you want an A1 garment at less than cost price come here early Monday morning.

\$8 Jackets at \$3.50 each

Made of pure Kersey Cloth, full silk lined, nice large buttons, nicely gotten up and stylish, linings badly damaged, also some black beavers.

\$9 Jackets at \$5 each.

Black beaver and heavy boucle coats, just what you'll want a little later. These are only very slightly soiled.

Cloth Capes, Too.

Made of melton cloth, velvet collar, come in different colors.

Plush Wraps Also.

Go in with this lot, good heavy ones, too. Really you can't tell they're damaged either.

Black Dress Goods.

5 pieces 46-inch black mohair crepon, heavy raised mohair figures, good color and luster, regular \$1 quality; sale price, yard..... 75c

25 pieces black crepons, every one different, high luster, in blistered effects, beautiful designs, worth up to \$1.50 yard..... \$1.00

10 pieces 48-inch mohair chevrot, all wool, in rough weave, black and all colors, good value at 75c; sale price, yard..... 50c

50-inch camel hair in plain black, extra heavy quality, for tailor suits, rough, bright finish, very new; price, yard..... \$2.00

10 pieces shower proof chevrot in black and navy only, made 54 inches-wide and shrunk to 43, sponged and ready for the needle..... 75c

Colored Dress Goods.

30 pieces 38-inch wool plaids in camel hair and cloth, very handsome color combinations; regular 65c quality..... 50c

Silks.

22-in. black taffeta silk, good weight, fine luster; worth 75c; sale price..... 59c

Plain black linen back satin, extra heavy grade; worth 50c; sale price, yard..... 35c

Corsets.

Broken lines of N.B. corsets on sale at greatly reduced prices.

Style 143 spoon shape front, long below the waist line; black only \$4.00; now..... \$2.50

W.B. French model shape, 12 in. front; was \$2.00; now..... \$1.00

W.B. style 77 short, good quality lace, trimmed; regular \$1.00; sale price..... 89c

Gloves.

Ladies' fine French kid gloves with fancy embroidered backs, 3 clasps fitted guaranteed and kept in repair; price..... \$1.50

Ladies' 2 clasp French Mocha in serviceable dark shades with P.K. seam and embroidered backs; was \$1.25; sale price..... \$1.00

Underwear.

Ladies' umbrella skirts, fine cambric, extra wide, trimmed with wide lace..... 75c

Ladies' umbrella skirts, fine cambric, extra wide trimmed with wide lace and inserting to match..... \$1.00

Ladies' umbrella drawers, extra wide, fancy tuchon, lace edge..... 25c

Ladies' umbrella drawers, extra wide, hem-stitched ruffle and embroidery edge; special at..... 50c

Ladies' ecrú ribbed cotton combination suits fleeced lined, long sleeves and ankle length..... 25c

Ladies' heavy, ecrú ribbed cotton vests, high neck, long sleeves, fleeced lined, regular 50c

Ladies' heavy, ecrú ribbed cotton vests, high neck, long sleeves, fleeced lined, regular 50c

Let's go to Hales's 107-109 North Spring St.

GUESS THIS WEEK

How Many Miles the Automobile Will Travel

Next Week

Each guess has four chances; it may be nearest the exact distance, or nearest two-thirds, or one-half, or one-third, the prize is either case is \$10.

The stores named below give out the guessing blanks at the rate of one blank with every 25 cents' worth of goods purchased—four on a dollars' worth, forty on ten dollars' worth. You are entitled to, and may just as well have them as not. If the salesman forgets, ask him for them. If you do not want to guess yourself, give them to somebody you does.

During the week ending Sept. 23, the Horseless Carriage traveled 178.65 miles. The best guesses were: C. Laux, 231 S. Broadway, 178.70 miles; J. H. Laphan, 116 Hensie Building, 119.10 miles; W. K. Maui, 401 S. Hope St., 89.27 miles; Ben Sparks, 653 Town Ave., 59.51 miles.

\$40.00 EVERY MONDAY

THIS WEEK, RIDES in the Automobile may be arranged for at office, 347 S. Broadway. Office hours from 10 to 12 and from 1 to 2 only. Tel. Main 1564.

Silverwood's. Gents' Furnishing: London Clothing Co.; W. E. Cummings, Shoes; The Wonder Millinery; Meyberg Bros. China; Stoll & Thayer, Books; Laux & Co. Drugs; J. W. Young's, Holleben Clear Store; Newberry's, Groceries; The Marvel Millinery.

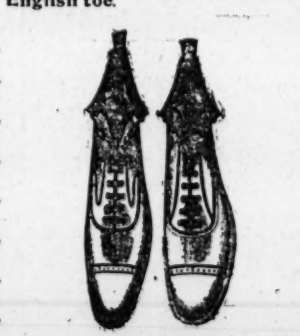
ANDROSIS—Agents wanted, both sexes. Dr. Conant's Compound Vapor Bath. Liberal commissions and exclusive privilege. Large profits for small investment. Address for Booklet, C. R. CONANT & CO., 47 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

WITCH & DERRING, FINEST PAIRLARS. Nos. 106-108 South Broadway. Lady attendant. Best service. Eastern prices. Tel. main 665.

Easy Waukin

In our new last, foot-form men's "Waukin" shoe.

Heavy extensions sole, in tan willow, ca f with silver eyelets, or box cal with fast black eyelets. The new comfortable English toe.



\$4

Only Expert Shoemakers Build Our Shoes

W.C. Cummings Foot-Form Shoes Cor. Fourth & Broadway

Dr. E. L. Johnson

After 15 years of practice in New York and recently returned from study in the hospitals of London and Paris, has opened an office at 645 S. Hill St. Special attention given to the diseases of women and children, and diseases of the throat and lungs. All calls promptly attended. Office and residence, 645 S. Hill St. Office Hours—9 to 10, 2 to 4, 7 to 9.



For Years

We have been the acknowledged leaders in stylish Hats at a moderate price. The coming season will be no exception to the rule. Each day we are bringing out new styles. Tomorrow a splendid display of the newest well creations in tan, castor and mode shades will be the event and you should see them if you enjoy looking at pretty hats.

The Wonder Millinery 219 South Spring.

THIS WEEK, RIDES in the Automobile may be arranged for at office, 347 S. Broadway. Office hours from 10 to 12 and from 1 to 2 only. Tel. Main 1564.

Silverwood's. Gents' Furnishing: London Clothing Co.; W. E. Cummings, Shoes; The Wonder Millinery; Meyberg Bros. China; Stoll & Thayer, Books; Laux & Co. Drugs; J. W. Young's, Holleben Clear Store; Newberry's, Groceries; The Marvel Millinery.

ANDROSIS—Agents wanted, both sexes. Dr. Conant's Compound Vapor Bath. Liberal commissions and exclusive privilege. Large profits for small investment. Address for Booklet, C. R. CONANT & CO., 47 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

WITCH & DERRING, FINEST PAIRLARS. Nos. 106-108 South Broadway. Lady attendant. Best service. Eastern prices. Tel. main 665.

PLEASURE AND DEATH

PHILLIPS-JUDSON EXCURSION IN COLLISION.

Six Passengers Killed and Many Injured—Mrs. Wille of Los Angeles Hurt and Her Young Son Killed.

Accident Said to Have Been Caused by Freight Train's Disobedience of Orders—Trainmen Escape Injury.

Troop Train on the Dominion Atlantic Road Ditched and Soldiers Hurt—Southern Pacific Conductor Killed.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] DENVER, Sept. 23.—A special to the News from Florence, Colo., says that one of the most appalling accidents in the history of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad occurred at 4 o'clock this afternoon, four and one-half miles west of that city. Six persons were killed outright and five badly injured.

The killed are:

F. SALTER, manager of the excursion.

EVA M. WALKER, aged 12, of Westford, Mass.

EUGENIA B. JUDKINS, aged 12, Spokane, Wash.

ADDIE F. JUDKINS, aged 10, Spokane, Wash.

GEORGE H. JUDKINS, aged 6, Spokane, Wash.

WILLS, boy, aged 6, Los Angeles.

The injured are:

MRS. F. A. WILLS, Los Angeles, badly hurt.

HARRY WALKER, aged 19, Westford, Mass.; internal injuries; not serious.

MRS. GRANT BIDDLE, Cole Camp, Mo.; internal injuries.

MISS ELLA BIDDLE, aged 21, Cole Camp, Mo., bruised.

C. R. COOK, aged 25, Millers, Ind., bruised.

The dead and injured were passengers on a Phillips-Judson excursion train, west bound, which collided with an east-bound freight train. The excursion train consisted of one day coach and two Pullman tourist sleepers.

There were about forty passengers, most of them from Massachusetts, en route to the Pacific Coast. The special had orders to run to Reno siding, and when only a few hundred yards from the siding it collided with the freight train. The trains came together with terrific force. The second Pullman telescoped, the first one and the day coach is a complete wreck.

The freight train consisted of fifty narrow-gauge cars, loaded with ore and lumber and wreckage is strewn along the tracks for nearly half a mile.

All the engine crew saved themselves by jumping. It is understood the freight train had orders to take the siding at Reno, but for some reason it failed to do so.

A special with physicians was sent from this city to the scene of the wreck, and the survivors were brought to this city. Later the injured were taken to Pueblo, Colo., where they are recovering from their wounds.

The others will recover.

E. S. Platted, one of the excursion party from Reno, said:

"Our party of thirty-five or forty persons left Boston on Wednesday morning last on a pleasure and business tour to the Pacific Coast. I had been riding in the first sleeper, but had just entered the day coach with the Pullman conductor, and had got comfortably seated when there came an awful crash. It seemed to me as if a ponderous stone bridge had fallen upon our car. I quickly doubled myself up and waited for the worst. I found I was not seriously hurt, and with a little effort was soon extricated from the debris.

I look for the conductor who sat by my side and there lay a corpse. Two other men in the same coach escaped also, but four in the day coach were killed. This car was a complete wreck, as was the tourist sleeper next to it. There were six persons killed, five young people and our Pullman conductor, who came with us from Boston. George J. Judkins, who was traveling in his home, was killed. He had the misfortune to see all three of his children killed, while he escaped with a few bruises and scratches. The poor man is almost distracted with grief."

EXTRA TRAIN'S MISAP.

Southern Pacific Conductor Instantly Killed at Halverson.

[A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.] SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 23.—Conductor Charles A. Holzheiser was killed last night late at Halverson, a siding midway between Decoto and Hayward, on the Southern Pacific, and several cars were thrown into the ditch. The train was a west-bound extra, composed of fruit and empty cars, and had been made up at San Jose, and was in charge of Conductor Holzheiser.

Halverson is not a station, and there are no signals there. The train reached there about 10 o'clock, and as it was necessary to leave some cars on the side-trick a flying switch was attempted. The engine and two cars attached, went ahead, but through some mishap the cars were thrown off the rails into the ditch.

The cars were hurled over on their sides, and with them went the unfortunate conductor. It is supposed that he was either on top of them or on a side ladder. He was killed almost instantly.

COLLISION AT SAN JOSE.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.] SAN JOSE, Sept. 23.—The north-bound train, due here at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon, on the coast division of the Southern Pacific Company, and a switch engine, collided in the city limits. No one was hurt and no great damage done. But brief delay resulted, and the only damage was that to the two engines.

AND YET ANOTHER.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] SAN JOSE, Sept. 23.—At 9 o'clock this evening a switch engine collided while backing up, with a freight engine at the San Pedro street depot on a three-way switch. Both were badly damaged. No one was injured.

TRAIN CRASHED HEAD-ON.

Many Persons Injured in a Wreck at Parker, Pa.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.] PITTSBURGH, Sept. 23.—Two trains on the Allegheny Railroad collided head on at Parker, Pa., last evening,

totally wrecking both engines, demolishing eight freight cars, badly wrecking passenger coaches and injuring nearly a score of people. The names of those worst injured are as follows:

CHARLES BAYNE of Templeton, engineer of the freight train.

M. H. BLOAN, fireman.

F. F. TURNER, engineer of the passenger train.

LYNN MARTIN, Pittsburgh.

L. W. BURLING, conductor of passenger train.

ALICE PRYER, Parker, Pa.

MISS VANDERSOLE, Pittsburgh, Pa.

H. G. JORDAN, West Monterey, Pa.

None of the injured will die.

The officials of the company say that the engineer on the freight train forgot that the passenger train had the right-of-way.

TROOP TRAIN DITCHED.

Soldiers Injured in an Accident on Dominion Atlantic Road.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.] HALIFAX (N. S.), Sept. 23.—A special train on the Dominion Atlantic Railroad, carrying 500 men of the Sixty-third Regiment from Camp Aldershot to Halifax, left the rails and was thrown into a ditch near Mount

today. Several were injured, but no fatalities are reported.

SPREADING RAILS.

Wreck on the Chicago and Alton. One Man Killed.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] SPRINGFIELD (Ill.), Sept. 23.—The Chicago and Alton south-bound limited express was wrecked this evening at Elkhart, a station eighteen miles north of this city, by the rails spreading, and two passengers were injured, one of whom, W. J. Long, a real estate dealer of Kansas City, died tonight in the hospital here.

The slow speed of the train was all that prevented a horrible catastrophe. At a switch 100 feet north of Elkhart, the rails spread and the entire train was derailed. The locomotive and cars plowed up the ground and the locomotive went plunging over the ties for over a hundred feet.

No one was injured except the two passengers in the smoking car, Messrs. Long and A. C. King of Leroy, Ill., and they were injured in a singular manner.

Nine thirty-foot rails which held together ran through the floor of the car and passed under the roof. As this iron ram crashed up through the floor, Mr. Long jumped to his feet and the end of the rail struck him in the forehead, inflicting terrible wounds. The same rail also struck Mr. King's leg and twisted his knee.

Several passengers who were on the train declared that the ties were rotten.

THE CALIFORNIA LARK.

ELLEN BEACH YAW SCORES A GREAT HIT IN LONDON.

Engaged to Appear in a New Opera Which Sir Arthur Sullivan Has Written for the Savoy Theater. She Gets Much Notice.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] LONDON, Sept. 23.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Ellen Beach Yaw, the California soprano, has been engaged to appear in the new opera which Sir Arthur Sullivan has written for the Savoy Theater. Miss Yaw has been most successful here. The extraordinary compass of her voice has been the subject of much notice, but she deprecates this, desiring, with reason, that she be judged on the merits of her voice in its essence and entirety. In fact, she is beginning rather to resent the attention paid to her wonderful top notes.

FIRE AND HURRICANE.

People on the Island of Montserrat in Great Distress.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] KINGSTON (Jamaica), Sept. 23.—[By West Indian Cable.] Plymouth, capital of the Island of Montserrat, reports the destruction by fire of many buildings which had escaped the recent hurricane and most of the remaining ruins, greatly intensifying the distress of the populace, which is growing demoralized over the tardy and inadequate relief. The laborers refuse to unload the relief cargoes unless paid double.

At Anguilla 700 inhabitants are wildly appealing for immediate supplies of food, the recent hurricane having destroyed all the provisions and wrecked the shops and the habitations and the sea having been washed into the wells and rain cisterns.

MAINTAINING RESERVES.

Banks Strengthen Their Position in Face of Actual Loss.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—The "Pioneer" says: "The clearinghouse banks of New York City were able last week, through the familiar operation of contracting loans and lessening deposit liabilities to strengthen their position, surplus reserve having risen to nearly \$3,000,000 as against about \$250,000 for the week previous. This was accomplished in the face of an actual loss of \$2,500,000 in cash, an amount rather less than the known operations of the week had thrown in large part into the treasury, and to the West, the banks are able to end the week in a stronger position from a cash standpoint than they began it."

In the past three weeks, the decrease in loans had been no less than \$31,000,000, while deposits have been reduced over \$5,000,000. In the same time there has been a loss in cash of \$19,000,000. The latter item explains the drift of banking operations very well, for it is known the loss of specie and legal tender in the interior has not been as heavy as the figures given above indicate. The money has flown in large part into the treasury, and it has been the constant drain that has necessitated the policy of liquidation to maintain reserves.

Leader of Robbers Arrested.

LONDON, Sept. 23.—The ringleader of the band of highwaymen who stole the sum of £12,000 September 12, while in transit to this city, has been arrested.

Fifty Leading Advertisers Make Fifty Striking Offers.

BARGAINS IN DRY GOODS.

WOMEN'S HOSIERY—

We will place on sale

TOMORROW MORNING

20 Doz. Little Hose

Of regular 50-cent quality,

With double soles and toes and

extra spliced heels; extra long—

—AT 25 CENTS—

A. HAMBURGER & SONS.

Greater People's Store. N. Spring st.

DRY GOODS

Spring and Third sts.

N. B. BLACKSTONE & CO.—

(Tel. Main 258.)

Colored Cotton Shirt Waists

marked from \$1.50 to \$2.50, will be

Closed Out at 50 CENTS Each.

MONDAY, TUESDAY.

All this season's goods.

All desirable.

Come early in our advice.

SPECIAL BLANKET OFFERING—

—Tomorrow—

AT \$3.00 A PAIR.

White, all wool, weigh 5 pounds,

and are full 11-4 size, bound with

silk; all colors; an ordinarily \$1 one.

J. M. Hale Co.

WASH WAISTS—

A GREAT CLEARING MONDAY

of every one in the house.

—50 CENTS—

FOR FINE WHITE SHIRTS AND PIQUES

Worth \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2.

A few are a little soiled—others the last

of their kind.

Broadway Dept. Store.

Fourth and Broadway, Los Angeles.

COMPLETE OUTFITS

43 PIECES.....43 PIECES

—Only \$10.50—

Comprising every garment a baby can

possibly need, and as carefully and

prettily made as the most loving

mother could desire.

I. MAGNIN & CO.,

Manufacturing Retailers

WOMEN'S, CHILDREN'S

INFANTS' GOODS. 251 South Broadway.

A NAPKIN BARGAIN—

\$1.00 A DOZEN

Full Dinner Size.

Satin finish damask in beautiful

floral effects.

Up-to-Date Department Store.

113-115 North Spring.

SPECIAL—

A fine lot of

PERCALE SHIRT WAISTS,

Worth up to \$2.50 each.

NOW MARKED AT 50C EACH TO CLOSE.

Goodenow, Sheldon, Fixen Co.,

135 S. Spring st.

SKIRTS AND SUITS—

Our styles in tailor gowns are worn

by the fashion leaders in ladies.

We are sure we can please you in

style, quality of goods and fit.

Tailor-made Suits to Order,

—\$5 TO \$35—

NEW YORK SKIRT CO.,

341 South Spring st.

IF YOU HAVE NOT—

Paid a visit to the

NEW BROADWAY STORE.

Do so at once. Better values in jewelry were

never before offered. The very latest novelties

in men's neckwear. Exceptional values in ladies' new golf hats, \$1.25.

Broadway Emporium,

337 South Broadway.

SPECIAL BARGAIN LOT—

—\$4.75—

Tan, English Kersey, Double-breasted and

silk lined. One hundred garments at this special price tomorrow.

PARISIAN CLOAK AND SUIT CO.,

129 South Spring.

\$1.50 FOR A GOOD GLOVE—

THE L. O. MAXE—

It is the finest selected kid; it is guaranteed,

and we keep them in good order free of charge.

ALL THE NEW FALL SHADES

The Unique,

245 South Broadway.

DIRECT FALL IMPORTATIONS—

—New and Exclusive Styles—

Boston Dry Goods Store,

229 South Broadway, opp. City Hall.

BARGAINS IN DRY GOODS.

ANYONE—

MAKING A PURCHASE

And presenting this ad. will be presented

with a present free of charge.

L. W. BURLING, conductor of passenger train.

MISS VANDERSOLE, Pittsburgh, Pa.

H. G. JORDAN, West Monterey, Pa.

None of the injured will die.

The officials of the company say that the engineer on the freight train forgot that the passenger train had the right-of-way.

TROOP TRAIN DITCHED.

Soldiers Injured in an Accident on Dominion Atlantic Road.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.] HALIFAX (N. S.), Sept. 23.—A special train on the Dominion Atlantic Railroad, carrying 500 men of the Sixty-third Regiment from Camp Aldershot to Halifax, left the rails and was thrown into a ditch near Mount

today. Several were injured, but no fatalities are reported.

SPREADING RAILS.

Wreck on the Chicago and Alton. One Man Killed.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] SPRINGFIELD (Ill.), Sept. 23.—The Chicago and Alton south-bound limited express was wrecked this evening at Elkhart, a station eighteen miles north of this city, by the rails spreading, and two passengers were injured, one of whom, W. J. Long, a real estate dealer of Kansas City, died tonight in the hospital here.

The slow speed of the train was all that prevented a horrible catastrophe. At a switch 100 feet north of Elkhart, the rails spread and the entire train was derailed. The locomotive and cars plowed up the ground and the locomotive went plunging over the ties for over a hundred feet.

No one was injured except the two passengers in the smoking car, Messrs. Long and A. C. King of Leroy, Ill., and they were injured in a singular manner.

Nine thirty-foot rails which held together ran through the floor of the car and passed under the roof. As this iron ram crashed up through the floor, Mr. Long jumped to his feet and the end of the rail struck him in the forehead, inflicting terrible wounds. The same rail also struck Mr. King's leg and twisted his knee.

Several passengers who were on the train declared that the ties were rotten.

THE CALIFORNIA LARK.

ELLEN BEACH YAW SCORES A GREAT HIT IN LONDON.

Engaged to Appear in a New Opera Which Sir Arthur Sullivan Has Written for the Savoy Theater. She Gets Much Notice.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] LONDON, Sept. 23.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Ellen Beach Yaw, the California soprano, has been engaged to appear in the new opera which Sir Arthur Sullivan has written for the Savoy Theater. Miss Yaw has been most successful here. The extraordinary compass of her voice has been the subject of much notice, but she deprecates this, desiring, with reason, that she be judged on the merits of her voice in its essence and entirety. In fact, she is beginning rather to resent the attention paid to her wonderful top notes.

FIRE AND HURRICANE.

People on the Island of Montserrat in Great Distress.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] KINGSTON (Jamaica), Sept. 23.—[By West Indian Cable.] Plymouth, capital of the Island of Montserrat, reports the destruction by fire of many buildings which had escaped the recent hurricane and most of the remaining ruins, greatly intensifying the distress of the populace, which is growing demoralized over the tardy and inadequate relief. The laborers refuse to unload the relief cargoes unless paid double.

At Anguilla 700 inhabitants are wildly appealing for immediate supplies of food, the recent hurricane having destroyed all the provisions and wrecked the shops and the habitations and the sea having been washed into the wells and rain cisterns.

MAINTAINING RESERVES.

Banks Strengthen Their Position in Face of Actual Loss.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—The "Pioneer" says: "The clearinghouse banks of New York City were able last week, through the familiar operation of contracting loans and lessening deposit liabilities to strengthen their position, surplus reserve having risen to nearly \$3,000,000 as against about \$250,000 for the week previous. This was accomplished in the face of an actual loss of \$2,500,000 in cash, an amount rather less than the known operations of the week had thrown in large part into the treasury, and to the West, the banks are able to end the week in a stronger position from a cash standpoint than they began it."

In the past three weeks, the decrease in loans had been no less than \$31,000,000, while deposits have been reduced over \$5,000,000. In the same time there has been a loss in cash of \$19,000,000. The latter item explains the drift of banking operations very well, for it is known the loss of specie and legal tender in the interior has not been as heavy as the figures given above indicate. The money has flown in large part into the treasury, and it has been the constant drain that has necessitated the policy of liquidation to maintain reserves.

Leader of Robbers Arrested.

LONDON, Sept. 23.—The ringleader of the band of highwaymen who stole the sum of £12,000 September 12, while in transit to this city, has been arrested.

THE MILLINERY WORLD.

Is exhibiting the latest patterns direct from Paris.

STYLISH SAILORS—

TOMORROW 25c.

The desirable rough braid effects;

pretty shawls and worth twice or

three times the price we ask.

The Wonder Millinery,

219 South Spring.

FREE TREATMENTS—

The finest given on the Coast.

YOUR COMPLEXION MADE PERFECT.

81c. treatment for \$5.00.

Mrs. Waver Jackson,

Hair-Dressing and Toilet Parlor,

218 South Spring st.

BARGAINS IN PIANOS.

SACRIFICE SALE—

Great purchase of the

Entire stock from Flanders'

Musical House at sacrifice

prices. Sale begins

tomorrow morning.

Southern California Music Co.,

216-218 West Third,

Broadway Bldg.

SEPTEMBER SHOE SALE.

Burt & Packard's 45 shoes cut to \$2.50.

WANTED—

WANTED - SITUATIONS, Male.

WANTED - SITUATION by PRACTICAL gardener and nurseryman, want work by day. Address GARDENER, 1664 McGarry st. 24

WANTED - BY ACTIVE BOY, 19 YEARS, 1741 1st. St. above, 1200 with responsible parents. 428 RAYOY ST. 24

WANTED - POSITION AS JAPANESE TO DO COOKING in family; has experience. Address 25

WANTED - POSITION AS JAPANESE FOR ENDED indoor salesman. J. H. S., 584 Sumner St. 24

WANTED - SITUATION BY JAPANESE FOR first-class cook; references given, G. M. A. 715 S. Broadway. 24

WANTED - SITUATION FOR RELIABLE JAPANESE help. Call at 229 1/2 E. FOURTH ST. 24

WANTED

to experience, desired position. **MISS M. GUEST**, general delivery post office 100, **HOME**.

WANTED—A HOME IN EXCHANGE FOR assistance in light housework; references given; please write to **W. J. BROWN**, 17 T. B. building, corner Broadway and Temple streets, morning, 3 to 5.

WANTED—A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN to assist as cook or housekeeper for ranch in California; good salary and experience in ranch; must be allowed to take title **Address Z, box 33, TIMES OFFICE.**

WANTED—A WOMAN WITH YEARS' EXPERIENCE in rooming and hotel business; desires position as manager **Address B, box 17, TIMES OFFICE.**

WANTED—A MILLINER with 10 years' saleslady desires position, 8 years' experience; can furnish first-class references. **Address L, Box 10, BROWN & CO.,** city.

WANTED—SITUATION BY MIDDLE-AGED woman; has housekeeper for widower, or a visit in nice family, only Germans in circle. **Address 2, BROWN & CO.,** city.

WANTED—A WELL-EDUCATED YOUNG German woman, desires position as maid or attendant to invalid; experienced; good references. **Address 1, BROWN & CO.,** city.

WANTED—GRAND HOUSEKEEPER or lady's nurse wishes position with nice Jewish people; understands English. **Address 2, BROWN & CO.,** city.

WANTED—TO GO TO CHICAGO AS NURSE or companion to invalid or small children; references given. **Address 2, BROWN & CO.,** city.

WANTED—POSITION AS COMPANION caring for household and children; lady, good home principal object. **Address Z, box 33, TIMES OFFICE.**

WANTED—ENGLISH LADY SEEKS situation for governess; highly recommended; music and general instruction. **MRS. FACKLER, 1001 Broadway, New York.**

WANTED—TO BUY THE CHEAPEST lot on Vermont, between Adams and Jefferson streets, **Address 2, BROWN & CO.,** city.

WANTED—A POSITION BY AN EASTERN lady, desires position as housekeeper or best of references. **Address Z, box 33, TIMES OFFICE.**

WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED LADY nurse wishes a few more engagements, will take full care of a baby. **Address 2, BROWN & CO.,** city.

WANTED—DRESSMAKER WANTS to

WANTED - BY AN ELDERLY LADY, SITUATION as cook in a small family, or country. Address HT 8, MAIN ST., ROSELAND.

WANTED - WORK IN FAMILIES BY A well-perfected dressmaker, 31 day, good fit and finish. Address 105, HIGH ST., ROSELAND.

WANTED - POSITION BY YOUNG LADY, as a nurse, or as a governess in a small family. Address A, box 66, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED - SITUATION as GOVERNMENT graduate, studied in Europe, terms moderate. Address 105, HIGH ST., ROSELAND.

WANTED - POSITION as HOUSEKEEPER, on ranch, willing to work for good wages. After Sunday, 1245 FIGUEROA ST.

WANTED - COMPETENT WAITRESS, also a chef, for a small family, or country. Address Z, box 89, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED - COMPANION TO ASSIST

WANTED - BY COMPETENT SITUATION
position for a few hours daily. Address
B. box 16. TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED-OFFICE WORK OR ASSISTANT
book-keeper, work for \$20 to begin. Address
B. box 24. TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED-SITUATION OF NURSING
middle-aged woman. COR. DARWIN
AVENUE 19. East Side.

WANTED-POSITION AS GOVERNESS
private teacher; best references. Address
B. box 25. TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED-SITUATION BY A FIRST-CLASS
German and French cook; best references
326 1/2 S. BROADWAY.

WANTED-SITUATION BY A COMPETENT
second girl in a good family; Pasadena

WANTED—GIRL TO DO GENERAL HOUSEWORK in a family. Address Z, box 10, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—BY A YOUNG LADY, A POSITION as a nurse. Address Z, box 85, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—BY AN ELDERLY LADY, SITUATION as nurse. Address 917 S. MAIN ST. ROOM 7.

WANTED—BY 2 SCHOOLGIRLS, WORK in a room. Address B, box 85, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—BY GERMAN GIRL, WORK for board and go to school. 137 E. THIRD ST.

WANTED—3 GERMAN GIRLS, WORK in situations for general housework. 715 KOHLER ST.

WANTED—SITUATION FOR LIGHT domestic housework; sleep home. 709 1/2 S. MAIN ST.

WANTED—BY A SEAMSTRESS, SEWING in families; five a day. 638 S. OLIVE ST. FOR SEWING OF ALL KINDS, TAKE for system, at 1526 W. 21ST ST.

WANTED—
Situations, Male and Female

WANTED—
To Purchase.
WANTED — TO PURCHASE A WELL; I
developed part of the amount of about \$5,000;
full particulars number of wells, where
placed, etc. Address Z, box 20, TIMES
CITY.

WANTED—WE WANT THE BEST 4-ROOM
house and lot that can be had for \$1000,
vicinity of Central ave., north of
McGARVIN & BRONSON, 220 1/2 S. Spr
St.

WANTED—PARTY TO BUILD MODERN
room house, within city, and take
in fine \$5000 property in South Babb

questionable Investments. ADAMS-PHILIPS COMPANY, 11 S. Broadway.

WANTED - ROOMING HOUSES. Agents, profitable rooming-house with y preferred; will pay cash \$50 and balance in 30 days. Address: H. S. Sager, 1005 S. 10th St., St. Louis 5, Mo.

WANTED FOR CASH, SECOND-HAND Huntington quartz mill, feeder and plant. Must be cheap and in good condition. Address: J. A. Anderson, 1005 S. 10th St., St. Louis 5, Mo.

WANTED - HIGHEST PRICE PAID For all kinds of store fixtures, show cases, bar and door, and windows. Tel. 972, 216 E. FOURTH ST.

WANTED - TO PURCHASE, CHOP P. cash, a good second-hand Concord wagon. Address: J. H. Whelch, Jr., 4000 N. BURNS, Times Office.

WANTED-A BUSINESS, DRUG, GROCERY and other business. Address: H. J. YOUNG, 1005 S. 10th St., St. Louis 5, Mo.

WANTED - TO PURCHASE AN LUDWIG real-estate and some cash. Address: 208 Douglas Bldg.

WANTED - TO PURCHASE AN LUDWIG and sheds to be moved and used for fuel and fuel establishment. Address: B. J. box 1005 S. 10th St., St. Louis 5, Mo.

FOR SALE—
Miscellaneous

MCBAIN FURNITURE CO.,
439 and 441 S. Main st.,
Opposite Postoffice.
To the members and friends of Battery D,
California Heavy Artillery.
Boys, you have our sympathy and we are
going to make that sympathy reach down
into our pockets. We propose banquet
you or your friends this week on chea
furniture.

you; we have started business here since you went away, therefore every member of the Battery D or friends of same, in purchasing goods at our stores, this week, upon application at our office, will receive a discount of 10 per cent. on every dollar's worth of goods purchased from us. This means a good deal to us when you consider the prices we sell at. We will here mention

only a few of our bargains; we handle no furniture, and furniture slightly used, as good as new; you won't find any old trunks in our stores, everything neat and clean, and you will get the 10 per cent. on the new goods as new, for the asking; we do our business on the Gatling gun system; sell lots of goods quick and mow down the high prices; we sell for cash, and have always the cash to buy more merchandise; we

We don't have to study how many losses
 on our books to add on to keep even—we
 no losses because of our selling for cash.
 Here goes for a Big Cut in Prices.

Bedroom suites from \$16 to \$15,
 (worth \$15 to \$20.)

White and brass beds from \$2.50 to \$6,
 (worth \$5 to \$8.)

Dining tables, \$3 to \$8,
(worth \$5 to \$10.)

Dining chairs, \$1 to \$1.25,
(worth \$1.25 to \$1.75.)

Fancy couches, \$5 to \$8,
(worth \$8 to \$12.)

Fancy rockers, \$1.25 to \$4,
(worth \$3 to \$6.)

Linen-wrap matting, 15 to 25c yd.,
(worth 25 to 40c yd.)

Linoleum, 45 to 55c yd.,
(worth 60 to 75c yd.)

Gas stoves, \$10 to \$12,
(worth \$15 to \$20.)

Gasoline stoves, \$5 to \$8,
(worth \$10 to \$20.)

Remember the place, half block south
Van Nuys Hotel, on Main st.,

Opposite postoffice.
We also Exchange and Buy Furniture.

M'BAIN FURNITURE CO.,
439 and 441 S. Main st.
24 Tel. green 1844

FOR SALE—NEV DRESS, 36-INCH BUS-
tost \$15, new shade of blue gray, all wool
owner in mourning will take low price. A
dress Z, box 43, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR SALE—CHEAP, SHOWCASES, COUN-
ters, shelving, doors and windows; we buy
and sell. Screen doors, all sizes. Ring
green 972, 216 E. FOURTH ST.

FOR SALE OR TRADE; FOR HORSE, HA-

FOR SALE—A BARGAIN; SOLD AT ONCE New White sewing machine, all attachments complete, used at home, in excellent condition, price, Call at 511 S. SPRING. **20**

TYPEWRITERS, ALL MAKES; FEW PAIR for sale, cheap; new machines rented. A. EXANDER & CO., agents Smith-Pratt typewriters, 333 S. Broadway. **21**

FOR SALE—26 OR 32 SQUARES, 6 AND 8 ft. second-hand corrugated iron roofing, good condition, cheap. Call at 1011 S. 24

as new, except the usual nail holes. P. box 125, NO. ONTARIO, CAL.

FOR SALE—FINE SET OF ENCYCLOPEDIA
Britannica, ninth edition; also full set of
Library of World's Best Literature. Inquire
for LOWE, Box 14, L.V.

FOR SALE—FURNITURE AND CARPETS
All items must be sold this week, whole or
part; house for rent cheap. THE SAN JUAN,
LIAN, 402½ E. Fifth st.

FOR SALE—BABY CARRIAGE, COST \$15
new; high-grade lady's wheel, '59 model
new cloth jacket, worth \$35; at your order.

price. Call 321 W. 41st St.

FOR SALE—PHOTOGRAPHIC AND MAG-
lantern; bargain! Call No. 15 now ready
to ship. T. M. ANDREWS, 110 Montome-
re St., San Francisco, Cal.

FOR SALE—CHEAP; MERRY-GO-ROUND
good running order; new tent and engine; a
make price in few months. Address B, 2
24, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR SALE—FURNITURE AND HOUSEHOL-
goods at low prices; for cash or on the
installment plan. LOUDEN & OVERELL, 8
540 S. Spring st.

FOR SALE—REMYNANT BRANDON
upward built for wear; send for cl
WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDIC
147 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—A FEW EXTRA CHOICE PL
mouth Rock cockerels at reduced price. MR
SHORT, Golden ave., bet. New Main st. &
Stanley ave.

FOR SALE—NON-TRUST WALLPAPER FO
12-foot room, on the wall; 43 Ingrain com
nations, \$6.50. WALTER, 627 Spring. T
main 1055.

FOR SALE — IF YOU WANT A FID
some more and meet only a left.

FOR SALE - BICYCLE, HIGH-GRADE
wheel; will trade for buggy, surrey, or
or farm wagon. Address Z, box 90, TIMBER
OFFICE.

FOR SALE - DOMESTIC SEWING M
chine with attachment, in fine condition; co
\$50, for only \$12, \$2 monthly. 688B
SIXTH.

FOR SALE - GUITAR; WASHBURN
guitar, concert size, fine order, with case
and music. Address B, box 35, TIMBER

OFFICE. 2

FOR SALE—FURNITURE OF 7-ROOF FLA
location very best; no dealers or auction
eases. Call any afternoon this week 511
OLIVE. 2

FOR SALE — CHEAP; A SET "RIDPAT
Library of Universal Literature," 25 vo
lumes; now. Address Z, box 66, TIMES O
PICE. 2

FOR SALE — CORNER GROCERY, GOOD
and good business; horse and wagon
invoice; half sale price. 432 S. SPRIN
ST. 2

FOR SALE—NO. 6, DR. SANDEN ELECTRIC belt, little used, cost \$30; make cash offer. Address B, box 18, TIMES OFFICE
2

FOR SALE—FINE SQUARE PIANO, SWEET tone; not the large size; \$65; small month payments, or will rent \$2.25, 608½ W. SIXTH
2

FOR SALE—SLIGHTLY USED \$600 WAGON nut piano; if you have the cash and want a snap, address A, box 59, TIMES OFFICE
24

FOR SALE—4-CLINCH BYRON JACKSON

centrifugal pump, with forty feet of 5-in.
pipe. MANN & JOHNSON, 1069 N. Main
St., Portland, Ore.

FOR SALE-CHEAP; SHOWCASES, COUN-
ters, shelving, doors and windows. We buy
and sell. 221 E. SECOND. Tel. Black 1467.

FOR SALE-HAVE YOU GOT ANY MONEY
left? If you want bargain in real estate, see
me. Address: A. box 82. TIMES OFFICE.

FOR SALE-CHEAP: 2 NEW BICYCLE
Victor, Crawford \$19; also one old bicy-
cle for \$8. 307 COURT ST., cor. of Broadway.

FOR SALE-MODERN UPRIGHT PIANOS

FOR SALE—120 HORSE POWER GAS
line engine, good as new. Address A.
BELL, 2329 E. Third st. Tel. park 352. 2c.

FOR SALE—FURNITURE of 5 ROOMS, all
new, dishes and gent's wardrobe. No
bids. Call Mrs. S. BROADWAY.

FOR SALE—LADY'S CRESCENT WHEE
110; gent's Union, \$10; Columbia, \$10; Ram-
ler, \$5. BURKE BROS., 432 S. Spring. 2c.

FOR SALE—MANICURING, 2c; SHAMPOO
ing, 50c; hairdressing, chiropraty. VAO

STER, 124 W. Fourth, near Spring.

FOR SALE-A NO. 1 BAKER SHOTGUN double barrel, stub stout; will sell cheap. Inquire 1974 N. Main ST., room 44. 2c

FOR SALE-2 AND 4-HORSE POWER GASoline engines, complete. See owner, GEORGE MANN & JOHNSON, 1009 N. MAIN. 2c

FOR SALE-SOME 1, 2 AND 3-SEATER business wagons and buggies; good condition; prices to suit. 810 S. MAIN. 2c

FOR SALE-SEE IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENTS of Southern California Music Co., page 3, Part II, and page 3, Part IV. 2c

FOR SALE - SEWING MACHINE. AUTOMATIC or Wheeler & Wilson, perfect condition. 2506 HOOVER, next Adams. 2
FOR SALE-PINE MUSIC BOX. INALCASE and conservatory violin, might change. Address 217 NEW HIGH. 2
FOR SALE-LIGHT TOP BUGGY. 330 harness, almost new. \$12.50. 132 W. 27TH. 2

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FOR SALE—AND EXCHANGE—

[illegible]

PERSONAL—

[illegible]

XVIIITH YEAR.

THEATERS—

With Dates of Events.

ORPHEUM—WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, Sept. 25.

Regular Matinee Today—Any Seat 25c.

CHARLEY CASE

THE VERY PRINCE OF FUNMAKERS.

Bachelors' Club

Quartette.

Felix Morris & Co.

Last Week—"The Old Musician"

Montrell

The Juggler.

PRICES—Best reserved seats, 25c and 50c. Gallery 10c. Matinee, Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday. Any seat 25c. Children 10c. Tel. Main 1447.

LOS ANGELES THEATER—

Grand Opening, Friday, Sept. 29.

Burdick E. Peterson's Dramatic Club

In the Three Act Comedy-Drama.

"THE COMMERCIAL DRUMMER"

PARTICIPANTS IN THE DRAMA.

Mr. Burdick E. Peterson.

Mr. Marcus Scott.

Miss Eula Hitchcock.

Mr. E. F. Johnson.

Mr. George Spaulding.

Miss Marguerite Moreno.

Mr. George E. Karstens.

Miss Lizzie Geimer.

Miss Helen Betkey.

Box office opens 9 a. m. Thursday, September 28, 1899.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER—

OLIVER MOROSCO, Lessee and Manager.

TONIGHT—AND ALL THE WEEK—TONIGHT.

Elaborate Production of Du Maurier's Famous Masterpiece.

"TRILBY"

By the Full Strength of the Frawley Company.

New People—Picturesque Scenery—Gorgeous Costumes.

DEWEY NIGHT, Sept. 28. Prices always the same—15c, 25c, 35c and 50c.

Monday Night the Soldiers from Battery D will be present at the performance.

CHICAGO DAY GUESTS.

YELLOW FEVER SITUATION.

Distinguished Party Will Attend

Banquet at the Auditorium.

[A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

CHICAGO, Sept. 23.—Lord Chief Justice

Charles Russell, Lord Chief Justice

Berford and the Right Hon. Arnold

Morley of England will be Chicago's

guests on October 3. They will be in

New York at the time of the yacht

races, and will come to Chicago with

the Earl of Minto. Postmaster Gordon

has received definite assurance of the

acceptance of invitations extended.

Lord Russell will respond to a toast at

the Chicago day banquet.

The general committee has completed

plans for the banquet to be held on

October 3. The Auditorium will be

decorated with the coats of arms of the

United States, Mexico and Canada, and

the national colors of these countries

intertwined. There will also be a

display of flags of countries whose representa-

tives are present and a border near the

ceiling of coats of arms of the States.

The guests will sit down at the tables

at 8 o'clock, and the speaking will be-

gin at 8 o'clock. It is planned to close

the function by midnight. There will

be 40 tickets issued.

The official list of speakers for the

banquet has been announced by the

Cornerstone Committee. Melville E.

Stones will be the banquetmaster. Dr. Emil

G. Hirsch will deliver the invocation.

Addresses of welcome on behalf of the

United States will be made by Post-

master Gordon, Secretary of the Navy

Long, Lord Chief Justice Russell of England,

Gen. Miles, Admiral Dewey and John

S. Pillsbury.

A letter has been received from Man-

uel de Aspíros, Mexican Ambassador

at Washington by Postmaster Gordon,

saying he will attend the corner-

stone celebration. He will join Presi-

dent Diaz on his way to Chicago. It

was also announced that the National

Mexican Band of 200 pieces would ac-

company the Presidential party.

OUR NE. BATTLESHIPS.

Effort to Have Them Perfect in

Speed and Protection.

[A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—A special to

the Herald from Washington says that

Admiral Melville, Engineer-in-

Chief, has in contemplation a sug-

gestion that the three new battle-

ships be given sufficient power and

triple screws so that they may attain

a maximum speed of twenty knots

hour. Rear-Admiral Melville, Chief

Constructor, proposes to go Admiral

Melville half a knot better. It is un-

derstood that he has in the course of

preparation a plan for a battleship with

twin screws, able to make 20½ knots,

which will be the fastest ship of her

class afloat.

Notwithstanding the propositions

which the Engineer-in-Chief and the

Chief Constructor propose to advance,

there is reason to believe that the na-

val boiler space will be required to

drive the ships at the speed he proposes

and that more battery and better ac-

commodations for the men can be ob-

tained if the speed be 18 knots.

Other members of the board are in

favor of having the ships as fast as

any other ships of the type afloat.

They are anxious that the vessels

should at the same time be the equal

if not the superior, of other vessels

under construction, not only in bat-

tery power but in protection.

FEUD TO BE EVIRED.

"General" Sower Shot from Am-

bush at Middleboro, Ky.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

MIDDLEBORO (Ky.), Sept. 23.—

"Gen." Sower, son of Councilman

Sower of Middleboro, and a noted leader

Deaths at Key West.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—Surgeon-

General Wyman of the Marine Hospi-

tal Service today received a telegram

from Assistant Surgeon McAdam at

Key West, stating there are twenty-

eight new cases of yellow fever and

five deaths.

A telegram from Surgeon Carter, at

New Orleans, states that no new cases

have appeared there, but that there

had been two deaths. There were

four other cases under treatment. Dr.

Carter wired that the weather was

cool and favorable.

NONE AT HAVANA.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—Surgeon-

General Sternberg of the army has

received a dispatch from the acting

chief surgeon at Havana, saying that

there are no more new cases of yel-

low fever at Havana and but two con-

valescent cases. The indications are

that the fever situation is under con-

trol.

ODD FELLOWS ADVJON.

Action Taken on Violations of Rules

Regarding Insurance.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

DETROIT, Sept. 23.—The seventy-

first annual meeting of the Odd Fel-

lows' Sovereign Grand Lodge ad-

journing since die today. Action was

taken providing for trial and punish-

ment of any Odd Fellow who connects

himself in any manner with any in-

surance business in violation of Odd

Fellows' rules by assuming the name

of a member of the National States

Journal of proceedings, which will de-

crease the size of the journal by half.

JULIA MORRISON'S VICTIM.

Theatrical Profession's

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 23.—Frank

Leisen, who was killed at the Chat-

taun Opera-house by Julia Morrison,

was known in private life as Frank

Leidenheimer. He was born in New

Orleans thirty-eight years ago, and

was a member of the Morrison fam-

ily. He had followed a theatrical

life for the past fifteen years, and has

been stage manager for Sothern,

Keene and Frohman.

At New York Hotels.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—[Exclusive

Dispatch.] Southern Californians at

hotel here are: From Los Angeles, J.

C. Johnson, H. N. Lewis, C. F. Noyes,

J. H. Meyer, C. Chessman, Mrs. M.

O. Booth, L. P. Hartman, N. J. Kra-

mer and wife, G. W. Stimson and

wife, Miss Cordelia Stimson, J. Har-

vey, J. M. Vugher, H. R. Shepard, L. E.

Shepard, Mrs. S. P. H. Bixby, Misses

Bixby, Bishop Johnson, T. F. Ham-

ilton, E. D. Moore, S. L. Hamilton.

From San Diego, R. M. Fitz, William

F. King.

From Pasadena, W. Hutchins and

wife.

From Riverside, J. B. Wood.

Cook County Surveyor Bankrupt.

CHICAGO, Sept. 23.—Louis Enrich,

Cook County Surveyor, filed a petition

in bankruptcy in the United States

District Court today, placing his li-

abilities at \$25,123. He scheduled his

assets at \$35,306, most of which con-

sisted of debts due on account and un-

liquidated claims.

California Pensioners.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—[Exclusive

Dispatch.] Pensioners were granted to

California today as follows: Original,

Wellington H. Turner, San Francisco,

\$6. Additional, September 13, Ashley

Case, Pasadena, \$4 to \$12.

AT THE THEATERS.

HERE is a bit of verse from the

Dramatic Mirror by George W.

Day, an actor, who will be re-

membered as an erstwhile per-

former here in vaudeville. His lines

entitled "The Station," and those

who know the comings and goings of

stage people will find more in them

than mere jingle. "At the Station" has

sufficient merit in itself to warrant a

hearing, hence here it is:

"Good-by, Clara."

"Only because I'm right, you know."

"Think I've joined a first-class show."

"Hope we'll play to S. R. O."

"Good-by, Clara."

"Good-by, Joe."

"Good-by, Teddy."

"Write me when you get to Maine."

"Can't tell when we'll meet again."

"Glad that Joe is on the train."

"Good-by, Teddy."

"Good-by, Jane."

"There's the sweetest girl I know;"

"Breaks her heart to see me go."

"Only home to the station, you see."

"Damn this traveling with a show—"

"Hello, Jennie!"

"Hello, Joe."

"Dearest Teddy (on the train):"

"Head just splitting with the pain."

"Glad when we get up to Maine."

"Joe's regret is my regret."

"Your loving Jane."

"Hello, sweetheart!"

"Hello, dear!"

"Just about to have some beer?"

"Mind if I sit over here?"

"Merry Christmas!" "Glad New Year!"

"Good night, sweetheart."

"Good night, dear."

"Hello, Jennie!"

"Hello, Joe!"

"Two weeks more, then home we go!"

"Nice engagement? Yes, that's so."

"Signed next season with this show?"

"I have, Jennie."

"Me, too, Joe."

Once more waiting for the train,

Wives and husbands meet again.

Clara's introduction to the Odd Fel-

lows' Sovereign Grand Lodge ad-

journing since die today. Action was

taken providing for trial and punish-

ment of any Odd Fellow who connects

himself in any manner with any in-

surance business in violation of Odd

Fellows' rules by assuming the name

of a member of the National States

Journal of proceedings, which will de-

crease the size of the journal by half.

The Frawley company is to play

Paul Potter's dramatization of Du

Maurier's "Trilby" at the Burbank

Theater during the week which begins

tonight, the company having been

promised the occasion by those

well-known players, H. S. Duffell

and Phosha McAllister, both of whom

were members of the original Frawley

company. The item which is in

teresting locally, in connection with

the forthcoming presentation of

"Trilby," is the fact that Mrs. W.

E. Beatty, a young actress of the

Frawley to sing "Ben Bolt," the old

song written by Thomas Dunn En-

gels, which was given a new lease

of life through Du Maurier's popu-

lar story. As is well known to An-

geles, Mrs. Beeson is the possessor

of a beautiful voice, and her engage-

ment to sing the famous song will

add to the attractiveness of to-

night's production. Mr. Frawley will

play the leading role of Svengali.

This is a part which this versatile

player has never before attempted, but

as he has always had a strong desire

to play it, he has been working

faithfully, an interesting characteriza-

tion may be anticipated. Miss Van

Buren will assume the role of Trilby,

and the play will be the enderma-

commenced by the press. The comedy

characters of the play will be in the

keeping of Phosha McAllister, Pearl

Vinard, and Frank Byrne, as Zo-

Zou. Frank McAllister will play the

part of Little Blithe, and Harrington

Reynolds will assume the role of

New scenery and costumes are prom-

ised, the gown used by Miss Van

Buren in the third act being a special

creation for

moved from his Point Loma residence into his beautiful new home on University Heights.

Miss M. Georgia Beck of Pasadena was the guest of Miss Helen M. Greene at the golf tournament and tea at the links of the San Diego Country Club Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. T. E. Rowan is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Kleine at their beautiful home at Lakeside.

The Ladies Aid Society of the First Presbyterian Church held its regular meeting Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Harbison on Twelfth street. Mrs. Harbison received in a delightfully informal manner and a pleasant afternoon was spent. Delicious refreshments were served and the house was very tastefully decorated.

Miss Helen M. Greene delightfully entertained Mrs. George W. Beck and Miss Georgia Beck of Pasadena and Mrs. J. M. Robertson of Chicago on Friday. Among the pleasures of the day was a drive around the bay, stopping at Chula Vista for luncheon.

The members of the Epworth League of the First Methodist Church enjoyed a trolley party in a double-decker over the lines of the electric railway Tuesday evening. A stop was made at Mission Cliff Pavilion, where refreshments were served and games enjoyed for the remainder of the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay B. Jacobs of No. 1115 C street are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, who was born on Thursday.

Pomona.

JOHN E. PACKARD started for Chicago Friday.

Mrs. E. E. Armour has returned from a visit with friends in Los Angeles.

Mrs. A. M. Logan left for Santa Paula Saturday to visit her daughter. James D. McNaughton is at Long Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Fleming entertained friends at cards Friday evening.

Prof. A. J. Cook of Pomona College attended the Farmers' Institute at Santa Barbara.

J. E. Patterson entertained his friend R. F. Tinsley of Los Angeles Tuesday.

C. W. Dudderar of Covina, was here Thursday.

Mrs. William B. Dole and Mrs. F. Garcelon have returned from a sojourn at Hotel Arcadia, Santa Monica.

J. W. Goodwin is back from a flying trip to Illinois.

Miss Clara Patterson, daughter of W. H. Patterson, has returned from a five months' visit with relatives in Tacoma, Wash.

Miss Mary Barnes is visiting in Pasadena.

Misses Sadie Lewis and Aura Galup left for Whittier Friday morning to remain during the school year.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence E. Hibbs gave a whist party to a few friends on Thursday evening. Those present were Messrs. and Misses Phillips, Broughton, Wilkinson, Janssen, Andrews, Cohn, Midgley and Smith.

J. N. Teague returned from San Jacinto Friday morning.

Miss Florence McKay has arrived from Fruitvale to spend the winter with her aunt, Mrs. R. P. House.

Mrs. B. F. Nance, formerly of Pomona, passed through here Thursday morning on the overland from Los Angeles, en route to the East for a visit.

Miss H. R. Palmer, who spent the summer in Northern California, has returned to her school duties here.

J. Albert Dole is expected to arrive on Saturday to witness the homecoming of Battery D.

Rev. and Mrs. D. H. Gillan and J. E. McComas attended the annual Methodist conference in Los Angeles.

Walter Kilder and wife are at Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Dreher arrived in New York from Germany on Thursday. They have been absent from Pomona over four months, and are expected home soon.

E. N. Bennett and wife have returned from an outing at Long Beach.

Dr. H. M. Bateman and Rev. C. F. Loop were among the excursionists to Mt. Lowe who returned to Pomona on Monday.

Willard L. Goodwin was here Tuesday on his way to Los Angeles from Tempe, Ariz.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Gillette and daughter have arrived from Preston, Iowa, to spend the winter here.

William Gale, who has been spending the summer at the seaside, will soon return to Pomona for the winter.

President F. L. Ferguson of Pomona College has returned from a trip to Santa Barbara.

A. R. Barnes has gone to Catalina for a few days.

Ontario.

MISS BERTHA WRIGHT is visiting in Redlands.

Victor Stewart is spending his vacation at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Isabella Scott, after a year's residence in the northern part of the State, has returned to make her home here.

Mrs. R. D. Brackenridge has returned from a visit with friends in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Macomber, who has been spending the summer in Boston, has returned to Ontario.

Ventura.

M. R. AND MRS. H. P. Flint left Monday for an extended visit in Oregon.

Mrs. N. B. Smith and son, Allen Smith, have returned from a six months' visit in New England.

Miss Grace Hill of Santa Barbara is visiting relatives here.

Rev. and Mrs. W. G. Mills returned Saturday from Canada.

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Hill of San Francisco are guests of Hon. and Mrs. T. A. Rice at El Rio.

Miss Genrose McGonigle entertained Tuesday afternoon.

Rev. and Mrs. C. B. Rogers and daughter returned Thursday from a five months' visit with relatives in Ireland.

Fullerton.

THE wedding of Charles Wagner of this city and Miss Maude Taylor took place at high noon Tuesday at the home of the bride in Los Angeles. Only a few intimate friends were present. After the ceremony the bride and groom left for Corona. Returning, they will be at home here.

The ladies of the Fraternal Brotherhood entertained Wednesday evening. A number of invited guests were present.

Mrs. Dr. Chaffee entertained the ladies of the Foreign Missionary Society Monday evening with a pink tea.

Mrs. W. Wilson left Thursday for Iowa for several weeks.

Dr. Worm is here from Los Angeles to spend several weeks.

Misses Tillie and Agnes Knoll of Chicago are here for the winter.

Santa Barbara.

THIS has been the most quiet month in a social way that Santa Barbara has known in some time. Many people are out of the city, and the Arlington Hotel is closed for repairs.

Tuesday Mrs. John Percy Lawton gave a moonlight party at her place on Booth's Point. About thirty guests were present. The point is a high bluff just below the city toward Montecito. It is just along the beach and is covered with oak trees. The party was an informal one.

John Corcoran of San Francisco and Miss Dorothy Smith of this city were

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In Use For Over Thirty Years

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

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INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**

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Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

See Similar Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. Fletcher*

NEW YORK.

At 6 months' old - 35 Doses - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

married here at noon Thursday. The marriage was a very quiet one, only a few relatives and friends being invited. Mr. and Mrs. Corcoran have gone to San Francisco to live. At 4 o'clock of the same day Frank L. Thacker and Mrs. Nenna Loffing, both of Los Angeles, were married at the Hotel New Morris. They have gone to Los Angeles to live.

The Southern Pacific surveyors, now stationed at Elwood, gave a dance at Goleta on Tuesday evening, a large number of guests enjoyed the hospitality furnished by the engineers.

Mrs. C. A. Morrison of New York City, who has spent some time here visiting Mrs. George Colby, has returned to her eastern home.

Miss Chris Noble entertained friends Thursday evening at "The Tules," her father's home, two miles west of town.

Covina.

MRS. C. W. POTTER gave a children's lawn party Friday afternoon for her children, Cloe and Harold.

Mrs. B. F. Coons and family returned Thursday from San Francisco, where they spent a month.

Miss Lucy Matthews is spending a week in Pasadena, the guest of Miss Nelmes.

Mrs. F. M. Chapman and family returned Monday from Catalina.

Herman Lee has returned from a two weeks' visit at Long Beach.

Miss Celo Neville of Los Angeles is visiting Mrs. C. W. Potter.

Mrs. J. M. Whitte and baby are at Long Beach.

Miss Garrett left Monday for Illinois.

Miss Lora Reece is visiting Miss C. Scott in Pasadena.

John King is spending the conference week in Los Angeles.

Soldiers' Home.

M. R. AND MRS. H. E. HASSE entertained the hospital staff Wednesday evening. An enjoyable evening at "books" was followed by refreshments.

The hospital staff entertained Thursday evening in honor of Miss Jessie L. Hasse. Miss Hasse, who will leave next Tuesday for the East, goes to join her sisters, the Misses Adelaide and Elsa Hasse, in New York City.

The Misses Annie and Gertrude Elser entertained a number of friends Thursday evening with progressive hearts.

WANTS CONTRACT ANNULLED.

Veronica Mineral Water Company Files a Complaint.

In the United States District Court yesterday the Veronica Mineral Water Company filed a complaint against W. N. Porter of Cincinnati, O., and C. H. Piley of Texas, making them defendants in a suit to have a contract annulled.

The Veronica company claims to be operated throughout the United States, but principally located in Santa Barbara. The company alleges to have entered into an agreement with the defendants on July 1, 1897, making them sole agents for the mineral water within a radius of seventy-five miles from Cincinnati.

Incorporated in the agreement was a clause binding the defendants not to engage in any other business, but to give their time exclusively to the working of the granted territory to the best of their ability. In case the appointed agents failed to purchase a specified number of cases of mineral water every month, the Veronica company reserved the right to cancel the agreement. The defendants were further compelled to refrain from disposing of the agency without the consent of the Veronica company.

The complaint alleges that the defendants failed to comply with the provisions of the contract, and prays that it be set aside.

Park Band Concerts.

Following is the programme of the concert by the Southern California Band at Westlake Park, at 2 p.m. today:

March, "Silver Trumpets" (Viviani); waltz, "Blue Danube" (Strauss); selection, "Fortune Teller" (Herbert); "Album Leaf Traumerel" (Schuman); "Album Leaf Serenade" (Schubert); "At Countess's Picnic" (Hine); aria, "Falsch" (Baltz); selection, "Mariana" (Wallace); medley, "Winner" (McKee); "A Hunting Scene" (Bucalossi); by request; national melody (potpourri).

HOLLENBECK PARK: At 7:30 p.m., Southern California Band: March, "Hands Across the Sea" (Souza); waltz, "Thousand and One Nights" (Strauss); selection, "Martha" (Pilot); medley, "Ye Olden Times" (Beyer); "Alabama Dream" (Banard); "Cotton Blossoms" (Hall); medley, "Familiar Songs" (Beyer); selection, "Der Freischutz" (Weber); "Intermezzo" (Mascagni); "Orpheus" (Strauss); "Good Night, Ladies" (Orfenback).

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Embracing the newest ideas of New York and Paris designs will be held at our parlors

205 S. Broadway,

On Tuesday afternoon, Tuesday evening, September 26 and Wednesday, September 27. Ladies of Los Angeles and vicinity are cordially invited.

Yours Truly

Mrs. N. E. Smith.

You Should See

THE ALL-WOOL SUITS we are making for

\$15.50

and the ALL-WOOL PANTS for

\$4.50

Cut in the latest style and guaranteed to fit. Call and look at samples; you are welcome.

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Your Face on a Button.

Send photo (cabinet preferred) and receive, post paid, handsome pin-back engraved Photo Button with your photo on same. This offer is only made to introduce our new method of photographing. Photos returned. No more than one order filled at above price, and mail order only. Agents wanted. Address all orders to: Bureau, a Casewell, Rm. 1104 S. Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Steins

or Beer Mugs.

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Prices Away Down.

You'll Say So,

When You See Prices.

Great American Importing Tea Co.

Stores Everywhere.

100 Stores.

125 N. MAIN ST., LOS ANGELES.

421 S. SPRING ST., LOS ANGELES.

112 W. SECOND ST., POMONA.

15 E. STATE, REDLANDS.

21 MAIN ST., RIVERSIDE.

34 N. FAIR OAKS AVE., PASADENA.

27 THIRD ST., SANTA MONICA.

128 STATE ST., SANTA BARBARA.

111 E. FOURTH ST., SANTA ANA.

Two Extraordinary "Geneva" Specials.

In five years we have grown from a small shop to our present size by everlastingly giving the public just such special values as these we advertise today. Values that no other first-class jeweler will care to duplicate. For personal use and for presentation they are as practical as they are beautiful. Mail orders filled; send five cents for postage on each article. Money returned if you don't like your purchase.

Special Purses Only 50c.



Some selected leathers, in green, brown, black, gray, beautifully made and lined, sterling silver corners in Rococo design. Such a purse usually retails at 75 cents. Special this week only at 50c.

Pepper and Salts, 25c.



Sterling silver top, handsome cut glass, in notch effect, as shown in illustration. These usually sell at 50 cents each. Special this week only at 25 cents each.

Our Jewelry Repairing Department.

Promptly done. Satisfaction given. Work guaranteed one year.

Watches cleaned.....	75c
New main spring.....	50c
New roller jewel.....	50c
New case spring.....	50c
New hands put on.....	15c
New crystal put in.....	10c
Clocks cleaned.....	25c and 50c

Our Optical Department.

Eyes examined Free. Experienced scientific optician in charge.

Rimless Eyeglasses, or Rimless Riding Bow Glasses.
Fine nickel mounting and best quality lenses.
Sells everywhere at \$3.00; our price..... **\$2.00**

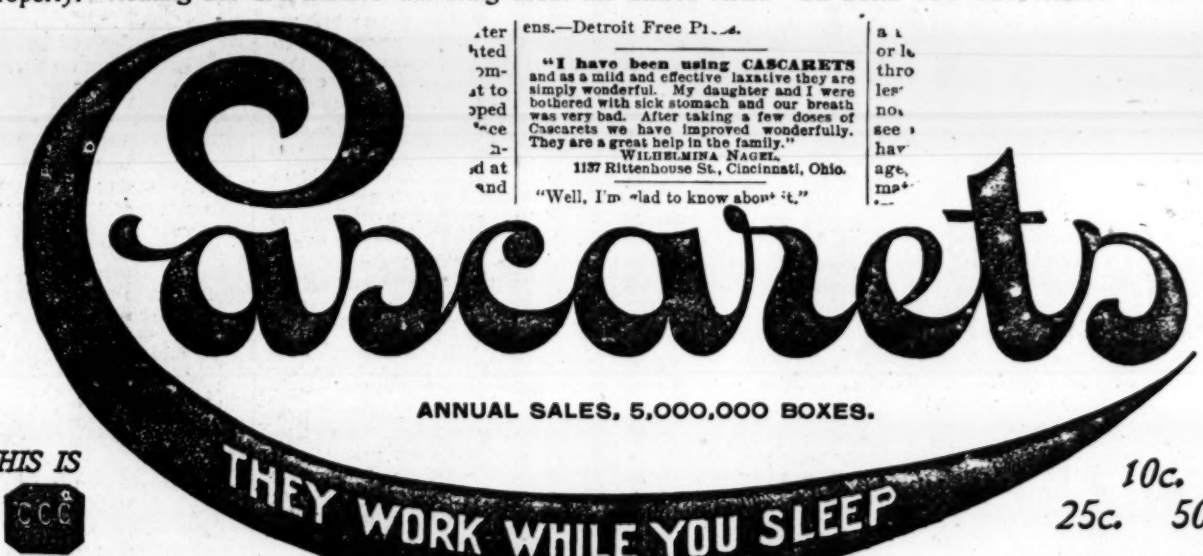
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Gold filled and fitted with best lenses, warranted to year, only..... **\$3.00**

Geneva Watch & Optical Co.

GEO. M. WILLIAMS, Prop. 305 South Broadway. NEAR CORNER THIRD.

Bad Breath

Undigested, decaying food remnants, in the mouth and stomach, giving off pestiferous gases, are the cause of that awful breath, so repulsive as to cause a halt in friendship, affection, love,—any form of intimacy. Nobody can stand its over-powering stench, and it is a cause of terrible misery to those afflicted and their dear ones. There is only one way to cure it—disinfect the digestive canal with Cascarets! Clean it out, keep it clean, let Cascarets stimulate the lining of mouth and stomach, and put it in shape to work naturally and properly. Nothing but CASCARETS will bring about the desired result. BE SURE YOU GET THEM!



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ANNUAL SALES, 5,000,000 BOXES.

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

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DRUGGISTS

THIS IS THE TABLET

CASCARETS are absolutely harmless, a purely vegetable compound. No mere "fill" or other mineral pill-poison in Cascarets. Cascarets promptly, effectively and permanently cure every disorder of the Stomach, Liver and Intestines. They not only cure constipation, but correct any and every form of irregularity of the bowels, including diarrhoea and dysentery. Pleasant, palatable, potent. Taste good, do good. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. Be sure you get the genuine! Beware of imitations and substitutes! Buy a box of CASCARETS to-day, and if not pleased in every respect, get your money back! Write us for booklet and free sample! Address: STERLING REMEDY COMPANY, CHICAGO or NEW YORK.

The best clothing that can be made at a moderate cost, without any attempt to secure cheapness at the sacrifice of workmanship, goods or trimmings, is the motto of H. A. Getz, Fine Tailoring, Best Fitter, 229 W. Third St.

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luxury in health, a boon to invalids, a home necessity. Big money in public practice. Send for circulars. Address: Post St., S. F., Cal.

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Opposite Contra Park

The Times

THE WEATHER YESTERDAY.

U. S. WEATHER BUREAU, Los Angeles, Sept. 21.—(Reported by George E. Franklin, Local Forecast Official.) At 5 o'clock a.m. the thermometer registered 23.6; at 3 p.m., 29.32. Thermometer for the corresponding hours showed 63 deg. and 75 deg. Relative Humidity, 5 a.m., 41 per cent.; 5 p.m., 47 per cent. Wind, 5 a.m., west, velocity 1 mile; 5 p.m., west, velocity, 5 miles. Condition of weather, partly cloudy. Maximum temperature, 86 deg.; minimum temperature, 69 deg. Barometer reduced to sea level.

DRY RULI TEMPERATURE.

Los Angeles 69 San Francisco 48

San Diego 60 Portland 32

Weather Conditions.—The area of high pressure which covered the North Pacific Slope yesterday is extending southward, and is

overriding the mountain and plateau regions. The pressure continues lowest in south-

eastern California and southern Arizona. There has been a slight fall in temperature on the

Pacific Coast north of Point Conception; it has risen in Southern California, being much

warm at Los Angeles during the night, owing to dry, northerly winds. Fair weather pre-

valing generally on the Pacific Slope, also from the mountains eastward.

Forecast.—Local forecast for Los Angeles and vicinity: Fair, moderately warm weather

tonight and Sunday.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 21.—Forecast for Southern California: Fair tonight and Sunday.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 21.—The following maximum temperatures were reported from stations in California today:

Eureka 74 San Diego 71

Fresno 88 Sacramento 100

Los Angeles 86 Independence 92

Red Bluff 104 Yuma 92

San Luis Obispo 80

San Francisco data: Maximum temperature, 72 deg.; minimum temperature, 48 deg.; mean temperature, 60 deg.

An area of high pressure over the northern half of the Pacific Ocean, and the

southeastern California the usual summer type low prevails. There are some indications

of the approach of a low over the coast of Central California, but the conditions are

yet warrant a forecast of rain for this section. The temperature has risen slowly over

the country west of the Sierra. Between the Sierras and the Rockies the temperature has

fallen slightly. In the great valleys of California, the temperatures are far above the normal, and excellent conditions for fruit drying

and grain-making prevail. No rain has fallen west of the Rocky Mountains.

Forecast made at San Francisco for September 21:

Northern California—Fair Sunday, fresh

northerly winds in the interior, westerly winds on the coast with fog.

Southern California—Cloudy Sunday, light

southwesterly winds.

Arizona—Cloudy Sunday.

San Francisco and vicinity: Fair Sunday,

southerly changing to light northwesterly

winds.

The Times' Weather Record.—Observations made at 1 p.m. and midnight daily:

September 21 1 p.m. 29.6

Barometer 29.6

Thermometer 81

Humidity 42 Clear

Maximum temperature, 24

Minimum temperature, 63

hours 63

ALL ALONG THE LINE.

The following shows how great minds

run in the same channels, and suggests

the fountain-head of certain Pasadena wit:

From the Louisville Times, Sep-

tember 2: "The word 'rub-

ber-necking' which has ex-

pressed so much so well, has

ascended into such general use that

it promises to be adopted into the

English language as a provincial

term, at least, to express inqual-

ity. It has been pronounced

vulgar, however, by some, who

comes a bright young Louisville

woman with a word to take its

place. She says, hereafter 'penin-

sulating' must be used instead of

rubber-necking.

"And why peninsulating, pray?"

asked the favored young man to

whom she suggested the substi-

tute.

"Without a word she went to the li-

brary and brought forth a dictionary.

Opening it, she pointed out this

definition: 'Peninsula—a long

neck stretching out to sea.'

"A correspondent in San Diego wrote,

and the Union of that city printed,

the following, without comment, or waiver

of consent, or disagreement:

"San Diego always suffers from local

jealousies and petty discords. She

has too many citizens who are ready to

sacrifice the interests of the town to

gratify some personal gain. That is

why it is so difficult to mobilize pub-

lic sentiment in favor of any scheme

of improvement, or any movement to

promote the general welfare of the

city. This is a disheartening truth, dis-

agreeable as it may be to confess it.

The selection of a site for the public

library building is case in point."

If some person up this way said these

things, or printed them, the Billings-

gate editor of the Union would tap his

ungrammatical abuse, which reaches its

zenith on "a pale gray ass," and

cause others beside San Diegians to

blush for the profession of journalism.

San Diego is long on morality but short

on genteel journalism, fairway bars

and baseball. There is some hope, how-

ever, in the Naval Reserve, for, with

the Pinta and Badger they can hit the

bar so hard and often, that dredging

will not be necessary.

The Dogberry article of legal acumen

finds a resting place also in Pasadena,

where a man charged with begging,

publicly—and who in the course of his

round of begging actually "struck" the

judge and one member of the jury—

was acquitted because it was "no crime

to negotiate a loan from a brother Odd

Fellow." The Odd Fellows, like all

fraternal orders, have a central com-

mittee for attending to pressing needs

of its members, and that this fellow

did not go to it, or was refused help

by it, proves him to be unworthy. Pes-

terious beggars like this fellow beg

all fraternal orders into disrepute, and

the sophistry of an attorney ought

not to count against common-sense in

such cases. No Odd Fellow who is en-

titled to consideration ever need beg

from any person, much less make of

himself a public mendicant, and of the

order a by-word and reproach. This

sort of thing is impossible in Los An-

geles.

SMITH'S DANDREUFF P. MADE.

Never fails to stop itching scalp, cure dandruff

or stop falling hair. Try it. Price 50c. at all

druggists. Sample free. Address Smith Bros.,

Fresno, Cal.

HILL CONVICTED.

Will Appear Monday for Sentence in the Battery Case.

It took the jury just seven minutes

to declare James A. Hill guilty of bat-

tery upon the person of Albert E.

Chaffey, yesterday afternoon in Jus-

tice Morgan's court. Hill will appear

for sentence Monday afternoon at 2

o'clock.

The trouble between the two men

arose over a refusal on Chaffey's

part to be forcibly ejected from the

Third-street tunnel by Contractor Hill

last Tuesday morning. Hill grew

angry, choked Chaffey, knocked him

down and bumped his head against

the wall.

Mr. Chaffey was at work in the tunnel

on a sub-contract, when the trouble

occurred. Hill came with a

force of laborers and wanted to re-

place Chaffey's men with them, to

which the latter objected.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

What the Anglers are Doing.—Notes

and Personal.

AVAILON (Santa Catalina Island),

Sept. 23.—(Regular Correspondence.)

Charles Irons, Harry Nichols,

George Gimpler and Peter Reyes were

out after jewelry yesterday. Reyes

hooked one which he thinks would

surely have broken the record had he

landed it. They brought in a shark and

a large eel.

J. F. Bigelow fished an hour in the

bay yesterday and caught one yellow-

tail, one bonito and half a dozen rock

bass.

The schooner Nellie sailed for San

Pedro yesterday, conveying Mrs.

Knowles and three daughters and Miss

Christine Lindshaw across the channel.

C. H. Richardson and family have

been celebrating his birthday anniver-

sary by a camping expedition up the

coast.

Crownwell Galpin and his wife, Mrs.

Kearney Tupper Galpin came over yester-

day. Mr. Galpin returned to the city,

but Mrs. Galpin is established in camp

here for short stay.

H. C. Holt and W. Newby of Pasa-

dena are at the Grand View.

Mrs. Judge Allen left for San Fran-

cisco yesterday to visit her son Wil-

liam, who as private secretary to Peter

Martin, will leave for Paris in a few

days.

Dr. E. W. Fleming of Los Angeles and

E. S. Wadden of St. Joseph, Mo., are

at the Metropole.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Geirline of Berke-

ley are stopping at the Metropole. Mrs.

Geirline entertained the guests of the

hotel last evening with some very fine

music.

T. S. Austin and wife of El Paso and

A. C. Baker of Phoenix, Ariz., are

guests of Hotel Metropole.

Miss Winnie Stevens and Miss Flor-

dence Dodge were entertained at dinner

last evening at Hotel Metropole by Mr.

and Mrs. E. H. Hurdley.

W. B. Stewart of Los Angeles is en-

joying an outing on the island.

J. D. McNab and daughter, Mrs. Ed-

win Rhodes, with Miss Grace McNab,

left today for their home in Riverside.

F. Fishbeck and wife and J. E. Ward

Elson and wife have returned to Los

Angeles, having spent the entire sum-

mer here.

Mrs. Hancock Banning and family,

who have spent the season in their

summer home in Descanso Canyon, re-

turned to Los Angeles today.

SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY.

Bold Burglary Committed and the

Perpetrators Not Caught.

SAN BERNARDINO, Sept. 23.—(Reg-

ular Correspondence.) Shafer Bros.' store was burglarized last evening be-

tween 7:30 and 8 o'clock. Entrance was

effected through a back window. The

plunder consisted of a new in-

voice of revolver, two or three watches,

a dozen or more hunting knives and a

few other things. The burglary was

discovered soon after 8 o'clock. Offi-

cers Clews and Currence followed the

trail of the burglars, who went

through an alley to Second street, drop-

ping in their flight two revolvers. Here

all trace of them was lost.

SAN BERNARDINO BREVITIES.

A special convocation of St. Bernard

Commandery, No. 23, Knights Tem-

plar, was held last night for the pur-

pose of conferring the Order of the

Red Cross on five candidates. A num-

ber of Knights were present from the

nearby towns. A banquet followed at

the Stewart Hotel.

In the absence of Judge Campbell,

the probate and default calendars were

called this morning by Judge Noyes

of Riverside.

Police Notes.

Mrs. Ruth Dayton Thomas, No. 1023

Stratford avenue, Bridgeport, Cal.,

writes to the Chief requesting inform-

ation of her brother, James W. Dayton,

who was in this city in 1879. Dayton

is between 40 and 50 years old, and has

dark hair and eyes.

The California Bicycle Protective As-

sociation reported to the police yester-

day the theft of two wheels, one be-

longing to G. S. Garrett, from in

front of the City Hall, and one be-

longing to Audley Shannon, a messenger

boy, who lives at No. 220 Winston

street, M. A. Berne of No. 213 West

DR. DE YBARRANDO'S DEATH.

Request Held Yesterday on the Remains of an Alleged Suicide.

The Coroner, accompanied by Deputy Strubel, went to Calabasas yesterday in response to a telegram received Friday night, stating that the body of a dead man had been found near the above mentioned place.

On their arrival they found that the remains were those of Dr. T. Ybarando, formerly a practicing physician in this city, the family living at No. 123 East Eighth street.

The body was found at a ranch house which is in charge of some Mexicans, about six miles west of Calabasas. The men said that Dr. de Ybarando went to the house Friday forenoon and lay down on the floor, saying he was sick. At noon, according to their story, they offered him food, but he declined, saying that he was not in need of anything to eat, as he was going to die. He expired about 3:30 o'clock Friday afternoon. It was stated that Dr. de Ybarando went to Oxnard a short time ago, and that he was on his way back when he became despondent and took poison. Thursday night the doctor stayed with relatives several miles beyond Calabasas.

The Coroner's jury rendered a verdict to the effect that deceased came to his death from poison administered by himself with suicidal intent, although the nature of the poison was not ascertained by the Coroner.

Papers on the dead man's person showed that he was of Castilian birth, and a graduate of the University of Madrid. He was about 49 years old.

It is said that Dr. de Ybarando was formerly quite well-to-do, but that through heavy reverses he became a poor man, and his death is attributed to despondency over financial and family troubles. A widow and several children survive him.

POLICE COURT NOTES.

Two Sessions of the Court Held Yesterday.

Owing to the large amount of business on the Police Court calendar yesterday, it was necessary to hold two sessions. Court convened at 9 o'clock in the morning in Justice Morgan's department, and later at 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon.

Sam Ferns, M. J. Magrow and H. Johnson were each fined \$5 for drunkenness.

Charles Traung, accused of battery upon the person of John Householder, appeared for trial and was found guilty and fined \$5 or five days.

Nick Harvey, charged with embezzling \$18.30 from J. H. Crow of No. 523 West Washington street, had his hearing set for October 4.

Fred Brown was fined \$1 for violating the city bicycle ordinance. Edward Keyser was given his preference of \$60 fine or sixty days for selling lottery tickets.

George H. Rickie, who abused his wife, was fined \$100. The court suspended Rickie's sentence, and he promised to leave his wife alone and to keep away from Mrs. Rickie, who is afraid of her husband.

A. Luey, a vegetable vender, charged with violating the city license ordinance, will have his hearing Monday at 1:30 p.m.

Fred Brown was convicted of stealing a bicycle and fined \$60, with the customary alternative, yesterday morning. Young Brown is only 11 years old, and admitted having stolen other wheels, which were recovered in the absence of money with which to pay his fine, Brown will have to serve sixty days.

Jack Johnson was sentenced to ninety days' imprisonment for embezzling groceries from his employers. Johnson committed the offense while under the influence of liquor.

MRS. HAMILTON'S DEATH.

Surviving Husband Too Feeble to Attend His Wife's Funeral.

The funeral of Mrs. Almira P. Hamilton, who expired suddenly on Friday afternoon while consulting Dr. W. H. Palmer, at the latter's office and residence, No. 590 West Thirty-seventh street, will be held at 2 o'clock this afternoon from John R. Paul's undertaking parlors, No. 421 Downey avenue. Interment will be at Evergreen Cemetery.

Dr. Bullard of East Los Angeles, who had been treating Mrs. Hamilton for years, issued the death certificate, from which it appears that her sudden taking off was due to a valvular disease of the heart.

A son and husband survive Mrs. Hamilton. The latter, who is an old soldier, has been in poor health for years, and is in such a feeble condition that he will be unable to view the remains of his wife to the grave this afternoon.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY.

Rough Voyage of the Bark Japan. Boys Steal an Outfit.

SAN DIEGO, Sept. 23. — [Regular Correspondence.] The bark Japan, which arrived in this port yesterday, had a rough voyage from Piqua, according to the only English-speaking seaman aboard. It took the little vessel two and a half months, and she encountered very rough weather. Many times it was thought that she would go to the bottom. Part of her rigging was carried away, and she may have to go into the marine ways for repairs.

BOYS HELP THEMSELVES. On Thursday night two boys stole a horse, laundry wagon, and harness belonging to J. L. Horning, from his stables, and drove to Mission Cliff Park, where they encamped. The police took them in this morning. The boys say they had a good time.

SAN DIEGO BREVITIES. The Santa Rosa sailed last night with a good passenger list and a full load of freight. This included a carload of the new crop of El Cajon Valley raisins, the first shipment of the year, and a car and a half of lemons, besides a car of dried fruit.

Alfred Buttemer, who recently returned from Coolgardie, Australia, left last night on the Santa Rosa for San Francisco, from which point he will go via London to South Africa and the Transvaal, where he will investigate the mining opportunities. The family will remain here.

Judge Hughes yesterday sustained the objection of the defendant in the case of Michael Hughes vs. the Southern California Mountain Water Company to the motion of the plaintiff that a map of the Otay dam and river be made, the expense of the same to be added to the costs in the case.

STEARNS BICYCLES
\$40, \$40.

WINSLOW
233 SOUTH BROADWAY

DOCTORS USE PE-RU-NA.



DR. J. W. PENCE, NEWARK, OHIO.

S. R. Hartman, M. D., Columbus, O.

It is now seventeen years since I received the first edition of your book entitled "The Use of Life." I received it in the evening mail, and before I retired I read and pondered over every word in the book. I was greatly impressed with your candor and sincerity. The book left no doubt in my mind as to the remarkable virtues of your Pe-ru-na. It was because of this impression that I resolved I would test your assertions, and test them in a way that could leave no doubt.

I began prescribing Pe-ru-na, as recommended in your book, and prescribed it precisely as you directed. As you know, the prevailing diseases are inflammations or irritations of the internal organs of the body, either of the

head, the throat, the lungs, bowels, etc. I prescribed it hundreds of times these diseases during all the following seven years, and I have never lost a single case during all this time, although I have often related this to my medical associates, who at first expressed their doubts, and sometimes very emphatically but after I had treated a large number of cases, that had been given up, and cured them, they began to believe what I said.

I rely so wholly upon Pe-ru-na in every disease that effects the mucous membranes lining the internal organs, that I never for a moment think of prescribing anything else. Since using Pe-ru-na, I have never had a patient die from inflammation of the lungs, bladder, bowels, stomach or kidneys. Every case recovered in a very short time. In other words, I prescribed Pe-ru-na for all cases of catarrhal diseases. I believe you are right in classing all irritations and inflammations of the internal organs as

catarrh. Catarrh means irritation and inflammation of some mucous surface, and also that such irritation and inflammation are caused either by taking cold, or by some local cause.

I see that you generally use a portrait when you publish a certificate, and as I have just had some pictures taken I enclose you one. You can use it and this letter, one or both.

As you wish, if you think it will promote the use of Pe-ru-na. If you would like special cases that I have treated with Pe-ru-na, I can give you hundreds of them.

Very truly yours, Dr. J. W. Pence.

A. W. Perrin, M. D., 980 Halley street, Brooklyn, N. Y., in a recent letter to Dr. Hartman says the following: "I am using your Pe-ru-na myself, and am recommending it to my patients in all cases of catarrh, and find it to be more than you represent. Pe-ru-na can be used now of all druggists in this section; at the time I began using it, it was unknown."

Send for winter catarrh book. Address: The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Endorsed by Leading Merchants—

WARNER'S RUST-PROOF.

A corset from clasp to backbone proof against rust.

Needs no breaking in—it fits. \$1.00, \$1.25 or \$1.50 buys a correctly shaped corset, and one that is better than any other corset because it is stainless.

If you cannot get it, send to the Pacific Coast agent.

K. B. PUTNAM, 594 Market Street, San Francisco.

State the price, size, and whether long, medium or short length.

Our customers are charmed with the quality of tone and prices of our Pianos.

WILLIAMSON BROS. 27 S. SPRING ST.

EVERYTHING THE LATEST AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

W. S. Allen's FURNITURE HOUSE.

345-347 South Spring St.

Is the grandest remedy in the world—it cures without drugs. No more pain or weakness for those who use this famous electric method. If every weak man and woman wore the McLaughlin Batteries, there wouldn't be a broken-down sufferer today. The best proof that a remedy really cures is the word of those who are restored. They are themselves astonished at their recovery. Testimony like the following is sent in gratitude and to encourage others. How often it is said, "I can't sleep, my system's run down, I'm nervous, my digestion's bad, or I've rheumatism or kidney trouble." Here's evidence that

Electricity will Cure You.

DR. McLAUGHLIN: Your system has been of immense value to me. Advanced in years as I am I never expected such results; but your famous Belt has done it. I feel like what the doctors and druggists ever tried could not do. San Francisco, September 16.

DR. M. A. McLAUGHLIN: Your wonderful Body-Battery has cured my case of severe lung trouble, myself of female troubles, and my husband of a bad case of lame back. I shall recommend it to anyone who is suffering. MRS. P. LANE, 413 Solano Ave. City.

No blistering electrodes, no old-style screw regulator which shuts off the current instead of reducing it; but the new patent switch that varies the power by degrees. Nothing has such a healing power as this new electric remedy. It cures Lame Back, Rheumatism, Weak Nerves. It annihilates pain and builds up strength. Call and inquire into this new and pleasant treatment or send for my book on the subject, finely illustrated, mailed free. This will save you a lifetime of suffering. Address

DR. M. A. McLAUGHLIN, 129 1/2 W. Second St., Corner Spring, Los Angeles.

Everything new in music. The celebrated "Regal" Mandolins and Guitars are the best for tone, workmanship and finish.

GEO. T. EXTON, THE MUSIC DEALER, 327 South Spring St.

American Dye Works. The oldest established, most reliable and best equipped for cleaning dyeing and renovating in all its branches.

Our New Improved Dry Process has no equal. Mail and Express Orders. Ostrich Feathers Cleaned, Dyed and Curled.

Main Office—210 1/2 S. Spring St. Tel. M. 850. Works—613-615 W. 6th St. Tel. M. 1015.

THIS IS A SNAP All wool and Fancy Worsted Trousers made to order for \$3.50

Brauer & Krohn, Tailors, 114 1/2 S. Main

The Best Wheel For the Least Money. Another carload of Thistle Bicycles, \$30, \$35 and \$40. Installments or cash. Agents wanted. Vim Cactus Proof Tires, \$6 a pair. **BURKE BROS.** 433 South Spring Street.

Fall Millinery.... See the beautiful fall pattern hats exhibited on Monday at the Chicago Millinery Store; also the most attractive line of golf and walking hats.

MRS. A. BURGWALD, 437 S. Spring St.



English and German Physicians

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF CALIFORNIA FOR \$50,000.

FOR THE TREATMENT OF

Consumption, Chronic Diseases and Deformities.

218 South Broadway.

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 24, 1899.

To The Sick and Afflicted of Southern California:

In publishing this letter from one of our grateful patients, we do so that you may see that we do what we claim, that is to heal the sick and afflicted. For twenty-six years we have conducted this Institution which has come to be known as the leading Institution of the West. Since we first introduced our system of treatment here in Los Angeles, there have been dozens, jealous of our success who have opened Institutions with high sounding names, endeavoring to imitate us. As you have no doubt noticed, they and their signs have gone, like the Arabs, they folded their tents and silently departed, while we have found it necessary at two different times during our career to increase our room space and enlarge our offices, and today we are proud to say that we have a practice that is steadily increasing. There must be a reason for all this, our patients, are sick and afflicted, did we others, no doubt would signs and hunt other though has been the

This institution from a success and the letter one of thousands that patients who acknowledge our skill and treatment have obtained. We do so that you may to get skilled and consistent, the greater part of who come recommend we have successfully

We are not a "one not rely on the opinion our staff, and in all gether. In this way may have baffled the discovered by the others, sicians is a man of years ticular specialty. Three professors of Medical of standard medical

Each department of the care of a specialist, ferer all that is possible and conscientious attention one of the many advantages is that no consultation, either verstitution is equipped to medical science. We lars invested in micro atus and surgical appli in Europe and the view to gratifying the perfect an institution.

The advancement of the past decade has been still we have endeavored times. We have thou to us from the afflicted that their circumstances possible to visit our in-state of health is such visit our institution, or is such that they could not endure the expense and fatigue incident to a trip of this kind, and they ask, "is there no way in which we can see you and avail ourselves of your treatment without extra expense?" In answer to this appeal we bring the advantages of this metropolitan institution to the very doors of the sufferer by visiting selected towns, thus allowing you to consult these eminent physicians without extra expense. This is the only way to reach the great mass of suffering humanity. With our new inventions and great improvements in surgical appliances, we can treat most cases successfully at the home of the patient, and in many cases it is much better. Any inquiry regarding our institution will be cheerfully answered. We will send free on request a book of vital importance to either man or woman.

CHIT House, 218 South Broadway, Los Angeles, California. E. E. NICHOLS & SON, Proprietors.

Manitou, Colo., Aug. 6, 99.
English & German Physicians.
My Dear Doctors—
Yours in reference to my condition of health received, it is now eighteen months since you pronounced me cured, and I can say that I have not felt the return of a single distressing symptom, which is a man of my age I consider wonderful. As you know I had travelled extensively in search of health, and tried the skill of Physicians the World over with out benefit. Truly five heads working in combination are superior to one. If I can be of any benefit to you at any time will be pleased, and will cheerfully answer any letters from those who doubt your skill, from above address, as I know you do all you claim.
Yours Truly,
Walter A. Hill.
This is an ideal place for such a hospital home as you and I would like to see one there. W. A. H.

We do what we promise successful in curing the not do this, we, like the have to remove our fields. The reverse case.

its incipency has been we publish today is but we have on file from ledge that they owe to the benefit that they vertise, it is true. We know when sick where scientific treatment, our patients are those mended from patients treated.

man" concern. We do of any one physician of cases they consult to some little point that skill of any one, is often Each one of our phy of experience in his par of the staff have been Colleges and authors works.

our institution is under thus assuring the suf for science, experience tion to accomplish, and tages found in this in charges are made for bal or written. The in with every aid known have thousands of dol scopes, scientific appar ances, carefully selected United States with a demands incident to so

medical science during rapid and wonderful, to keep abreast of the sands of letters addressed and their friends, stating are such that it is im stitution, or that their that it is impossible to that their state of health

In answer to this appeal we bring the advantages of this metropolitan institution to the very doors of the sufferer by visiting selected towns, thus allowing you to consult these eminent physicians without extra expense. This is the only way to reach the great mass of suffering humanity. With our new inventions and great improvements in surgical appliances, we can treat most cases successfully at the home of the patient, and in many cases it is much better. Any inquiry regarding our institution will be cheerfully answered. We will send free on request a book of vital importance to either man or woman.

..... RESPECTFULLY YOURS,

ENGLISH AND GERMAN PHYSICIANS.

Glorious Results of a Trip to California.

Rupture Cured.

Another Father and Son Cured.



F. HALLER.

Los Angeles, Cal., June 23, 1899.

I came here from Grand Rapids, Mich., a year ago last April, suffering from a very severe scrotum rupture. I was so bad off that I could hardly walk. My son, J. F. Haller, having been cured by Prof. Joseph Fandrey, European Specialist in Rupture Curing, 647 S. Main St., insisted on my going with him to see the Professor to find out what he could do for me, so we went (although I had little faith, having tried several doctors in the East without success.) The Professor called my case a hard one to cure, for I am 64 years old, but he gave me relief at once, and I have done work such as to be done on the farm, also rode horseback.

Today I am perfectly WELL and HAPPY, and I think him the CHAMPION OF RUPTURE CURE.

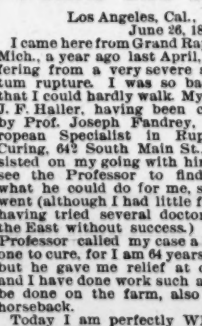
Information, call or address to 1434 San Fernando street.

Barber Shop, opposite River Station

PROF. JOSEPH FANDREY, European Specialist in Rupture Curing.

OFFICE HOURS—9 to 12 a.m.; 2 to 5 p.m.

647 S. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.



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647 S. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

BRAHMIN'S AMERICAN BRIDE.

Miss Hudson Will Marry a Millionaire.

[A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

CHICAGO, Sept. 23.—When Anand Advani, a millionaire indigo merchant of India, who has been in Chicago for a week, leaves for St. Paul tomorrow he will carry with him the promise of Miss Virginia Tyler Hudson, well known, especially in Louisville, as a newspaper writer, for a marriage in either Germany or London next June. This is the first known instance of a Brahmin seeking an American wife in this country.

Advani has been touring America and Canada for pleasure and came to Chicago a week ago. He is the oldest son of Ajeet Singh Advani, a millionaire banker of Bombay and a liberal member of the council of that city.

Miss Hudson is the daughter of the Rev. D. T. Hudson of Kentucky. She is a direct descendant of President Tyler. London will be their future home.

THREE TIMES AND OUT.

Ponton Acquitted on His Third Trial.

Bank Robbery.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

COBURG (Ont.) Sept. 23.—William H. Ponton, teller of the Dominion Bank of Nanaimo, on trial for the third time on charge of complicity in the robbery of the bank on August 30, 1897, when \$3,000 was stolen, was acquitted today. Ponton was discharged on his first trial, but was again arrested upon a confession made by Edward Pare, a professional burglar, arrested at Manchester, N. H., in July, 1898, and who also implicated W. H. Holden, arrested later in Boston.

Ponton's second trial resulted in a disagreement of the jury. Robert Mackie, son of a hotel man at Belleville, is serving a term for complicity in the robbery. Pare, Holden and a man named Roach, arrested recently, were arraigned today. Pare and Holden pleaded guilty and were sentenced to three and four years, respectively, in the penitentiary. Roach was released on suspended sentence.

A Parisian Desperado.

[Collier's Weekly.] Fast indeed is the versatility of the French! Surely no other nation could furnish contemporaneously such a tragedy as the Dreyfus trial at Rennes, and such a farce-comedy as the defiance of the government's efforts to arrest him by M. Jules Guerin in Paris. For the rest of us this latter episode is all the funnier because the French view it with perfect seriousness.

M. Guerin is the president of the Anti-Semite League. He was charged with being implicated in a plot to overthrow the government, and on Saturday, August 12, the police undertook to arrest him at the headquarters of the league in the Rue de Chabrol. M. Guerin flatly refused to become a common prisoner; he would a martyr be. Barricading himself in his house, he called about him his brave followers including the composers of the "Anti-Juit" newspaper, and from a front window, hurled defiance at the gendarmes.

One day a leg of mutton was thrown from a house across the way. It fell short, and the police grabbed it. M. Guerin, made mad at sight of meat so near and yet so far, shook his fist out of the window. "You policemen, servants of scoundrels, ought to let things go," he shouted. "You can't allow us to die of hunger. Ah! Bon Dieu! But we shall resist. Send us what our friends have thrown us, or fire on us at once, savages!"

A band of marketwomen, descendants of those who marched on Versailles, were discovered conveying provisions to the besieged and dispersed by the police. When an "Anti-Juit" reporter was arrested trying to pass food into the house, M. Guerin fired on the policeman. The government trembled at this display of blood-thirstiness.

After a few days of comparative quiet in the Rue de Chabrol, it was learned that the intrenched heroes had built a fresh barricade of chairs and tables, soaked with petroleum and wild rumors went abroad that they "contemplated immolation." A freeman was promptly stationed outside. When, at 4 o'clock on the morning of August 26, a black flag was hoisted over the house, the worst was feared. It turned out that it was only one of Guerin's men. M. Guerin said the flag meant "resistance to the death." The sick man's mother, allowed to enter the fort, reported the commander of the intrenched force "greatly agitated."

And to Frenchmen all this is no joke. One likes to wonder just how long it would have lasted had M. Guerin tried his make-believe martyrdom on the New York police, just how much stock the New York populace would have taken in his mock heroism.

THE OLD HOME HAUNTS.

There's a sound that rings in my ears today,
That echoes in vague refrain,
The ripple of water o'er smooth-washed clay,
Where the wall-eyed pike and the black bass play,
That makes me yearn in a quiet way,
For my old fly-rod again.

Back to the old home haunts again
Back where the clear lake lies;
Back through the woods
Where the blackbird broods,
Back to my rod and flies.

I'm longing to paddle the boat today,
Through the water-logged grass and reeds;
Where the muskrat swims and the cat-tails sway;
Where the air is cool and the mist is gray;
Where ripples dance in the same old way,
Under the tangled weeds.

Back on the old oak log again,
Back by the crystal brook;
Back to the bait
And the silent wait,
Back to my line and hook.

I wish I could wade by the water's edge,
Where the fallen leaves drift by;
Just to see, in the shadow of the ledge,
How dark forms glide, like a wood-man's wedge,
Through driftwood piles and the coarse marsh sedge,
And to hear the bitter cry.

Back where the tadpoles shift and sink,
Back where the bullfrogs sob;
Back just to float
In the leaky boat,
Back to my dripping bob.

Oh, it's just like this on each misty day,
It's always the same old pain
That struggles and pulls in the same old way
To carry me off for a little stay
By the water's edge, in sticky clay,
To fish in the falling rain.

Back to my long black rubber boots,
Back to my old patched coat;
Back to my rod
And the breath of God—
Home—and my leaky boat.
—F. Colburn Clarke, in Scribner's Magazine.

Woolen Mill Destroyed.

OWZENSBORO (Ky.) Sept. 23.—The plant of the Owensboro Woolen Mills Company was destroyed by fire at a late hour last night. The loss was \$100,000; insurance \$45,000.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

Of Interest to Men Only.

DR. STERLING WISHES TO ANNOUNCE TO HIS many patrons and those contemplating treatment, that on account of his constantly increasing practice

he has been obliged to remove from his old address at 245 South Spring Street to larger and more convenient offices in the Willard Block, at 328½ South Spring Street. Particular care has been taken in the selection of these offices to insure strict privacy to patients, who need meet no one but Dr. Sterling or his assistant physician.

For more than 20 years I have made diseases of men my persistent and careful study, and my practice has been confined to this and nothing else. I am prepared to treat patients until cured without charge—unless successful. I treat and cure all disorders and weaknesses of men, and positively guarantee to cure any case of Piles, Varicose Veins or Rupture, accepted by me or my assistant physician, in one week or forfeit \$1,000. My guarantee is good, as I can refer to one of the leading banks of Los Angeles.

(Signed)

DR. F. G. STERLING,

CONSULTATION FREE.

Offices 328½ South Spring Street.



"Bring Me Another Cup!"

Is the call at every breakfast table where the deliciously good *Newmark's Hawaiian Blend Coffee* is used—and there is a tribute in that genuine hearty request that means as much to coffee quality as a hearty encore does to an actor. At all good grocery stores in one-pound packages, only 35c.

Imported, roasted and packed by
NEWMARK BROS.

DR. WHITE & CO.

Expert Specialists for

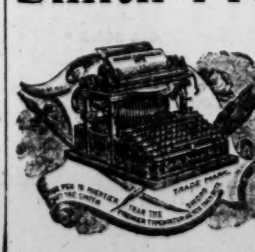
Disorders of Men.

Oldest in experience; richest in medical knowledge and skill; established 18 years.

Treatment Without Charge Until Cured;
No mercury, cubeb, sandalwood or other harmful drugs used.
References given by permission.
ALL CORRESPONDENCE CONFIDENTIAL. Perfect system of Home Treatment for out-of-town patients.

DR. WHITE, 123 North Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Smith Premier Typewriter.



Used exclusively by the Western Union Telegraph Co. of Seattle, Wash.; Southern Pacific Railroad Co. telegraph department; F. W. Braun & Co., wholesale druggists. All the leading banks in Los Angeles use the Smith Premier. Sixty per cent of the machines used in California are Smith Premiers. Write for art catalogue, free, also for circular showing the Smith Premier-Gloria Tabulating and Billing machine.

L. & M. ALEXANDER & CO.

Exclusive Pacific Coast Dealers.

353 South Broadway, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

R. HOFFMAN, Mgr.
San Francisco, Portland, Seattle.

The same marvelous low prices that brought thousands of delighted purchasers to the big store yesterday will be in effect tomorrow. If you were one of the many who could not be waited upon, we'll ask you to be patient with us. For the sake of your purse, come tomorrow.

Ladies' Shoes.

Ladies' Shoes.

The great selling at the big store breaks up a line of shoes quickly. Three and four dollar shoes, small sizes. . . 61c

\$4 and \$5 Ladies' Shoes

Elegant silk vesting or all kid tops. Strictly all hand sewed. All sizes and every width. New style toes, tips and foxing—some have Louis XV heels. . . \$2.12

\$2.00 Ladies' Shoes

Black and tan, all sizes, flexible sewed sole. . . \$1.19

Lace only, kid tips. . . \$3.50

\$3.50 Ladies' Shoes

Handsome shoes—fine black kid with either scroll vesting front or full vesting . . . \$2.48

tops . . . \$2.48

Shoes

for Girls.

\$1.25 Misses' Shoes.

Spring heel, black kid, button shoes, sizes 12 to 2 . . . 87c

\$1.50 Misses' Shoes.

Black kidskin, lace and button, spring heels, sizes 12 to 2 . . . 98c

\$1.25 Children's Shoes.

Sizes 8½ to 12, black kid, coin toes, patent leather tips. . . 73c

\$2.50 Misses' Shoes.

Tan, vici kid, coin toe, silk vestings or kid tops, sizes 12½ to 2, \$1.43

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Men's Shoes.

Men's Shoes.

Tan and black calf, medium coin and bulldog lasts. Lace only; all sizes. . . \$1.52

\$2.75 Men's Shoes.

Black or tan kid and calf shoes; lace and congress in black and tan lace. all sizes, almost any style toe. . . \$1.88

\$3.50 Men's Shoes.

Vici kid and Russia calf—tan and black, Good-year welts soles, bulldog and coin toes; all sizes in all styles. . . \$2.17

\$5.00 Men's Shoes.

We honestly believe this lot of five-dollar tan shoes to be the largest single purchase of five-dollar shoes ever made by any Pacific Coast concern—we know positively they are the greatest values ever offered on the coast. . . \$2.81

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Shoes

for Boys.

\$1.50 Youths' Shoes.

Wax calf, sizes 13 to 2 lace, oak sole leather soles. . . 98c

\$1.75 Youths' Shoes.

Coin toes, solid soles, don-gola tops, lace, sizes 12 to 2. . . \$1.34

\$1.60 Boys' Shoes.

Sizes 2½ to 5½, casco calf, lace with coin toes. . . \$1.18

\$2.50 Boys' Shoes.

Fine vici kid, tan or black, lace, either coin or bulldog last, sizes 2½ to 5½. . . \$1.89

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REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S FINEST APPAREL

Imported garments that run well into the hundreds of dollars will be shown at the Opening Thursday, Friday and Saturday, but most interest will center around the medium priced garments which reflect every popular style from Paris, London and Berlin. Tomorrow we will show for the first time many new styles which are exclusively our own. Nowhere on this Coast is there as completely an assorted stock as here. We have the best and most fashionable attire for women that it is possible to secure in the markets of the world. Nothing is missing—not even fur scarfs, or silk tea gowns, or calico wrappers, or automobile coats. We have everything that fashionable taste can suggest or desire. The qualities are so varied that a \$5.00 coat or a \$250.00 dress can be had, and whatever price is charged is the lowest price the garment can be bought and sold for. There are no carelessly sewed seams or poorly made button holes. Everything about our garments is first-class and there is style and beauty in the cheapest. We invite you to the Opening and we invite you to come tomorrow and get a first view of what Dame Fashion has smiled upon and approved.

Tailor-made Dresses

The favorite materials for tailor-made suits are homespun, Venetian cloths, Melton and broadcloth. Ready-to-wear dresses are fast taking first place among fashionable dressers and our assortment is so complete that no taste can fail to find its realization. There are several styles of tailored suits at \$10.00 and from that the prices range upward through the entire scale of elegance and fashionableness to an imported style at \$50.00.

Tailor-made suits of fine broadcloth with habit back skirts and short puffed jackets that are to be worn open or closed, with large button reverses all applied with silk, and are made in 4 with plain, soft taffeta silk; price..... \$50

Tailor-made suits of gray Melton with habit-back skirts and double-breasted, tight-fitting jackets, finished with horn buttons; new coat sleeves. The suits are all lined with gray silk to match; perfect beauties for..... \$45

Tailor-made suits of fancy tailor checks and plain black broadcloth, double-breasted, tight-fitting jackets and habit back skirts; tailor-stitched strap seams and all lined with black taffeta silk; price..... \$39

Tailor-made suits of Venetian cloth in tan, blue and black, double-breasted, tight-fitting jackets and habit back, tunic skirts; entire suit lined with plain taffeta silk; on sale at..... \$35

Tailor-made suits of imported tan Venetian cloth; have tight-fitting jackets and habit back skirts; suits are all lined with tan taffeta silk, a very neat style; selling at..... \$30

Tailor-made suits of gray homespun, double-breasted half-fitting jackets and habit back, tunic skirts, suits lined throughout with red taffeta silk; on sale..... \$25

Tailor-made Suits of pebble cheviot in navy and black; tight-fitting jackets and habit-back skirts; entire suit lined with black taffeta silk; elegant and stylish; price..... \$20

Tailor-made suits of gray homespun; tight-fitting and fly-front jackets lined with silk serge; skirts are percaleine lined; very popular styles; price..... \$15

Swell Dress Skirts.

Every fashionable kind from reversible Scotch plaids to the richest of black peau de soie with elaborate trimmings. There are hundreds to make selections from.



Handsome black taffeta silk and peau de soie separate dress skirts, made with the new habit backs and trimmed with ribbons and embroidery; a very swell skirt for..... \$20

The most popular skirts of the season; made of new camel's hair plaids with black fronts; lined with a good quality percaleine; price..... \$12

Elegant black crepon dress skirts in the habit back style; a big assortment of large blazer effects; one of the best values in our stock; price..... \$10

Gray homespun skirts in medium and dark shades; made with habit backs and scallop fronts; lined with a good grade of percaleine; on sale at..... \$5

Golf Capes.



Golf capes made of imported Scotch rugs in a large variety of handsome color combinations; they are made with fancy stitched yokes, a very swell style; price..... \$25

Golf capes of all wool rugs, some are made perfectly plain and others have bouces and kersey strapping; on sale at..... \$18

Golf capes of all wool rugs, made with hoods and finished with kersey strapping. A very popular pattern; on sale at..... \$15

A large assortment of golf capes made with plain inside and plaited outside, hood style, have revers down the front and are finished with fringe; selling at..... \$10

Elaborate Silk Waists.

The Picture shows one of the plainest waists of the season, yet other waists are here of which a hundred dollars will only buy two, and there are all grades between.

Black taffeta silk waists with fancy corded fronts; have inside fitted waist linings and separate collars; you never saw such beauties for..... \$5.00

Plain colored taffeta silk waists in Royal, cerise and old rose; made with white round corded yokes and separate collars to match; inside fitted waist linings; price..... \$7.50

Black satin waists of an elegant quality; made with plaited back and front separate collars and inside fitted waist linings; priced at..... \$6.00

Plain colored taffeta waists, corded all over and finished with bow at neck; a very swell and popular style; selling at..... \$8.50

Masterful

Showing of Autumn Jackets.

The hand of a master style builder is apparent at a glance. So simple a thing as a plain Melton jacket can be hopelessly ruined or artistically outlined by the curvings of a seam, the fit of a collar, or the "put in" of a sleeve. We avoid mistakes by going to the best women's tailors in the world. Makers of reputation and experience who do not make errors in either the designing or the tailoring. We show some very exclusive styles among the better grades and the jackets under \$15.00 are already noted for their stylishness and goodness, even elegance. You can do no better than buy your winter jacket here.



Elegant tan jackets, made of fine imported Kersey, double-breasted, 6-button style, with pointed front and back, tan; stitched all around and lined with a heavy quality fancy striped taffeta silk; priced at..... \$30

Tan and gray Kersey jackets, with fancy scallop on front and back, lined throughout with lavender taffeta silk and faced with tan satin, velvet collar to match and finished with pearl buttons, strap seams and tailor stitched; price..... \$20

Oxford gray herring-bone cloth jackets in the six-button, double-breasted style, lined with black satin, bound all around with silk braid and finished with

price..... \$16.50

Tan and castor covert cloth jackets in a fancy English double-breasted style, with finely cut velvet collar, lined throughout with silk and finished with pearl buttons; on sale at..... \$15.00

Tan, blue and black Kersey jackets with finely scalloped front and back and new coat sleeves, all lined with fancy striped taffeta silk and finished with pearl buttons; selling at..... \$12.50

Tan, blue and black Kersey jackets, with finely scalloped front and back, lined throughout with lavender taffeta silk and faced with tan satin, velvet collar to match and finished with pearl buttons, strap seams and tailor stitched; price..... \$9.00

Some are all lined, others are neatly faced, all are tailor stitched and finished with pearl buttons; price..... \$7.50

Tailor Suitings

At no time in the history of the world of fashion have tailor suitings been in such popular favor. Two distinct kinds are struggling for supremacy, viz.: Homespun and Venetian. They are known by various names, but each variation has a strong resemblance which shows its relationship to the families of Homespun or Venetian. We show hundreds of different kinds. Every class and style is represented. No store can show more desirable dress stuffs, and no store can match our prices. We buy direct. We save all the jobber's profit for our customers. You can safely figure that the average store is obliged to charge a fourth more. Our buyers are in New York all the time and are able to secure many more "extra values" than buyers who spend two weeks there twice a year. Our fall stock is complete and is ready for the critical test of comparison which Los Angeles women will give it. We have faith in what we have brought to the coast for your use. We want you to see, to examine, to criticize.

All wool Venetian cloth and homespun suitings in the new solid colors for fall wear; also a complete line of the latest mixtures in homespun including oxford gray and castors, 36 inches wide and selling at..... 50¢

34-inch solid color or fancy mixed Venetian cloth, 34-inch homespun suitings and 34-inch fancy tailor checks, all wool and extra heavy weight for tailor-made gowns; unusual quality for..... \$1.00

Black Fabrics

Pure daylight, as strong and bright as that of the open field, but without the sun's glare and heat. Such is the light by which you should buy black dresses and such light can be found only here. The immense skylight directly over the black goods section and the windows on the New High Street side afford ample light, and to spare. Crepons in all their varied weaves and French names are here in abundance. We omit the names and describe briefly.

All wool black French serge, reversible and both sides finished, 30 inches wide and a quality you will not find in other stores at..... 50¢

Black silk Mohair Crepons in beautiful blazer stripes, plaids and other patterns; absolutely the best we have ever sold at..... \$2.00

Silken Loveliness

All the world loves silk. It was always so. More in favor than ever now. Silk wearers are increasing every season. Silk designers are improving. The showing this autumn is almost past understanding. Its elegance and charming newness are constant reminders of the fact that art is not confined to pictures and statuary. Our assortment is vast and varied. It is not a commonplace assortment, either. It is different from the ordinary. Much in advance of the average in Los Angeles. Customers tell us daily that nowhere else do they see such elegance and refinement in silken textiles. It is the testimony of hundreds. We quote from among the medium priced goods.

Coroiled taffeta silks in cameo striped effects, all the new fall shades are plentifully shown, fuchsia, dahlia, castor, etc., the very best silks that we have ever sold for..... 79¢

Over 300 styles of imported novelty silks, Persian striped taffetas, heavy satin duchesse, corded with white, black satin striped to oiled taffetas, embroidery striped velvet, etc. Every new shade is here; the grandest assortment we ever owned, at..... \$1.50



Men's Suits Heavy weight suits for business men. Made of strictly all wool cassimere in the new fall 4-button cutaway sack; brown mixtures. Neatly tailored and well trimmed; equal in looks, fit and wear to any suit shown anywhere; sizes 34 to 44..... \$12.50

Men's Shirts A large line of men's stiff bosom shirts in the most complete and the prettiest assortment of stripes, checks and color schemes we have ever owned; they are made by the leading shirt manufacturers of the East and range in price from \$1.50 down to..... \$1.00

Men's Hats We have just received them and they're positively swell. Knox black stiff hats in black and brown; the quality is the same as most furnishes have to sell for \$3.50; we buy heavy and get a price; on sale..... \$2.50

Boys' Clothing Some very swell styles in boys' suits arrived last week. Exclusive styles in boys' vestee and sailor blouse suits made of navy and electric blue, tan and brown serge with the latest style sailor collar trimmed with white silk soutache braid; other suits have pale blue, garnet, pink, and cream detachable silk collars and are very handsomely trimmed; sizes 4 to 10 years; prices range from \$12.50 down to..... \$6.50

FALL OPENING

Of Millinery, Men's and Women's Apparel and General Merchandise will occur Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 28, 29, 30. No cards. Everybody invited.

The Millinery Opening

Will be the most magnificent ever attempted by any house outside of New York, and few houses in the Great American Fashion Center can show a more complete or better assorted stock. We have the most perfect Millinery Salon in the United States, and now that it's contents are ready there is no brighter or prettier Millinery picture in the world. The buying and selling of our millinery is in the hands of experts who are not experimenting, but are guided by many years of experience with the largest houses in the manufacturing and importing business.

Our wholesale and retail outlet gives us a buying capacity which is unequalled in the Great West and our prices are lower than can be expected of smaller concerns. We have a stock fully four times larger than any other house within reach. In buying here you buy of the manufacturer's agent.

Paris Patterns During our opening we will show 69 imported models from the best and most noted modistes of Paris. The cheapest cost us 100 francs in Paris, and with duty and express added, the first cost is from \$35.00 to..... \$50

New York Patterns We will also show 150 New York patterns from Fifth Avenue stores. They are perfect beauties and compare favorably with any from abroad; priced from \$15.00 to..... \$30

Our Own Creations There are 750 hats from our own workrooms, swell up-to-date creations as elegant in material and stylish in conception as any from the East or abroad, but at lower prices. \$15.00 secures the best and \$5.00 and \$6.00 will secure prettier hats than were ever shown in Los Angeles at like prices. The line does not go below..... \$3.50

Golf and Street Hats Authentic styles and few of a kind, but there are hundreds of kinds; all are on sale now and Monday will be an advance opening day, when all will be shown. The prices range from \$7.00 down to 75¢. We are exclusive handlers of the new stitched cloth hats for Southern California. They are swell and can be had only here.

Millinery Novelties We have more money invested in millinery novelties and materials than any half-dozen ordinary stores put together. Everything from the cheapest to the most expensive Birds of Paradise. Hundreds of feet of show cases are filled with all the millinery novelties of the season. The sight is a most imposing one and rivals the attractiveness of fine millinery. The prices are right too.

Souvenir Booklet During the Opening we will present a handsome little booklet from Paris, showing photographs of hats designed by the most noted Modistes. We will also show some of the hats, but from the book you can get a splendid idea of the prevailing styles.

The Opening we will present a handsome little booklet from Paris, showing photographs of hats designed by the most noted Modistes. We will also show some of the hats, but from the book you can get a splendid idea of the prevailing styles.



Extraordinary Lace Curtains

are usually higher in price than old patterns of the same quality and the unusual thing about this sale is the newness and prettiness of the styles offered at the price of ordinary kinds. The very latest imported window draperies are shown in abundance.

Rebnet curtains; a solid white body with lace edge ruffle and insertion to match; 3 yards long and 45 inches wide; on sale at..... \$2.75

Scotch curtains in ecru designs, copied from fine Brussels net; have lace edge with insertion to match; 3 yards long and 50 inches wide; well made and nicely finished; price..... \$3.25

Pure white fish net novelty curtains; Colonial style with stripes and figures; very strong double thread; lace edge; can not be duplicated anywhere; price..... \$4.50

Genuine Brussels curtains; pure white net body with dainty floral designs; well finished; we will not duplicate the other stores sell the same..... \$5.00

Point de Calais, a French novelty in ecru color; very popular curtain for French panel doors; 3 yards long and a very swell curtain; price..... \$5.95

Colonial Queen novelty curtains are the most effective curtains we have ever seen for the price; solid and openwork stripes, 1 1/2-inch lace edge border, pure white, 3 yards long and 50 inches wide; price..... \$6.50

Arabian style Renaissance curtains in deep ecru color; solid body sprinkled with geometrical figures, 3 1/2 yards long and 50 inches wide; a well made, swell drawing room curtain; price..... \$7.50

Battenberg curtains in the Louis XIV style very strong net with pretty Battenberg edge, ivory white, 3 1/2 yards long..... \$8.50

Mario Antoinette curtains, hand made in very swell ribbon and bow knot effects, ivory white, 3 yards long, imported direct from the maker, there's money to be saved on them..... \$8.95

Linen Sale Continues

quote lower prices than have been known on this Coast, and every linen article advertised is of sterling, dependable quality.

Table Linens. 34-inch bleached damask, 54 inches wide, satin finished; at..... 29¢

White table damask, 61 inches wide, hemstitched, 18x27 inches..... 45¢

Turkey red table damask, wide enough for any dining table; price..... 59¢

62-inch bleached damask, small pattern; at..... 63¢

Scotch and Irish linens, bleached and half bleached, 2 yards wide; at..... 72¢

Napkins. Bleached damask napkins, 22 inches square, patent edge; doz..... \$1.00

Irish linen napkins, dinner size, fast caught edge..... \$1.25

Bleached German linen dinner napkins, satin finish..... \$2.25

Towels. Hand loom flax buck towels, 30x40 in., hemmed ends and red border..... 100¢

Huck towels, 18x40 in., grass bleached, hemmed ends, double warp..... 15¢

White Turkish bath towels, double warp and warp, red border..... 20¢

Scarfs and Tray Cloths.

Linen Bureau Scarfs, good length, fringed all around, colored centers..... 25¢

Silver Bleached Linen Tray Cloths, hemstitched, 18x27 inches..... 35¢

Bleached Linen Tray Cloths, hemstitched, drawn work all around..... 45¢

18x27 inches..... 65¢

Bureau Scarfs, 18x24 inches, drawn work borders and ends..... \$1.00

Bleached Linen Bureau Scarfs, hemstitched and drawnwork, 18x24 inches..... \$1.00

Cloths and Table Tops. Damask and Plain Linen Table Tops, drawnwork border, 30 inches square..... 75¢

Bleached Art Linen Table Tops, wide hemstitching, 45 in. square..... \$1.00

German Bleached Damask Table Tops, 45 inches square..... \$1.25

Crash Towel ing. Crash toweling, bleached and unbleached, common width; at..... 3¢

Bleached Marcelline crash toweling, 17 in. wide, very absorbent..... 6¢

Heavy bleached crash toweling, 16 in. wide, turkey red edge..... 8¢

The Ebel Shoes

The autumn lasts of "The Ebel" shoes differ much from those of the spring, yet the difference is one of sight rather than touch. The same shapes are maintained, but the changing of the lines, the stitching and the soles makes different shoes of them. The tendency is toward heavier soles and more mannish outlines, yet there are plenty of dainty, feminine styles for house and reception wear. All leathers in button and lace styles at one price and that price a fair one. It represents more goodness and more style and more comfort than is usually found for a dollar more. Choice of the Ebel shoes for..... \$3.50

Magnificent Autumn Trimmings

Tomorrow morning we make a preliminary display of autumn trimmings and garnitures from Paris and Berlin. The magnificence of the designs and styles is past all description or picturing. The stock is full of high novelties and new effects. Applique, fringe, jet and spangle trimmings are much in favor.

Appique Trimmings. The favorite autumn trimming. We are prepared with an unusual stock, giving particular prominence to black and white, all black, all white, black and gold, white and gold and silver and gold, 1/2 to 4 1/2 inches wide. There are more than 50 different patterns, ranging in price from \$6.50 down to 50¢. There are three exceptionally good values selling at \$3.50, \$1.25 and 80¢.

New Fringes. Another very popular fall trimming. Our assortment of silk-knotted fringes is very complete and varied. There are three beautiful styles priced at \$2.98, \$2.50 and..... \$13.50

Spangled and Jet Fringes. Spangled and jet fringes, in all widths from 1 to 12 inches; showing photographs of hats designed by the most noted Modistes. We will also show some of the hats, but from the book you can get a splendid idea of the prevailing styles.

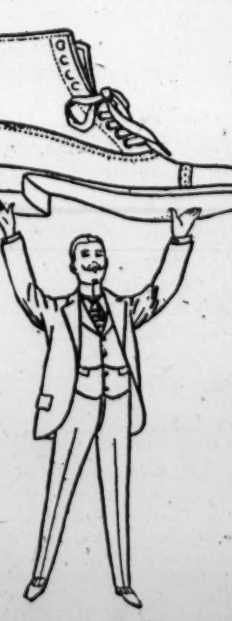
Spangled Trimming. Over 100 different styles; narrow spangled edgings, bands on mouseline de soie, waist garnitures, galons, all-overs, etc. Priced from \$6.00 down to..... 20¢

Gimps with Fringes. New black mohair gimps, with one-inch fringe; about a dozen very stylish patterns in all widths; priced at \$1.00, 75¢, 50¢ and..... 45¢

The Elk Shoes

We will undertake to give the men of Southern California a better shoe than has yet been offered them. What we undertake we accomplish. We introduce a complete line of styles in "The Elk" \$3.50 shoes for men, knowing full well that they merit your confidence in every respect. We pay more for them than for the average \$3.50 shoes. They are made by the foremost maker of men's shoes in the world.

There are 12 styles, every one of which is of the newest fall shape. You can select from black vicci kid, box calf, velour calf, patent leather, Kangaroo calf, tan, vici and Russian calf. Whichever style you select will give the utmost satisfaction and all are made on nature's shape of last, thus enabling us to fit high or low insteps. You can have heavy double soles, extension soles or light single soles. The Elk shoes are good shoes, they are better than most shoes at..... \$3.50



A HAMBURGER & SONS

THE GREATER PEOPLE'S STORE LOS ANGELES

ARIZONA'S AFFAIRS.

OLD "DEAD HORSE" ON HAND IN YAVAPAI COUNTY.

Twenty-six Thousand Dollars Which it is not Very Anxious to Pay into the Territorial Treasury.

Prescott not to Have Free Mail Delivery and Peculiar Reasons are Given for Alleged Opposition.

Mystery Laid Away With a Corpse. Railway to the Jerome Copper District in Prescott-Smith's Projected Line.

PRESCOTT (Ariz.) Sept. 13.—[Regular Correspondence.] The bonds of Yavapai county issued in 1887 in aid of the Prescott and Arizona Central Railway have been adjudged legal. The decision was rendered by Judge R. E. Sloan of the Fourth Arizona District. The action was one wherein the Territory, through its Attorney-General, sought to compel the Board of Supervisors of Yavapai county to pay into the Territorial treasury about \$24,000, interest on the railroad bonds funded by the Territorial Funding Commission into Territorial 5 per cents. A similar suit, tried a few weeks ago, had been dismissed because directed against the County Treasurer, who was adjudged not responsible in the matter. The judgment declares the 5 per cents to be subsisting and valid obligations of the county; that the Funding Commission did not exceed its powers in refunding the said bonds; that the county is liable for the payment of both interest and principal; and that the Board of Supervisors was commanded to add to the assessment roll of the county for the current year a sufficient percentage to pay off the two years' interest now due and unpaid. Defendants will appeal to the Territorial Supreme Court, which convenes at Phoenix in January. Though the courts at every step have decided against them, the people of Yavapai county cannot see the justice of paying off these bonds. It is a "dead horse" for them. There is no such railroad now as the Prescott and Arizona Central, formerly run to Prescott from Prescott Junction, now Seligman. Before the Santa Fe, Prescott and Phoenix Railway was reached the most profitable railway properties in the country. After that time it hardly carried a passenger or a carload of freight. The Santa Fe system refused to make traffic agreements with it, and it went out of business. Later its tracks were torn up and its rolling stock was rolled away to other lines. Little of the meager roadbed remained. But the debt is still alive and lusty.

Prescott is not to have free mail delivery; not for some time, at any rate. The merchants were reported to be opposed to the innovation. If the mail were to be delivered, the householders and housewives would not come down town daily to the postoffice, and trade would be lost or interfered with. But, whatever the reason, there is no doubt the City Council listened to the voice of a considerable part of the populace when it refused to officially name the streets and number the houses, a prerequisite demanded by the Postoffice Department. The expense involved cut no figure at all. The postoffice inspector, who was to have directed the installation of the improvement, has since been notified that the plan will continue to line up to the window as of yore. The daily exchange will be healthful and the mutual exchange of personal opinion on current topics will be of value.

Two towns have been added lately to the many mining camps that dot the hills of Yavapai county. One is Arizona City, at the Clifford smelter, and the other in the same locality, Val Verde, at the new mine of the copper company of that name. Both are in Big Bug district, on the line of the Prescott and Eastern Railway.

The president of the Santa Fe, Prescott and Phoenix Railway is in Washington.

O. H. Jackson, for several years master mechanic of the Santa Fe, Prescott and Phoenix Railway, has resigned his position and started for his old home in Indianapolis. He is succeeded by Frank Davidson.

Richard Stockton, for two years reporter for the Fourth District Court, has been admitted to the bar.

Capt. Frank Frantz, who succeeded Capt. O'Neill, after the latter's death, in the command of Troop A, Rough Riders, has departed for his former home, Wellington, Kan. He has inherited considerable property in the East, and his return to Arizona is improbable.

It is understood that Rev. C. K. Jenness will not return to the pastorate of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Prescott, but will be transferred to a charge in Berkeley, Cal.

FLAGSTAFF.

Prospect for a Railway to the Jerome Copper District.

FLAGSTAFF (Ariz.) Sept. 13.—[Regular Correspondence.] A pleasant prospect is opening for the construction of a railway to connect the Santa Fe directly with the Jerome copper district. The scheme is to extend the Saginaw Southern down through the forest and over the great Mogollon rim into the Verde Valley. The Saginaw Southern is the lumber road of the Saginaw Milling Company and supplies the company's mills at Williams and Chandler. It leaves the main line fifteen miles east of Williams, it penetrates a rough country, and the drop of several thousand feet into the valley would develop more than a few stiff engineering problems. The idea is fostered by R. A. Thomas, formerly president of the First National Bank of San Diego, now of Los Angeles. He is president of the Black Hills Copper Company, which owns six claims south of the United Verde property. He proposes the erection on the Verde River of a union melting plant for the United Verde, Jr., the Jerome Copper Company and the Black Hills Company. The ore could be taken to the smelter by gravity alone, and the water question would never vex Senator W. A. Clark, owner of the main mine of the district, the United Verde, has had surveys made over the line proposed, but has done nothing farther, seemingly satisfying himself that nothing better is to be found than his present railway connection by way of Jerome Junction and Ash Fork. But Clark owns his own railway to the junction, and the rates charged for hauling bullion and coke are high enough to cause the other companies to seek a more economical outlet.

Work is to be begun at once on the construction of Flagstaff's sewer system. The cost is to be \$5400, the contract having been let to A. T. Cornish and J. T. McWilliams of Flagstaff. The system is to be complete within sixty days.

Tuesday night an ill-guarded candle set fire to the residence of Principal Dimmock of the local public schools. The blaze was extinguished by the fire

There is no argument so good as an absolute, plain, truthful statement of fact. There is nothing so interesting as fact.

In the true happenings in the everyday life of every-day people are materials for most thrilling novels. There are every day stories of heroism, suffering and the final triumph of good over evil—of happiness finally crowning endeavor. Here is a case in point:

In the county of Escambia in Alabama is the little town of Flomaton and there lives Mrs. Mollie Grimes. She was a good wife and mother but several years ago she found her health slipping away from her. She realized that this meant the inevitable nervousness and irritability that would surely lose for her the affection of her children and husband, and that as her health declined discord and misery would appear in her home. She was filled with the loving motherly instinct, but two miscarriages in succession almost broke her heart. She had almost lost hope when the clouds rolled away and the light of health and happiness returned.

She tells her story in these words: "I was almost heart-broken to think I could not raise any more children and had to suffer as I did. I lost my children by miscarriages and I fully expected to lose another when, in August, 1897, I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and took it until after baby was born. I was a mother again and my other children I had suffered everything that flesh could suffer from. I was a mother again and my other children I had suffered everything that flesh could suffer from. I was a mother again and my other children I had suffered everything that flesh could suffer from."

department, but not till damage to the extent of \$600 had been done. James Frazier, a miner at Sheep-trail, jumped from his cot early one morning, lately, landing on a rattlesnake that had coiled itself beside the bed. The snake sunk its fangs into a toe of the man's right foot. Whisky and libitum was administered, and the man is now in Kingman, recovering under medical care.

For years it has been known that in Oak Creek Cañon, near Flagstaff, is a wonderful cave. Last week it was rediscovered by Ellsworth Schnebly, teacher in a nearby district. He had made a general search for some time, till at last the only part of the cañon unexplored was a titanic cliff above, rising nearly 2000 feet above his cabin. Half way up the cliff, he saw a cave, at one place a great natural spiral of red sandstone. At the base of this monument he found the cavern. It is about sixty feet deep, and of wonderful beauty. Dripping water has given the roof and sides the most fantastic ornamentation, with tracery of leaves and ferns, and with the most charming of delicate colorings.

The Supervisors of Navajo county have agreed to compromise on the taxation of the Santa Fe Pacific Railway property.

The Arizona and Utah Railroad, the Chloride branch, has received a combination passenger and baggage coach and a half-dozen new freight cars.

The Santa Fe grade in Western Arizona is being widened and strengthened. Lantry Bros., the contractors, have several hundred men employed on the work.

Kingman has organized a brass band, with J. E. Perry president and C. S. Bailey leader.

Thomas Brown, a Hackberry cattleman, who left home a year ago, leaving no word to his family, unexpectedly returned a few days ago. He had been struck by lightning in Norway, and had taken in Paris and London.

NOGALES.

Mystery Buried With a Dedicatod Corpse—Death Sentence.

NOGALES (Ariz.) Sept. 13.—[Regular Correspondence.] The excitement along the border incident to the killing of Cowboy Clayton and of two Mexican frontier guards has practically subsided. Herron, the Sonora cattleman, over whose arrest the trouble began, has been in Nogales for several days, trying to settle his differences with the Mexican customs authorities, that he may return in peace to his ranch. It is not charged that he aided or abetted Clayton, or the other American cowboys in their bloody work. The only difference now existing between him and the Mexican agents is concerning the cost of keeping a band of horse illegally detained by the customs officials under the charge of smuggling. A few cowboys are still at Naco, but not in warlike mood, for Col. Kosterliski guards the line with a strong detachment of rurales.

It is told that one of the rurales, who had been a guard over the Herron party, was arrested in Naco, for permitting the escape. He was started out of Naco, bound westward, under guard. A few hours later the rurales of the guard returned to Naco, bringing with them the corpse of their former comrade. He had attempted to escape, they said, and had to be shot down. This is the usual report in such cases, and simply means that a summary sentence of death had been carried out in a manner that would be accepted in a report to army headquarters.

A mystery of mysteries has been buried with the dedicatod corpse of a man found Monday in the foothills of the Pajarito Mountains, near Russell Cañon. The Mexican cowboy, who found the body, hastened to Nogales with the body, and the coroner, Justice Mix, at once empaneled a jury, and with the jury reached the spot indicated at the ghastly hour of midnight. The body, little more than a skeleton, was found half-dependent from the limb of a small tree, little more than three feet from the ground. The nose had been made of the piece of cotton goods, of the slightest strength. It was plainly evident that murder had been done, and that a clumsy attempt had been made to indicate suicide. By the light of a single lantern, in the midst of the mountain wilderness, the coroner took what testimony could be secured, but no evidence of value was given. Near by, in the morning, was found an old track of a light wagon, probably made at the time the body was brought, perhaps six months ago. There is little doubt the man was murdered in bed, for only a shirt was on the body. Nothing could be found to identify the body, which was that of an American, about 50 years of age. Theodore Schacht, a mechanical engineer, well-known in Sonora, was found dead in bed in a Nogales lodging-house Friday morning. He had committed suicide by the use of strychnine.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

The New Fall Goods Are Here.

Our Eastern buyers have eclipsed all former efforts in selecting this season's stocks, for never before have such elegant goods been shown as are now awaiting your favor.

We mention a few at random.

Dress Goods.

Everything that is new and desirable is represented in this fall stock:

40-inch Camel's Hair Plaid at 60c
48-inch All Wool Double Faced Plaid at 75c
60-inch Camel's Hair in all the new shades, including new French Grays, National blues, new browns, etc.; excellent values at, per yard, \$1.00
54-inch English Meltons in great variety, at per yard, \$1.00
Beautiful new line Black Crepons, entirely new patterns, decidedly the richest crepons yet shown; popular prices.

Ribbons.

New weaves, new colors and every width; the finest assortment yet shown.
No. 40 Corded Taffeta Ribbon for Neckwear
In white, Rose, Cerise, Violet, Leghorn, Nile, Dahlia, Lake Blue and Seville.
Silk, Satin and Gros Grain Ribbons
In all the latest fall shades, all widths, as follows:
No. 5-Per yard.....5c No. 15-Per yard.....10c
No. 7-Per yard.....7c No. 16-Per yard.....12c
No. 9-Per yard.....9c No. 25-Per yard.....15c
These are the best popular priced Ribbons on the market.

Hosiery.

Misses' and Children's Fast Black Hose, fine ribbed, double knees: at, per pair..... 15c

Boys' Heavy Fast Black School Hose, extra heavy; at, per pair..... 15c

Children's Fast Black Hose, with double heels and knees, at, per pair, 10c; 8 pairs for..... 25c

Ladies' Brilliant Lisle Lace Hose, the best value we know of; at, per pair..... \$1.25

Ladies' Fine Maco Lisle thread hose, high spliced heel; at, per pair..... 75c

Ladies' Hermsdorf Dyed, crepon effects; the best yet sold; at, per pair..... \$1.00

Ladies' Fast Black Lace Boot Extra Elastic Top Hose, at, per pair..... 50c

Ladies' Drop Stitch Hose, special value at, per pair..... 12c

Ladies' Fast Black Hose, a good article at, per pair..... 10c

Underwear.

Ladies' Low Neck Vests, in pink, blue and white, each..... 15c

Ladies' White and Ecru Vests, each..... 19c

Ladies' extra quality Silk and Lisle Vests, each..... 35c

Ladies' fancy Blue and White Striped Vests, each..... 39c

Ladies' Lile-thread Tights, pair..... 39c

Ladies' fine Cotton Union Suits, low neck, short sleeves, each..... 40c

Misses' Union Suits, low neck, short sleeves, each..... 35c

Ladies' Manlin Umbrella Drawers, with fine cambric ruffles in neck and sleeves, 20c and..... 25c

Ladies' Fancy Tucked Chemise with cambric ruffles in neck and sleeves, each..... 25c

Ladies' Gowns, full length, fancy yoke, trimmed with embroidery, each..... 79c

Gloves.

Fall importations in real French kid gloves, new embroidery fitted and guaranteed..... \$1.50

Pique gloves, excellent for street wear, in all shades, \$1.25 and..... \$1.50

Best value in the city, \$1 glove, 2-clasp, over seam, black, white and colors; fitted and repaired free of charge.

We have the celebrated "Dent" glove in tans only.

Ireland Bros' Mocha, 2-clasp, in black, plain or white embroidery..... \$1.25

Coupons for cleaning given with every pair of Gloves.

Wrappers.

We are just in receipt of an unusually fine line of ladies' high grade percale wrappers made specially to our order by one of the best known Eastern makers; they are cut full and excellently made and finished, unequalled fitting qualities. Prices.

\$1.17, \$1.25, \$1.35 AND \$1.65 each.

Our Linen Department.

The Linen Department of this store is known all over Southern California as headquarters for the best makes of table linens, towels, ready-made sheets, blankets, etc. We have long held the bulk of the hotel and boarding-house trade, as well as that of hundreds of our best families. This fall's stock is fully up to our high standard, and we will be glad to make estimates on your fall and winter purchases.

Slept Seventy Hours

Mrs. T. J. Walters, who lives in Salt Lake City, Utah, suffered the tortures of insomnia. She would roll and toss all night, unable to sleep. The result was that she has become almost a physical wreck. This was before she began the use of Hudyan. She has taken four packages of Hudyan, and

Now She Writes, Saying

that the week beginning September 3 and ending September 10, she slept ten hours each day, making seventy hours' sleep for the week. She feels like a new being. Sleeplessness in nine cases out of ten is due to nerve-weakness. The nerves become weak, then the digestion goes wrong. After nerve-weakness comes nerve exhaustion, and after that comes complete nervous prostration.

The Warning Symptoms Are

Sleeplessness and loss of appetite. Also headache, as in Fig. 1; sunken eyes and dark circles under the eyes, Fig. 2; pale and thin face, Fig. 3; coated tongue and offensive breath, Fig. 4; fluttering of heart, Fig. 5; disordered stomach, Fig. 6. Hudyan promptly cures all these conditions. Dizziness, tendency to faint, general weakness and many other symptoms arise when the nerves become weak. Hudyan is a positive cure for

Hudyan Strengthens and Quiets the Nerves.

Hudyan is the best remedy known to medical science for producing natural sleep, the sleep that brings health and vigor in turn. Despondency, gloom, evil forebodings, all-gone tired feeling, are all due to weakened nerves and nerve centers. Take Hudyan just as soon as you experience the first symptoms, and don't wait until dangerous complications set in.

"Nervous troubles, if allowed to run on, may terminate in complete prostration, apoplexy or heart disease."

If you have pain over heart with irregular flutterings of this organ, Fig. 1, a flushing of face upon slight exertion, Fig. 2, an oppressed feeling in chest with choking sensation, Fig. 3, bloating of abdomen, Fig. 4, weakness of limbs, Fig. 5, cold hands, Fig. 6, or feet, it denotes that the heart has become involved. Don't wait one moment. "Get Hudyan," for Hudyan will avert the danger. Hudyan will cure you.

Hudyan gives a renewed impetus to the circulation and makes rich blood. Health and strength must result. Hudyan relieves all those pains that arise when the vitality has been lowered. Hudyan strengthens all the organs of the body and brings them into harmonious action. Hudyan acts gently yet effectively upon the bowels.

Hudyan is for Men and Women

And cures all diseases of the blood and nerves, nervousness, weakness, exhausted nerve vitality, rheumatism, sciatica, locomotor ataxia, Paralysis, Sleeplessness, Headache, Despondency, Mental Depression, Hysteria, Neuralgia, Pains in Side and Back, Epileptic Fits, Palpitation of Heart, Nervous Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Mental Worry, Early Decay, Constipation, all Female Weaknesses, Pale and Sallow Complexion. Hudyan is for sale by druggists, 50c a package or six packages for \$2.50. If your druggist does not keep Hudyan, send direct to the Hudyan Remedy Co., corner Stockton, Ellis and Market streets, San Francisco, Cal.

You may consult the Hudyan Doctors about your case free of charge. Call or write.

ONE BOTTLE CURES MURPHY'S KIDNEY CURE
For Bright's disease, dropsy, diabetes, rheumatism, gravel, dropsy, diabetes, etc. Send 25 cents in 2c stamps to W. F. McBurney, 418 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal., for 5 days' treatment. Free of charge.

Buy your Cutlery in a Cutlery Store
If you want reliable goods, Carving Sets, Shaving Outfits, Table and Pocket Knives, Cutlery Specialties.
Razor, Shear Grinding.
Steiner-Kirchner Co., 130 N. Main St., 229 S. Spring St.

Skirts and Suits

TO ORDER AT POPULAR PRICES.

There is absolutely no reason why you should not have us make up your Suits and Skirts for you. We are daily making up the finest goods for the most particular people. Tailored suits to order and Ready-to-Wear are our specialty. We would be pleased to figure with you.

Tailored Suits to Order

\$15.00 to \$35.00

Tailored Suits Ready-Made

\$7.50 to \$27.50

NEW YORK SKIRT CO.,

341 South Spring Street.

REMEMBER

You Can Get an Elegant Bronze Metal Clock

...Free...

With every \$10.00 purchase tomorrow. Remember, also, that we give you more for \$10.00 than any other store or the \$10.00 back.

H. COHN & CO.

142 and 144 North Spring St.

To Wise Ones.

Buy only the best dental work and be content with a fair price. If you buy anything else than the best work at any price the expense, the time and the trouble that will follow will roll up and make the investment a source of everlasting regret. I want to tell you about the best work, what it will do for you, what it will cost you. Let me examine your teeth—free of charge—any day.

Dr. M. E. Spinks
THE DENTIST

Spinks Block, cor. Fifth and Hill Sts. Tel. Black 1185.

CONFERENCE GRATEFUL.

ANOTHER GENEROUS GIFT FROM
REV. A. M. HOUGH.Proceedings of Business Session.
Temperance Anniversary—Veterans' Association Meets—Assignments Expected Monday—Today's Programme.

The happy feature of yesterday morning's meeting of the Southern California Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was the reference to Rev. A. M. Hough's gift in the trustees' report. Mr. Hough has deeded in trust for the benefit of conference claimants the warehouse at No. 819 Upper Main street, a brick building 100x125 feet, that cost \$6750, standing upon lots valued at \$5000. The building is leased for \$75 a month.

Immediately after the reading of the report resolutions of thanks were passed. This is not the first act of liberality on the part of Rev. Hough.

Rev. W. S. Knight introduced a resolution proposing a constitutional amendment to the act which makes church property in this State liable to taxation. Rev. F. D. Boyd gave the status of the case, and urged the immediate, united and persistent effort of all denominations to lift this burden from the church. The resolution was adopted, and a committee was appointed to take necessary action.

Alternate delegates as follows were elected to the general conference: Rev. W. S. Matthews and Rev. T. C. Miller. A paragraph relating to temperance in the report on the state of the church was the cause of heated discussion, and was finally stricken from the report.

Delegates to the general conference were instructed to direct their efforts toward the organization of a board of conference claimants, and adjournment for the morning was taken.

AFTERNOON SESSION.
The usual song and prayer service opened the afternoon exercises. The meeting, which was a temperance anniversary, was attended by about two hundred persons, including probably less than twenty-five members of the conference. Chairman Miller introduced E. S. Chapman of Oakland, superintendent of the California Anti-Saloon League.

The speaker commented upon the absence of the majority of the members of the conference, which had invited him to deliver an address. Instead of delivering the address prepared, he told those present of the plans of the league for solving the liquor problem, and how the church could assist.

Continuing, the speaker said that the time is come when the people of the State of California can prohibit the sale of liquor, whereas at present the laws of the State place the matter in the hands of the voters, and the desire of the majority rules. All that is necessary is properly to petition the supervisors for an election and submit the question to the people.

"Now is the time to strike," concluded the orator. "If you cannot carry a county you can carry a sanitary district, and we soon are going to make Los Angeles county about as spotted as Joseph's coat."

At the close of the temperance rally an executive session of the conference was held in university chapel. The subject up for consideration was the college of theology of the University of Southern California. This school, which closed some time ago, because of the reduced income from the endowment fund and further by reason of the fact that only three students were in the school. After much debate the question was referred to the board of trustees of the university with the recommendation that they endeavor to keep the college open.

After assigning a time Monday for the hearing of E. S. Chapman's address the meeting adjourned.

The usual Pentecost service led by Joseph Smith was held at 4 o'clock. Today's programme at University Methodist Episcopal Church is as follows: 11 a.m., sermon by Bishop Nide, preceded by consecration of deacons; 3 p.m., ordination of deacons and elders, followed by memorial services; 7:30 p.m., preaching by Rev. J. W. Hamilton. The different Methodist pulpits throughout the city will be filled morning and evening by the visiting clergymen.

Much business still remains before the conference, and adjournment may not be taken before Tuesday. It is believed that the appointment of ministers will be read on Monday.

The Union Veterans' Association of the Methodist conference held its annual meeting Friday. This association is composed of ministers who were soldiers in the civil war. The president, H. J. Crist, announced the recent death of W. S. Smith, a suitable memorial resolutions were adopted. He also spoke of the recent Long Beach Grand Army encampment, urging the members to give it the best of support hereafter. Resolutions of commendation were adopted. The annual election of officers resulted in the selection of H. J. Crist of Glendale as president; J. L. Pitner of Glendale as vice-president; T. W. Lincoln of Cucamonga as secretary; A. W. Bunker of Compton as chaplain and W. E. Knight of Los Angeles as treasurer.

The annual campfire of the association was omitted this year on account of the distance of the conference from the post rooms in this city. The objects of this association are to preserve the ties of comradeship, to help erring comrades, and to rescue Memorial day from its tendency to become a day of dissipation. Resolutions of sympathy for afflicted, and who is soon to go to another State, were passed.

SOLDIERS' HOME, SEPT. 23.

SOLDIERS' HOME, SEPT. 23.—[Regular Correspondence.] The Woman's Patriotic Carnival is announced to take place in Ward Memorial Hall next Monday. This is one of a series of entertainments inaugurated by the patriotic women of Los Angeles and having for its object the raising of a fund with which to build a memorial hall in that city, in honor of those who participated in the late civil war. The movement is general in its character, not confined to G.A.R. circles. An address by Gen. La Grange will be followed by an excellent mixed programme and as the object is a very worthy one there is no doubt the veterans will show their interest in the cause by a full attendance.

Clark Macfarlane and a supporting company presented the third act of "Othello," the quarrel scene in "Julius Caesar," and the one act comedy entitled "A Happy Pair," on Wednesday evening in Memorial Hall. It was one of the best entertainments of its kind that has thus far been given in the hall, and was deserving of a far better attendance. A number of recently-produced slide shows has resulted in making the veterans somewhat cautious, hence the honest entertainer is sure to suffer.

The hours of religious services in assembly hall are changed. The Sunday evening song service will hereafter commence at 6:30, Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 6:30 and Sunday morning service at 10:15.

The total number of members today is 2301, of whom there are present 1666; absent on furlough, 635.
Harvey Widdows, late Troop E, First Missouri Cavalry, admitted from Bakersfield, Cal., February 8, 1895, died September 17, aged 67 years.

Attain Success

As Hundreds of Others Have Done By Consulting

KOHLER

"The Oriental Seer"



It is a well known fact that many of the most successful men and women of the day consult with noted Seers, Psychics, Palmists and Astrologers before taking any important step either in business, public or private life.

Persons who have demonstrated a superior degree of intelligence in the fields of science, literature and art are invariably the most ardent advocates of the real truths embraced in psychic phenomena, second-sight and the higher mental sciences.

Such men as "Kohler, the Oriental Seer" are met with but once in a lifetime, as very few people are born with the natural qualifications that have enabled him to attain the high degree of psychic development that has made him famous.

This remarkable man has developed a high degree of intuition that is at once astonishing and beneficial to all who meet him. His extensive travels have made of him a cosmopolitan of the most pronounced type, and whether it be in the heart of the metropolis or before the shrines of farther India, (where indeed he has studied) all people and places acknowledge his strange power.

One of his wonderful tests consists in giving the full name of every caller and telling for what purpose they came to consult him; he gives names, dates and facts concerning your affairs and unerring advice upon all matters of business, journeys, mining, lawsuits, speculations, love, marriage, divorce, social and domestic relations, old estates, everything; re-uniting separated and securing marriage with one of choice.

Valuable advice concerning all matters of health, obscure or nervous diseases, bad habits and weaknesses of men and women.

An Interesting Study.

Owing to the great demand, and at the request of his many patrons, "KOHLER" has incorporated a school for the purpose of giving instruction to those who may be interested in the Occult Sciences. This institution is known as the

CALIFORNIA COLLEGE OF OCCULT SCIENCES

Which embraces the following branches of study: Psychic development, palmistry, psychopathy, or the power of mind over matter, and the higher mental sciences. Pupils will be granted diplomas which will be legally recognized in every city in the world. While it requires years of constant study and practice to develop to the degree attained by "Kohler," and only then by those particularly adapted, there are many branches of this science that can be attained by those who will give the matter serious attention and study, thus affording a congenial as well as remunerative business. Hours for reading, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 6 p. m.; evenings, 7 to 8; Sundays 10 to 12. Charges within the reach of all. Cut this advertisement out and save it for future reference. It does not appear daily. Offices over Jewelry Store.

245 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mail Orders Filled. | CRANDALL, AYLSWORTH & CO. | Mail Orders Filled.

UP-TO-DATE DEPARTMENT STORE

Wholesale and Retail Warehouse, 553 to 559 South Spring Street.

40c
Working
Gloves 25cOil skin tanned;
extra well made;
draw string wrist;
closing out department
price.....25c75c Working
Gloves 50cMen's unified fire
and water proof
gloves; draw-
string wrist; good
tough quality goat
skin; closing out
department
price.....50c

Closing Out Our Men's Furnishings

Owing to lack of room we have decided to close out our entire stock of Men's Furnishing Goods—the quicker we can do it the better, and sacrifice prices have been made accordingly. Men, now is the time.

8½c Men's Hose 5c.

Made out of regular knitting cotton;
seamless feet brown, gray and tan
mixtures; good, solid wear re-
sisting quality; closing out de-
partment price; per pair.....5c

A Great Sale of Notions.

Fancy buttons for wash dresses, all colors, handsome styles, per dozen, 5c.
Needle books, 5 papers of needles, assorted sizes and a dozen darning, complete 5c.
Silk-finished frilled elastic, plain colors and fancy stripes, worth 15c per yard, at 10c.
Children's all- linen bibs, large size, fringed ends and hemstitched 5c.

25c Hose 20c.

Men's fine mixed natural merino
hose, double heels and toes, regular
cashmere quality; closing out de-
partment price; 20c a pair,
or three pairs.....50c

50c White Shirts,

3 for \$1.00; good quality muslin
well made, reinforced bosom, patent
stay in the back, each shirt cut extra
wide and long; special
closing out department
price; three for.....\$1.00

Men's 35c Suspenders 23c

Fine French elastic web plain or
silk embroidery effect, finished
with gold burnished buckles with
patent castoff and kid
trimmed; closing out
department price.....23c

Men's Working Shirts

Old Hickory, chevrons, flannelettes
and other materials in dark colors;
shirts that are worth 35c, 50c
and 75c each your choice of
any in this odd lot 25c,
35c and.....50c

The New Plush Capes Have Arrived

And prettier garments are not to be found in Los Angeles. On these goods we can undersell any house in town. It is simply a side line with us, and we buy nothing unless we consider it a great bargain. These are specials. They cannot last more than a few days. Buy your plush cape early.

Extra full sweep, braided in an elaborate pattern with handsome black mohair braid collar and front trimmed with black Thibet fur, lined with fancy-colored and black Farmer's satin, worth \$6.50;
special Up-to-Date price.....\$4.50

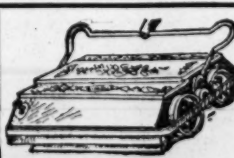
\$1.35 Men's WORKING SHIRTS 90c

Men's double-breasted navy blue all
wool F. & C. flannelette shirts, cut
extra long and fully large, black but-
tons in front and on cuff;
regular price \$1.35; closing
out department price.....90c

Curtain Stretcher and Dryer



The "Whipple" Curtain Dryer is so arranged that by changing the set screws it may be used for the largest down to the smallest lace curtain. Per set, \$1.50.



Carpet Sweepers

Take advantage of the special prices we are making on sweepers before they are all gone.
"Puritan" Carpet Sweeper.....\$1.49
Companion.....1.98

FASHIONABLE FOLKS

As well as those not ultra-fashionable use fashionable visiting cards. Our engraving cannot be excelled for beauty and low price. Our typographic process is a facsimile of engraving. No plate necessary; 100 cards, with your name typographed, only 6c. Wedding invitations, etc., 84 per 100, complete. Latest styles, correct forms, best quality stock. Samples mailed.

New Typographic Co.
(JONES' BOOK STORE)
220 W. First Street, Los Angeles.



Meyberg Bros. retiring from
Crockery business only—Gas
and Electric Fixtures will be
continued on a larger scale.

Thomson & Boyle Co.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Well Pipe
Water Pipe
Tanks, etc.
310-314 REQUENA ST.
Phone Main 187.

J. D. HOOKER COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Steel Water Pipe
and Well Casing.
130 S. Los Angeles St.

PREVENT
BALDNESS
by Shampoos

with



and light dressings of CUTICURA, purest of emollient skin cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp when all else fails.

Pure and Sweet

and free from every blemish is the skin, scalp, and hair cleansed, purified, and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. It removes the cause of disgusting eruptions, loss of hair and baby blemishes, viz.: The clogged, irritated, inflamed, or sluggish condition of the PORES. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and most refreshing of flower odors. No other medicated soap ever compounded is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE—namely, 25 CENTS—the best skin and emollient soap and the best toilet and baby soap in the world.

Speedy Cure Treatment for Itching, Burning, Scaly Humors.
Hot baths with CUTICURA SOAP to cleanse the skin; gentle anointings with CUTICURA OINTMENT to heal the skin; and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT to cool the blood. Sold throughout the world. Price, THE SET, \$1.25; or, SOAP, 5c.; OINTMENT, 50c.; RESOLVENT (half size), 50c. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. Send for "All About the Hair and Scalp," mailed free.

NILES PEASE
FURNITURE COMPANY

441 S. Spring

Los Angeles

Prices Plainly Marked
on everything in the
store. You can look
around with added pleasure where it's not necessary to continually ask prices.



Free to All Inquirers.
Our new and helpful
book about house furnishing. It abounds in suggestions for economically furnishing a home.

Furniture will cost more in a short while. The price of iron has gone up; the glass trust has raised prices, and so on through the list. Our advice is—BUY NOW.
Foreseeing this result, as much of our fall buying as possible was done before these sharp advances. As a consequence, we are selling more furniture at former prices than most other houses. This is duly appreciated and is bringing us returns in increasing business. Later on there are some lines we shall be forced to price higher.

DINING ROOM

Our immense stock of the latest conceptions in dining-room pieces embraces beautiful mahogany and golden oak and the pleasing Flemish oak. There are china closets which will display your china and glass to full advantage. Some are in full flat glass, some in bent and curved fronts and sides. Hundreds of different conceptions. The line of chairs and tables is wonderfully complete. There are buffets to suit every fancy.

DRESSERS

Show marked changes from the style of a few years ago. We have hundreds of beautiful odd pieces for use with metal beds. We show a very beautiful one at \$18. In many designs we have Chiffoniers to match. All the "enameled" Dressers and Chiffoniers in our stock are really enameled and, therefore, much more satisfactory than the ordinary painted sort. It's the same throughout the store; everything is just what we say it is.

Niles Pease Furniture Co.

LEGAL.
Notice of Annual Meeting
of Stockholders of the Union Mutual Building and Loan Association.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Union Mutual Building and Loan Association will be held at the office of the association, No. 24 New High street, in the city of Los Angeles, county of Los Angeles, and State of California, on Thursday, the 5th day of October, 1899, at 2 o'clock p.m. said day, for the election of five (5) directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. By order of the board of directors HARVEY STURDIVANT, Secretary.

LEGAL.
Notice to Architects.
THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF SAN PEDRO school district, Oxnard, Ventura county, Cal., invite plans for a school building to contain eight school rooms, principal's room, library and an assembly room of large size; janitor's room and play rooms in the basement, which shall be eight feet in the clear. Plans will be received by the board of trustees up to and including the 15th day of October, 1899. Plans will be opened at the Courier office in Oxnard at 2 p.m. Friday, evening, October 4, 1899. W. B. COOPER, Clerk of the Board of Trustees of San Pedro School District, Oxnard, Cal., Sept. 23, 1899.

Broadway Department Store

Broadway corner Fourth Los Angeles

China Matting Exceptional quality, new carpet patterns, price cut, 10c Fine linen warp Japanese reversible matting 22 1/2c	Toilet Soap Our best box 25c buttermilk and with hazel, 3 cakes Monday	Men's Linen Cuffs In plain round or link style, but a few of the 25c ones on sale Monday, 6 to a customer at	Men's Underwear Derby ribbed cotton undershirts, always 25c, but Monday	Men's Neckwear Finest black silk or satin handkerchiefs in fancy patterns, worth 10c	Men's New Derby Hats Of fur with silk trimmings—black or brown. They look and wear like 1.50 hats	Silk Suspender Overshot silk with leather ends and Berlin "V" back, the ones for	Men's Suits Of wool with full facings or reverses, double-breasted, tabbed arm holes, prettiest of patterns and only	Boys' Suits Of gray chevrons in plain or reverses, double-breasted, collared and silk trim 1.48
Crochet Cotton Odds and ends of several lines—worth 5c, while they last.....	Hooks and Eyes With hump, 2 doz. 5c ones	Black Pins With jet heads, box worth 25c for	Hat Elastic Flat, round or oval, black or white, worth 25c	Dexter's Knitting Cotton In white & colors, 5c	Dress Shields Stockinet sort, No. 2, worth 10c	Emb'y Hoops Any size, worth 5c pr. Mon., Tues.	Japanese Tooth-picks 5c boxes, Monday	Pot Brushes Strong, heavy 5c ones, Monday
10c	10c	8 1/2c	15c	5c	98c	13c	3.98	1.48
2c	1c	1c	1c	5c	5c	1c	3 1/2c	2c

Enticing Offers in Women's Outerwear.

Quickly gathered bits of news—of unusual importance.

In Suits.

These new suits are irresistible temptations. No wonder women are doing away with the sewing machine. Science and skill have this year reached a perfection that's well nigh faultless, and for so little money. Take for instance—



This Homespun Suit

That comes in the new and popular greys, carefully and skillfully tailor finished, lined with lustrous farmers satin and velvet. It has a plain back. We don't think such garments have ever been handled under 12.50 any previous season. This one is now only.....

8.98

In Waists.

First, Flannel Waists—Every woman will of course have one this winter; to get the one you'll be best satisfied with, you shouldn't wait till they've been picked over. Prices, too, are as easy now as they'll be six months hence.

49c for Fancy Plaids.

Flannel waists with stock collars, pointed yokes, in pretty combinations of greens, blues and reds.

49c for Sateen Waists.

Made and cut and finished in new ways, with 4 rows of tucks in front.

89c for Sateen Waists.

With pointed yoked, tucked front, and canvas lined cuffs, a stock collar and tight fitting back.

98c for Scotch Plaid Waists.

Deep, rich, mellow colored flannel waists, thoroughly lined, with pleated backs, pointed yokes and new style of stock collar.

In Jackets.

Here's a chance for three dozen women—if they each take one coat.

If you're one of them you'll never get over thanking us for telling you about it.

There's no two alike.

Stylish, smart and highly tailored—

Samples—

Of beaver, broadcloth and kersey, handsomely silk and trimmed. Prices like this—

\$6.89, \$8.39, \$9.89, \$11.69, etc.



In Wrappers.

House dresses—The new percales in dark blues and reds—stripes mostly and elaborately trimmed with braid, honestly made, cut in the new styles; these first ones.....

69c

Fleece Lined Wrappers—In dark and light patterns, braided and trimmed. They have a tight fitted lining and a full sweep; our price but.....

98c

Homespun Skirts—In the new greys, plain habit backs with side opening; our price only.....

4.98

Golf Plaid Skirts—Large flashy plaids in the favorite colors, full length.....

3.39

Novelty Plaid Skirts—In stylish effects; all shades.....

1.48

Velour Silk Skirts—Made in the newest fashions, with waterproof binding; lined and handsomely patterned in scroll and set designs.....

4.39

In Skirts.

2nd Sunday—Mr. Morgan takes his family for a spin

About the city. Their first week in our midst has been a revelation to them. The climate has, of course, made them enthusiastic admirers of California, but you can imagine their surprise to find the mercantile and commercial interests so fully developed, for they thought they were coming to a frontier section that could boast of nothing but its pure, balmy air, its cool nights and delightful days. This week they'll commence house-keeping—2196 South Grand Ave.

Shoe Specials—Irresistible Prices.

If you're in need of shoes or will be soon, you'll be vitally interested in price cuts for Monday's selling.

FITAFUT, the Woman's Shoe, 16 styles, lace or button, kid or vesting top, of flexible velv. kid, coin toes, double turn sole, one price..... 1.98

Child's Shoes..... .79c

Lace or button, spring heel, 5 to 8a

Misses' Shoe, Monday..... 1.39

Kangaroo calf—lace or button—12 to 2a

Boys' Shoes, Monday, 1.39

Oil grain, bals, riveted soles, double soles, coin toes

Men's Shoes, Monday, 1.48

Satin calf, lace or congress, coin or French toes—an honest \$2 value

Good, generous white blankets, with red and blue borders—cotton, of course, but warm and lasting, priced this way now..... 48c

We'll sell a 11-4 white or gray blanket that's an unusual size and weight for even a dollar, now only..... 73c

Mottled blankets with fancy borders and full size, will go now for only..... 73c

10-4 wool blankets in gray with bound edges, priced only..... 2.23

A pretty line of fancy cotton blankets in tan and mottled effects, used by lots and lots of folks as bath robes..... 85c

We will sell while they last a fair white or tan or gray double blanket, bordered in pink, or blue or red borders..... 98c

Then there's a heavy, fleecy 11-4 tan or gray blanket with hand worked edges..... 1.14

You ought to see this big double blanket that's bigger than ordinary, pearl gray with blue, red or pink edges..... 1.35

A 11-4 ALL WOOL blanket with double stitched edges and fancy colored borders..... 2.48

Another trade incident with the usual sequel—The quickness of this scout put us in possession of several hundred pairs of blankets at the old prices. A speculating merchant would not tell you this. He'd ask you full prices.

Double gray blankets, full size and splendid with weight, will be sold while they last..... 48c

Good, generous white blankets, with red and blue borders—cotton, of course, but warm and lasting, priced this way now..... 48c

We'll sell a 11-4 white or gray blanket that's an unusual size and weight for even a dollar, now only..... 73c

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A 11-4 ALL WOOL blanket with double stitched edges and fancy colored borders..... 2.48

German Prints

That are extra heavy and the genuine article, worth 10c any time

8 1/2c

Pearline

Jas. Pyrie's 5c pearls, selling Monday

3 1/2c

Bed Castors

That are sold always for 10c; now

5c

Egg Whips

Like this cut of wire, worth 5c

1 1/2c

Potato Mashers

Like this cut of wire, worth 5c

1 1/2c

Vegetable Clipper

Of wire like this cut, worth 7c

4c

Joyful News About Silks.

Doubly Welcome—so stylish—so low priced.

The most winning display that the season has so far unfolded—It's not alone qualities but the low price that will add extra zest to the ovation.

Fancy Taffetas, 69c.

In brown, blue, black grounds, with black, red and blue stripes and dots—a lustrous shining fabric

Popular Corded Silks, 98c.

With stripes on grounds of blue, pink, lavender, white and cream

Changeable Taffetas, 85c.

In green, blue, red, purple, cerise, etc., with broad white stripes and a generous scattering of pretty flowers

Handsome Taffetas, 1.15-1.23

21 inches across, in dozens of patterns, of satin stripes and dots, on rich grounds of purple, green, blue, red, black, etc.

Dress Goods Wonders.

The Crepons.

36-inch Crepon, six choosings, neat designs and popular rough effects, only 25c the yard.

Mohair Crepons. 38 inches across, in raised patterns, in solid black with narrow stripes of green, blue and lavender, a remarkable value at 49c.

40-inch Souffle Crepons in five distinct patterns, rich deep black, only 98c.

A 42-inch Mohair Crepon with attractive and effective designs, just like what we've seen at 2.00, here now but a yard, 1.35.

The finest quality and the newest ideas of bilister effect Crepons, 42 inches wide, 1.98

44-inch Silk and Wool Crepons, 2.45.

The Golf Suitings.

The first of importance is a lot of swell plaids that embody the very newest con-jurings of skill and fashion. Cotton stuffs of course, but perfect copies of Paris ideas. 32 in. wide, in the bright combinations of green, red, brown and navy; and think of it, we say only 25c.

32-inch camel's hair plaids—a coming fad for skirts—reversible, in green, navy, brown and purple; yard, 89c.

Worsted plaids, yard wide and made for wear as well as looks. The patterns are new—49c.

Woven plaids—camel's hair stuffs that you women will remember was so popular years ago; the colors are rich, the price, 49c.

38-inch all-wool plaids, in fine colorings, fine quality, light weight; yard, only 75c.

County School Books

Less Than Country Merchants Pay For Them.

Pasadena

Orders delivered freely and promptly. Electric cars stop at our doors.

	Our Prices	Other's Prices
Revised 1st Reader, California State Series.....	\$.16	\$.20
Revised 2nd Reader, California State Series.....	.28	.35
Revised 3rd Reader, California State Series.....	.44	.50
Revised 4th Reader, California State Series.....	.53	.60
Primary Number Lessons, California State Series.....	.20	.25
Advanced Arithmetic, California State Series.....	.42	.50
Speller, California State Series.....	.25	.30
Lessons in Language, California State Series.....	.25	.30
Revised English Grammar, California State Series.....	.47	.55
Elementary Geography, California State Series.....	.50	.60
Advanced Geography, California State Series.....	1.02	1.20
Dole's The American Citizen.....	.83	.90
Brander-Matthews' Introduction to the Study of American Literature.....	1.00	1.10
Webster's Common School Dictionary.....	.70	.75
Normal Music Book, 1.....	.32	.35
Normal Music Book, 2, complete.....	.60	.65
Normal Music Book, 3, Introductory.....	.40	.45

	Our Prices	Other's Prices
Cross books wanted—		
The Natural Vertical System of copy books, Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6	.05	.07
The Natural Vertical System of copy books, Nos. 7, 8.....	..	.10
The Natural Vertical Spelling Book.....	.03	.05
Composition book, 7c ones for 5c; 5c ones for.....	.02 1/2	
Scratch tablets, 7c ones 5c; 5c ones 3c; 3c ones.....	.01	
Milne Element. Algebra.....	.60	.70
Allen and Greenough Latin Grammar.....	1.20	1.35
Thompson's New Short Course Drawing, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4.....	.08	.15
Thompson's New Short Course Drawing, Nos. 5, 6.....	.15	.20
Webster's Handy Dictionary.....	.15	.25
Egleston's 1st Book Amer. History.....	.60	.70
Heart of Oak, book 4.....	.45	.50
Walsh Higher Arithmetic.....	.65	.75
Thomas U. S. History.....	1.00	1.10
Montgomery's Leading Facts.....	1.00	1.10
American History.....	1.00	1.15
Sir Roger de Coverly.....	.20	.25
Snow Bound.....	.14	.15
Alhambra.....	.45	.50
Welsh English Composition.....	.60	.70

To make a comparison of our Wines with those you have been drinking. We want you to have FREE SAMPLES, so that you may judge for yourself. Purity, age and quality guaranteed.

30-year-old Angelica, Port, Sherry, Malaga or Madeira, really worth \$3.00; our price per gallon.....	\$1.50
5-year-old Port; some dealers ask 75c and 1.00 for an inferior grade; our price per gallon.....	50c
5-year-old Sherry, Angelica or Muscat, worth \$1.00; our price per gallon.....	65c
Old Sonoma Zinfandel, per gallon.....	40c
Our 8-year-old Plantation Whisky is prescribed by physicians, as it possesses rare medicinal properties; per quart bottle "A".....	75c
Our 19-year-old Plantation Whisky is the leading whisky of the world; per quart bottle "AA".....	\$1.00

We are sole agents for the celebrated Plantation Whisky, for the sick room.

Edward Germain Wine Co.

397-399 Los Angeles Street, cor. Fourth.

FREE DELIVERY. TEL. MAIN 919. NO BAR IN CONNECTION. OPEN EVENINGS.

GEO. A. RALPHS, 601 S. Spring. TELEPHONE Main 516.

OUR MOTTO—"Large values at little cost."

1 lb. Elgin Butter, Al.....	25c	1 doz. frost Eastern Eggs.....	20c
1 lb. Norwalk Butter.....	30c	2 doz. California Ranch Eggs.....	55c
2-lb. roll Gardena Butter.....	55c	1 quart New Cranberries.....	10c
1 lb. Cheese.....	15c	20 lbs. Sugar, cane.....	\$1.00

Carving Sets

Buy Cutlery in a Cutlery Store if you want reliable goods.

NEW BLADES PUT IN CARVERS.

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

Part I.—32 Pages.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1899.

Price, 5 Cents

THE OLD MAN CAN'T SEE IT THAT WAY.

This Paper not
to be taken from
the Library. ♦♦♦♦



John Bull to Gern Paul: "Say, old man, if you'll throw away that gun and level that fort I'll talk peace with you."

THE MAGAZINE SECTION.

SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION, though less than two years old, is an established success. It constitutes, regularly, Part I of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter, with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are topics possessing a strong Californian color and a piquant Southwestern flavor: Historical, Descriptive and Personal Sketches; Frank G. Carpenter's incomparable letters; the Development of the Great Southwest; Current Literature; Religious Thought; Timely Editorials; Scientific and Solid Subjects; Care of the Human Body; Romance, Fiction, Poetry, Art; Anecdote and Humor; Noted Men and Women; the Home Circle; Our Boys and Girls; Travel and Adventure; War Stories; Animal Stories; Fresh Pen Pictures, etc. Being complete in themselves, the weekly parts may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has 28 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 magazine pages of the average size. If desired, the parts may be bound at this office for a moderate price.

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ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

THE OUTLOOK FOR THE MAGAZINE SECTION.

It is less than two years since this part of the Los Angeles Sunday Times was established. It has been a favorite and a success from the first issue. It is today, not in its prime, but in a most promising and satisfactory condition, with a regular, sustained circulation of 35,000 copies weekly. Its pages are ample and plethoric, its contents fresh, varied, bright, interesting and up-to-date. The Magazine goes far and wide throughout the breezy, progressive and opulent Southwest. It is recognized as a publication suited to and representative of the expansive, picturesque and alluring land that slopes toward the setting sun and stops only where that sun sinks in the placid Pacific Sea.

The Los Angeles Times, including the Magazine Section, grows and expands with the country. It sets the pace, and will continue to advance, always heading the procession. New and striking improvements are in contemplation. Other strong, bright features will be added from time to time. Better printing and more profuse and perfect illustrations will mark the future appearance of the publication. Attractive letter-press, of which this is a specimen, will typify the Magazine.

The work of creating The Times was arduous; the success achieved has been distinct and pronounced; the present is satisfactory; the future shall be glorious.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

OUT upon the dark of that great past which lies upon the horizon of history, we look, with wide-open, questioning eyes, to see if we can discover the causes that have made the world what it is today. What was the first thought that led men toward freedom, toward self-government, a government "of the people, for the people and by the people?"

In the earlier ages of human history it is well known that "the unit of civil society was not the man, but the city." It is only about four hundred years since the individual man was accepted as the responsible unit of society. This doctrine of individualism has been the great molding factor of modern life. It has confronted us with the value of the man, and the responsibility and the rights of the man in civil affairs, and the transformation of modern life, so different in its civil polity from that of the ancients, may be directly traced to this irresistible spirit of individualism which has been so largely accepted by the modern world.

The individual man is no longer a mere vassal of the State, but he is the sovereign citizen, the maker and executor of its laws, the responsible unit upon whom its prosperity depends. The world was long in discovering the grandeur and the power of individual manhood. The ancient world died before this was done, and the Middle Ages were fast slipping into the old past before this impulse toward individualism was largely manifest.

It has very truly been said that "as soon as we admit that the individual is the primal entity or atom of society, we perceive, for the first time, that he has become a responsible force. For the first time he has a powerful incentive to strive primarily for himself, and he seeks all the advantages that come from such a condition. It implies the right to struggle alone, or, at will, to struggle with others. And this is the essential quality of human liberty."

But what shall we say of that principle that is manifesting itself so widely in the industrial affairs of life today, and which lays down its barriers against individual action, and which virtually says, "you must join the labor union, or I will not work with you, and you shall be estopped from all labor if it is in my power. You shall not put your own price upon your labor, even though your children are hungry and crying for bread, and if need be your efforts shall be stayed with blood."

The great difficulty here in America today is that we

have in our midst men who do not recognize the difference between liberty and license, nor the rights of the individual under our government. Individualism is the very essence of free government and the most pronounced characteristic of all modern history. Yet it has a right to legitimate combinations for industrial and other purposes under proper regulations and restraints, such as do not interfere with the liberties of others, nor with the law and good order of community.

As a people, we have yet great industrial problems to solve, a spirit of unrest and discontent to curb, and we need all the wisdom and statesmanship of the age to aid us. Our liberties must be regulated and restrained when wrongly exercised or they will degenerate into license. The individual, no less than the state, must recognize the laws that govern him, or he will make a travesty of human freedom. It has been truly said that "the free state, the free church, the free school are the triple armor of American nationality—of American security"—and having this strong armor, we need not fear the destruction of our free government, even in face of the occasional disturbances that assail us. A supreme measure of wisdom must control the direction of civil affairs, and enlightened statesmanship must be at the helm. Through these the troublous elements in civil life will gradually be eliminated or controlled, and we shall keep onward in the path of progress. Providence has yet more and grander work for the American people to accomplish for freedom and the race.

DESPICABLE JOURNALISM.

It is not surprising that foreign military officials visiting the United States have expressed astonishment at the course pursued by some of the newspapers of this country in their efforts to discredit the achievements of the American army. These papers, while generally making a pretense of acknowledging that our private soldiers are valorous men, criticize and assail those who direct their movements, beginning with the Commander-in-Chief and including with him those whom he has chosen to carry out the movements which he decides upon. In their efforts to belittle the success of the army, they of course cast odium upon all connected with it, and do all in their power to bring it into contempt in the eyes of the world.

The achievements of our army, both in the war with Spain and in that against the Filipino rebels, have been such as to command the admiration and respect of the whole foreign world, and that in spite of strong national prejudices against this country. Officers and men alike have cheerfully endured the severe hardships incident to campaigning in a tropical climate, in disease-breeding localities, and under other conditions necessarily the most trying; the operations have been conducted in new and strange fields, and obstacles have been encountered such as only those who have been actually present can appreciate; a large portion of the army has been made up of volunteer soldiers, who, while unsurpassed by any untrained men in the history of the world, were of necessity less efficient at the beginning of their service than after they had had the benefit of drill and discipline; and yet, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, our army has, all through both wars, achieved an almost uninterrupted series of victories, and won a right to honors as great as any ever accorded to the soldiers of any nation. And yet, astonishing as it may seem, there are newspapers published in this country—and which ought therefore to be proud of and glorify the achievements of our army—which descend to the despicable practice of attempting to belittle those achievements and bring contempt on our soldiers.

Of course this is not done openly and directly, but mainly by innuendo, and by criticism of the administration and of the general management of the war, but the spirit that is behind this dastardly carping is just as evident as was that which caused the ancestors of those copperheads at the time of the War of the Rebellion to call the Union soldiers "Lincoln's hirelings." These papers are doing all in their power to destroy the splendid reputation our army has achieved, and reports say the result is observable in the tone of the foreign press, which a few months ago almost without exception expressed surprise and admiration at what this nation had accomplished with its army and navy. Now it is said that not only the press of London and Paris, but that of the continent generally, is quoting the criticisms of the copperhead American papers and becoming contaminated with the same spirit. Of course, it is not of great importance whether the foreign press approves or disapproves of the conduct of our military campaigns, which are not affected by newspaper campaigns at home or abroad; but it is a source of chagrin to every patriotic American citizen to realize that there are journals in this country that are deliberately attempting to rob our army of the honors to which it is entitled by patriotic, self-sacrificing and successful service.

Disinterested expert observers, like Maj. William Lee, military attaché of the British Legation at Washington, who was with our forces in Cuba, and who has recently visited the Presidio and a number of other American military camps, do not hesitate to express their admiration for the methods which they have seen in operation in our army. Maj. Lee expressed to Gen. Corbin his gratification at what he had seen, and is quoted as saying that he considered the resources displayed, especially in the organization of the first ten regiments of volunteers for the Philippines, as remarkable, and the arrangements for their trans-

portation marvelous. And yet these presumptuous newspaper critics sit in their offices and shout, "Incompetency; give us a change!"

Nothing could be more despicable than the effort being made by these marplots to bring the Military Governor of the Philippine Islands, and through him the President of the United States, into disfavor. It matters not to these traitors that the Commander-in-Chief and the Military Governor, both of them trained military men, have knowledge of conditions of which others know nothing, and that it has been only through masterful direction that the army has been able to accomplish what it has accomplished; nor that competent and disinterested observers express unqualified approval of the military measures and policies that have been adopted. The venom in their nature must manifest itself, and they do not hesitate to direct it toward the most faithful defenders of the nation to which they profess allegiance. Fortunately, the number of these papers is comparatively few and their influence small, while vastly the greater and more influential portion of the press of the United States is loyal to the country and to its tried and true military leaders, as well as to the rank and file of the army. When the history of this period shall come to be written, the copperhead press of today will be given its proper place alongside the traitorous sheets in the North which attempted to bring the names of Lincoln and Grant into contempt and to cast aspersions on the Union army during the War of the Rebellion.

CURRENT EDITORIAL THOUGHT.

[Boston Globe:] So far from ending strife and assuring liberty as well as "the consent of the governed," the abandoning of Luzon by the American forces to Aguinaldo would be to precipitate a savage intertribal war for supremacy in the Philippines, in which victory might finally come—if no foreign authority intervened to cut short the reign of anarchy—to the tribal chief who had the most headmen under him, and who carried out most relentlessly a campaign of wholesale slaughter.

[Minneapolis Journal:] Rev. Dr. Barrows of Greenwich, Conn., the preacher who married Perry Belmont and Mrs. Sloane, was so severely criticised for marrying a divorced person that he took to his bed and died. It is fortunate that Dr. Barrows never tried to run a newspaper.

[Indianapolis Journal:] The new Secretary of War is making a good record in the appointment of officers for the new regiments. A majority of them are regular army officers, and the selections from the volunteer service are based entirely upon merit.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press:] It is doubtful if the public impression of French military honor will get straightened out again within the present generation. It seems to be a brand entirely different from that used by any other nation.

[New York Mail and Express:] One manufacturing firm in Chicago has sent 35,000 reapers, mowers and harvesters to Europe already this year, and its export contracts are not yet completed. This is one species of machine rule to which America offers no objection whatever.

[Boston Globe:] The preacher in Minneapolis, who told his congregation Sunday that not more than seven out of 100 church members were real Christians, had very likely been looking through the contribution box.

[Baltimore American:] Rumor says that the Russian wheat crop is once more a failure. In that even the American "man with the self-binder" will line his pockets again, and pay off a few more mortgages.

[Chicago Inter Ocean:] The inducements now offered to some of the French generals to die for the honor of the army are really greater than those extended to Col. Henry and his secretary.

[Chicago Times-Herald:] In Washington Mr. Reed was a national figure. In New York he will be a New York lawyer with a national career to look back on.

MORNING.

Oh, I do love to watch the morning wake.
In the wild woods among the mountain heights,
To see a new day spring from the great depths of night,
Swathed in the wondrous, ever-changing lights.

Which the still fingers of the pale-faced Dawn
Weaves mid the shadows as faint breezes stir,
Soft as a mother's breath amid the trees;
The birds wake with them and you hear the whirr.

Of many wings, and the soft twittering
From feathered throats which pour a tide of song,
Like some sky-river of sweet melody,
Flooding the world when the full day is born.

A few faint stars hang on the brow of morn,
Ere the sun rises and the shadows flee,
And Dawn with halting step climbs up afar
The starry steepers our eyes so faintly see.

Ah, with what smile from out the brightening east,
Looks the great sun at length upon the world!
The waters sing and all the forest trees,
With dewy diamonds are so swift imperaled.

And the sweet land breathes fragrance, ev'ry flower,
Hanging so fair upon its swaying stem,
Lifts its bright face to heaven and helps to weave,
For the new morn a perfumed diadem.

Each blade of grass looks fresher for the night,
As morn smiles down upon it, and the hills
Grow more resplendent, and like altars stand
Which God hath lit—the little rills

Seem to have learned new songs, with notes so sweet,
The echoes run to catch them as they fall,
The plummy reeds stand silent o'er the stream,
And faint sounds drop like music over all.

ELIZA A. OTIS.

Miss Beatrice Harraden's story, "The Fowler," has gone through three editions in this country, over eight thousand copies having been sold.

"The Man With the Hoe." By Robert J. Burdette.

That's Him.

NO?
Sho.
That so?
Yep; I'm him;
Jean Jim—
The Man with the Hoe,
An' the tale of woe.
Everybody knows me,
From San Berdoon plum' down to the sea;
An' sorry? Well—
Me too; just tell
I ain't never knowed
Till Markham showed,
What a tangle-root, flint-rock furrow I hoed.
Never would have done it,
Wouldn't of begun it,
O'ny,
Never dreamt it was goin' to be so stony.
I was wearin' out patches on the dome of my pants,
When this here chance
Of butterin' my bread with a hoe come by—
An' I jumped—oh my!
An' ever since then
I've worked eight hours an' I've slept 'bout ten.
My hands is hard as the ground is soft;
Tho' my eyes look down, my heart looks aloft;
An' I don't know
That a man with a hoe
Looks down any more at his work, do you,
Than a man writin' poetry has to do?
Mighty ragged hoein', when the hoeman's eyes
Wander around in the vaulted skies.
Sailor man that oncet I knowed,
Said he went best backward to the place he rowed;
Said, so far as he'd heard tell,
'Twas the only way to row fast and well.
So I reckon the man on the job knows best
How to make the work bring the sweetest rest.
If the man with the pen
Would pick up the hoe instead, why then,
The eighty-rod furrows, so even an' fine,
Would look like the lines in this poem of mine.
For I know
That man can't hoe.
An' he knows
I can't even write prose.
But hillin' corn isn't half so hard
As spinnin' out blank verse rhymes by the yard;
This hoe of mine?
The edge is keen an' the temper is fine—
Shave ye with it. The handle springs
Under yer hand like a thing with wings.
And say—
An easier job with better pay,
You won't pick up fer many a day.
Not fer me;
Because, ye see
Nigh all the land that lays 'long here
Is mine, an' it's been mine seven year.
How did I git it? Well, you know,
I paid fer the most of it with this hoe.

Transplanted Things.

My boy, there are some things that grow excellently well, or very badly, according to their nature—because the healthier a bad thing is, the worse it flourishes—which do not transplant successfully. There are hundreds or thousands of people from the East who admire the pepper trees of Southern California, as everybody must, who sees them. And again and again the enthusiastic tourist carries home slips and roots of the pepper tree, and plants them in October; say about October 5. The first autumnal hailstorm strikes the tender plant about the 9th of the month. There is a light snow on the 15th, and a sweeping storm of sleet and cold rain along about the 20th. But the first real snow-storm of the year—four feet deep on the level and twelve and a half in the drifts—doesn't strike the climate—they call it climate, you know—until Thanksgiving day, so as to make it sort of seasonable for the old folk, who had their fingers and toes frozen off in the best old winter they can remember. Well, as everybody knows and the confiding tourist discovers, the pepper tree pines away under this treatment, and by the time the spring returns with apple blooms and nesting robins and the flight of the swallows and things of that sort, the hole where the pepper tree was planted is an icicle so hard that you might strike fire out of it with a flint. You might, I say. If you could. Good many things you might do, if you could. There are some things that will grow in one climate that do not migrate. Oranges have never been much of a crop in Vermont. Maple sugar isn't an industry in San Diego. Even in Florida the oranges—but it is brutal to put such a thought in speech; let alone in print. Let it stand unfinished, then, as a monument to our own magnanimity, erected to ourselves, by ourselves, at our own expense. "Even in Florida, the oranges."

Misfits.

You remember no doubt, my son; if you can't your father and grandfather can—I know you cannot—that our juvenile literature used to be entirely transplanted. And you can't remember how poorly it flourished. I used to try to understand the song of the skylark. I grew to manhood before I discovered that we had no such a bird in America. The meadow-lark—ah, if our poets had only sung of him. The meadow-lark—I knew him from boyhood. He is dearly loved of me now. The cheeriest songster that wears feathers and sings with a voice that is uncultivated because it is perfect. I have driven over the great prairies in the Dakotas in the cold spring rains. Sitting in the tuft of dead grasses, with the slanting lines of rain sweeping about him, did his voice lose the cheeriness of his song? Never a tremor in it. As we drove by, he would lift his head, and empty his little goblet full of silver flute notes—calling to us with the brightest greeting; sunshine and cloud all the one to him—"Did you ever see a better rain in all your life? A dollar in every drop!" A true wheat-lander, he. In all—well nearly all other bird songs, there is somewhere a note of sadness; a minor strain, something plaintive and pathetic. Never in the song of the meadow-lark, it is joyous, sweet, exhilarating, cheering from "Hallelu-

jah" to "Amen." Now, there was a lark for American poets to sing about. But the "desk-chirpers" didn't know there was such a bird. They knew of no lark but Shelley's, and they tried to import him, and transplant him. And the boys in the country tried to make the lines fit the only lark we knew. And they "fit" him—literally, they did. About as an Englishman's clothes fit anybody. And so they planted "yew trees" and "hawthorn hedges" all over the land—in their books. And they made the bad boys break through a farmer's hedge to get at his fruit, when at that time there wasn't a hedge around a farm in all this United America. And it took us a long, long time to find that we had beautiful birds and trees and flowers of our own to write about. Things that grow wild here, and grow wild nowhere else as they do in our native soil.

We imported our villains, our crimes; our plots. We found old wills hidden away in secret drawers of old, old "secretaries," not old men, son—the secretary was a combination clothes-closet, sideboard and desk. We had to find old wills 300 years old, formally witnessed and attested at the time they were drawn, in counties not 30 years old, and we had to put rambling, old, gloomy stone mansion houses with secret passages, dating back to 1564, on ground that wasn't discovered until 1849. And all this was a sort of strain upon our faculties of adjustment. The eternal fitness of things went into spasms every other page, but we didn't know what else to do. And we kind of got into the way of thinking that if it wasn't so, it ought to be. It was hard sledding to write a good, blood-curdling, hoary-headed old ghost story about a house that had never had but one tenant, and still wore its first coat of paint, fresh as a Sunday shirt on Monday morning. "There is one thing," I once heard the venerable president of a theological seminary say to his class, "that God can't do." And the young men looked horrified. "He can't make an old table," said the doctor. "He can make a table, but it wouldn't be old." And our first brood of American poets and novelists tried to do what Omnipotence can't—they tried to create "old things." And you can see how mismatched everything was.

Back Numbers.

Now, we haven't quite got over that habit, yet. Although a man may read in a Book that never made a mistake, that "No man putteth new cloth into an old garment," sometimes we do that very thing. And we find, just what we were told would be the case, that the rent is made worse. That's the objection I have to the doctrines of "The Man with the Hoe," my son. It doesn't fit. It no more belongs to America—and when I say America, I mean Southern California, with all the contiguous territory lying between Quoddy Head, Me., and the last village occupied by our troops in the Philippines—"The Man with the Hoe" no more belongs to America than does the painting that suggested it. Did you ever see such a man in the United States? Did you ever see such shoes? And, did you—since the Creator gave you eyes—did you ever see such a hoe? Of course not. Clothes, man, head, feet and hoe all belong together—and they don't belong here. And, anywhere on earth you find that sort of a man, with that kind of a head, and you'll find him using that sort of a hoe. I think they are twins. There are places on this continent where they reap wheat with a sickle—the old-fashioned reaping hook. And if you happened along in that part of the continent when the wheat was in the milk, long before it was ready to cut, and met a few of the representative people of the county, you would write home to your mother, without asking any questions, without ever seeing a sickle, "They harvest their wheat up here, by getting down on their hams, collaring a handful of it at a time, and sawing it off with a sickle." You would just know it, son.

There are places where the road wagon is made of a pole for an axle, stuck through two sections of a saw log, for wheels. Now if you went to that district, son, and arrived after dark, and did not see any of the cattle, or any of the vehicles, if you had never been in the land before, and only met half a dozen of the people, before you went to bed, you would write home to your father, "I will have a hard trip tomorrow, because the only sort of a wagon they have in this country is made of a pole stuck through two sections of a saw log." You would be certain of it. On the other hand, if you landed in New York or Chicago or Los Angeles, before you had been ashore fifteen minutes, you would wire the old folk at home, "Am just going out for a spin in an automobile." What's the use of wasting good tears over a farm hand on an American farm because he wears wooden shoes weighing four pounds each, a wooden hoe weighing nine pounds, and a ditto head weighing three and one-half ounces? The American farm hand isn't built that way. He doesn't cry very much over himself, and he only swears when the woman of the house has used his hoe to break coal or split wood with, or when she swipes it from the tool shed and uses it for a clothes prop. He has his trials, but these are about the heaviest of them.

Up to Date.

Why, his hoe is a work of art. I looked into a tool-house on a small farm, the other day, and counted five hoes of various patterns, each one for different things, and the rancher told me that the others the men had out in the fields at work. So I didn't see much of a variety after all. Ah, my son, if you try to do all your work with one hoe, you will have something to cry about, sure enough. If you try to cut a ten-foot swath with a four-foot ewing, there's going to be a misfit, sure. You'll have to remember the advice of the Irishman to his son in a fight, "Yer too short in the reach, Teddy—lengthen it wid a brick." You can't cultivate a sixty-acre farm with a ten-acre hoe. You can't wear \$50 clothes on a \$40 salary. If you work with a four-ounce head, you are certain to use a nine-pound hoe. What that Man with the Hoe wants to do is to invert himself. Work with his brains awhile, and his hoe will grow lighter.

Extras Every Hour.

The great trouble we have with the Man with the Hoe here in America, my boy, if it may be called a trouble, is to keep him at his hoe. After he hoes a few years, instead of getting a slant in his forehead, as though his head was a "lean-to" of some inhuman sort, he drops his hoe and mounts a sulky plow. And once

having the taste of an easier and quicker way of doing his work better, he never wants to walk on the ground again. I can remember when the horses and cows on the farm were pretty well matched in speed, but the cows could jump higher. Now the farm horse takes his place in the "agricultural horse trot" at the county fair, and shows the livery rigs from town how it is done. And the cow? She will stand at the bars until the last rail is laid down. And even then, if she be exceedingly well bred, she won't step over it if you lay it on the ground; you have to take it clear out of the way, and then she walks through the gateway like a lady, looking around to see that nobody watches her. I know what I'm talking about, my boy. I used to be the Man with the Hoe myself. Just about the time I had begun to think that raking after a cradle—you never saw a cradle, did you, son?—was the hardest work on all this round earth, the McCormick reaper came rattling and humming into the country; the man ahead of me dropped his cradle, and it rusted and moldered into the dust just where he dropped it. His head was lined with brains, and his shoes were made of leather. He didn't wear a pair of chopping blocks on his feet. And the boy who took my place on the farm? Did he pick up my rake and rake after? Not much! Being the right kind of a boy—an American boy—he didn't wear anything on his feet, and he made the reaper do its raking; and another boy came along and taught the machine how to do its own binding; and somebody else taught it how to thresh. And where was the Man with the Hoe all this time? Well, if he wore wooden shoes and a nine-pound hoe, he stayed on the ground, just where he had been ever since he was born, and where that kind of a man always will be, until he gets under it. That sort of a hoe, my boy, is a ground anchor to any man.

What's the Matter With the Man With the Hoe?

And what became of the other Man with the Hoe? Oh, I don't know, my son, what became of all of them. They made their records in one way and another, but not by crying all over themselves. There was one, long ago, a man with a surveyor's transit; his name was Washington; he went into the army and got to be President before he died. And there was another, the man with the printer's stick, a fellow named Franklin; he sort of went into politics and electricity, and one thing and another; he wasn't the kind of a man to sit down and howl over the linotypes. And one named Jackson—he was the Man with the Hoe; now let me tell you, his father didn't even own the ground he hoed—he was a renter; and Jackson he laid down his hoe and went into the President business. And there was another, named Lincoln, the man with the mail-mailed rails when nothing better offered—grew up on a farm in the "crick bottoms," down in Southern Illinois and Indiana. He went into the President business, and gave about four million men the right to use their own hoes, which was the dearest and highest right they asked and prayed for; and—oh, well, just read over the lives of the men with hoes, and hammers, and tailors' thimbles, and handsaws, and yardsticks, towlines, and all sorts of things by which men with strong hands and clear brains and honest hearts earn bread for themselves and their little ones, and you'll see what becomes of the Man with the Hoe in this country, my son. And where will you find the "Lives of the Men with Hoes," etc.? In a book called the History of the United States, my boy. In two volumes. First volume, of 425 pages, covers the period from the discovery of the continent by Columbus down to the beginning of the Spanish war. Second volume, being an account of the battle of San Juan, 98,754 pages, and still going, you might postpone reading until after death. Because it will kill you if you do read it, anyhow.

He's All Right.

And don't you worry any more about the Man with the Hoe, my son. Labor does have its wrongs, and all right-hearted, and right-thinking men are doing what they can to make easier the way of the worker. And the best thing they can do for him is to get work for him to do. To protect him and his against the tyranny of wealth. Not to get him easier work—for my days with the hoe were the easiest days and the sweetest nights, with the happiest dreams I ever had in my life—but to make his work a daily joy to him. And it doesn't do him any good, my boy, to hold up before the intelligent American worker, a hideous picture of a wooden-headed troglodyte, with a hoe like an old-fashioned ore-crusher, a face so blank and stupid that it doesn't even look despairing, and say to him—our Man with the Hoe—our man, who can read, who takes a daily paper, whose children go to school, who has books on the "center table" in his home, who discusses politics, religion and sociology and theology, who can drop his hoe, pick up a rifle, and when the war is over resume his hoe, who is as good a soldier as he is a farmer, and can talk as well as his Congressman—"This is you." It isn't, my boy; and it never was him. And instead of weeping over such a picture of himself, he ought to drop his hoe long enough to pick up a clod and smash the caricature out of its frame. And if he thinks he really is that sort of a creature, I say again, he wants to invert himself.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

A NEWSPAPER TOWN.

[Chicago Tribune:] Murphysboro, Ill., stands pre-eminent, not only among the cities and towns of the United States, but of the world, in the number of daily and weekly newspapers in proportion to its population. Within the corporate limits of this city are published four daily and three weekly newspapers, namely: Murphysboro Daily Era, Daily Independent, Daily Republican, Daily Bulletin, Jackson County Era, Weekly Independent and Weekly Republican. The official census of 1890 gave the city's population as 3880.

IN KANSAS.

[Chicago Tribune:] "How much longer," asked the tourist from the East, tired of the monotony of the journey, "have we got to travel through this dense forest?"

"All the way across the State," responded the conductor. "This isn't a forest. It's a cornfield." "Gracious heaven!"

OOM PAUL'S MEN.

THEY GO INTO BATTLE WITH PRAYERS
ON THEIR LIPS.

By a Special Contributor.

THE Transvaal Boer is always ready to fight at any minute of the day, and he may be at it before this article is printed. He carries his rifle on his shoulder and a piece of bit tong in his pocket, mouching around over the veldt so that if a field cornet gallops up to tell him that war has been declared, he may start for the front instant.

Prospect of an occasion to use his rifle has ever sent a gleam into the ordinarily dull eye of the Boer and made of him a changed man. Whether the object be a human being or a wild duck matters not to him, his one thought being to glance along a gleaming barrel and hit small objects at long range. When he shoots at a British soldier, therefore, he first examines him carefully to see if he is an officer, and then picks out some particular button or conspicuous part of the uniform on which to rest his sight.

He does this partly from force of habit, just as he aims at the white breast of a duck, though it is an unwritten order in Boer warfare to kill the officers or chiefs, if possible. When the captain or commandant sees an officer it is his plan to select about six of the best marksmen available to fire simultaneously at him. The higher the rank the better. The man so carefully selected may be regarded as doomed. At Majuba Hill the Boers did not even spare Gen. Sir George Colley.

To an American these methods may seem cold-blooded and cruel, but it must be remembered that the Transvaal burghers hate the English as they do the dreaded black spiders that invest the country and always refer to the British soldier as Ruineks or "red-necks."

There are two explanations of this sobriquet. One is that when the English came to the Cape an old Dutchman noticed that when John Bull got mad he swelled and grew red about the neck. In the Transvaal they say the name arose, when British dragons were quartered there, from the red coat collars which made the uniform conspicuous.

Defiance That Leads to Death.

For the English the Boers have framed this particular def: "If you will have our country, take it; but it shall be over our bodies and the ash heaps of our property and goods." Paul Kruger himself is the author of the catch phrase which was embodied in the celebrated third proclamation made in 1881 when the British were hectoring the old farmers. It was no idle threat or dramatic bluff. Any one who has seen these long-legged weather-beaten plainmen get together at a rally has realized immediately that they would never give up their country until all were wiped out, men, women and children.

The commandant general of the Boer forces is Piet Joubert, a man 68 years old, with a string of military victories extending over one-half of a century. In the history of the Transvaal he has borne almost as important a part as Paul Kruger. Until this present agitation there existed a strong rivalry between the two. For three successive times Kruger was elected President by a small majority over Joubert, and since boyhood they have contested neck and neck for various honors. When it comes to fighting the English, however, they are united.

Joubert has long been the military head of the nation, and is recognized to be the best fighter and tactician in the country. He has divided the Transvaal into seventeen districts for mobilization purposes, each district being under a commandant. These districts are, in turn, subdivided under the commands of field cornets. While Joubert is the commander in chief he still is subject to the orders of the Volksraad and President Kruger, and makes no important moves without their consent.

Always Ready for War.

In spite of the Boers being badly scattered over all the Transvaal, the whole nation can be mobilized in two or three days, a proceeding which probably cannot be duplicated by any other country. This is possible owing to the Boer's constant equipment in light marching order. The moment that Kruger decides to declare war Joubert either telegraphs or sends relays of messengers to each commandant. This officer promptly notifies the several field cornets in his district, and the latter either dispatch their assistants who gallop here and there on the veldt surrounding the tocsin, or else make bonfires at night and pillars of smoke by day, the prearranged signals for war.

From a dull, apathetic, ill-kept and lazy dreamer, the Boer is then transformed into a quick-witted, cunning and energetic being.

The Transvaal burgher, indeed, is a most peculiar combination of phlegmatic Dutchman and a wildly excited Latin. On the veldt he will loaf around in the sun and only move to reload his pipe. In the Raad chambers the sergeant-at-arms oftentimes is unable to maintain order. The members leap around throwing their arms, shout and carry on like a session of anarchists.

It is on the rifles of these old country Boers that Kruger mostly depends. On the night that news reached him of the Jameson raid in December, 1895, there was consternation at Pretoria. The first dispatch said that 3000 British troops had crossed the border, and then a second, sent by the English as a decoy, stated that the troops were only the Chartered Company's police making a short cut. Joubert wanted to take the few cannon that were in Pretoria and go out to meet the invaders.

"Oh, no, Piet," said Oom Paul. "Don't you suppose 200 of our old farmers with their rifles can stop 2000 ruineks?"

The result proved that Kruger was right. The whole force that fought Jameson consisted of 400 men in two divisions, summoned in a few hours from the open veldt. Jameson began the attack with artillery. The old plainmen laughed at this.

"Every man take a rock," ordered Commandant Cronje, and the farmers dodged behind rocks and trees.

How the Boers Fight.

At the proper moment they advanced in Indian skirmish in two divisions, opening a deadly fire at 500 yards. The reformers then cut loose with Maxims, but for once the machine guns which have been used to mow down

the African natives, were of no avail. The Boers were so scattered that they evaded the bullets. Jameson finally opened with a 12-pounder, but Cronje told off twenty Boers to kill the gunners, which they did with precision and accuracy. That practically ended the fight.

The strength of the Boers as a military nation lies in the fact that nearly every man possesses innate wariness, and is himself a general. This man Cronje, who captured the raiders, was not a celebrated warrior, yet he took hold of a campaign on a moment's notice, mapped out his plans, quickly led on Jameson until he had him surrounded, and then went at him.

Until the last four years Kruger had taken no precautions against a siege, relying entirely on open warfare. After the Jameson raid, however, he began to follow the example of more advanced nations. The first step was to erect forts at Johannesburg and Pretoria. The former now reposes under the brow of strong fortifications. There are six forts altogether, and they command a broad expanse of country. In these he has placed long-range rifle guns of French and German patterns and numerous quick-firing guns. He has filled four warehouses with arms and made secret preparations, which include long tunnels underneath the gold fields, so that the town of Johannesburg can be destroyed by one train of powder, for the motto of the Boers is the same as that of William of Prague: "Rather a ruined country than no country."

Pretoria's Four Forts.

Pretoria is guarded by four forts, one at each of the four corners of the town. Heavy guns of the Krupp make are installed here under the direction of German, Holland and French officers. Men have been drilled to train these guns effectively, and the town is supplied with provisions to withstand a long siege.

The latter method has been the favorite one spoken of by the English to conquer the Boers. The Transvaal is such a poor country that wild animals cannot exist in some parts of it, and the British experts have always said that to starve the burghers would be the easiest way of subduing them. Kruger has provided against this in some measure by building a great granary, where meat and canned food are stored in large quantities. He has little fear of such a pass, however, and to the writer recently said that the English might "build a wall around them high as Jericho," and then he and his people could live comfortably for twenty years.

The old Boers do not worry much about being starved out, for a Boer can do more work on less food than any other human being, if he wants to. He is accustomed to living on the veldt for weeks with no nourishment but a long strip of dried meat, called bit tong, coffee and mealies. What he most dreads is to be deprived of coffee, which fluid the Boer drinks black, and so hot that, as he says, if he spits it on his dog it will take the hair off. Mealies is a species of corn, very nourishing, which is raised in large quantities in South Africa. It is cooked like oatmeal until the kernels are soft, and then eaten with salt or milk and sugar.

On a campaign the Boers observe very strict rules. If a man fires after the order is given to cease, the commandant fines him. Every night the lights are put out early and the men turn in behind the laager. This a circular impromptu fortification made by lashing all the wagons together, and affords a good protection against bullets. Their method when attacked is to send out a line at double quick, drop to the knees, take steady aim and fire, rushing back to the laager, then, to give way to a second party. They have always been successful in native warfare this way, but against trained English soldiers with machine guns they would have small chance.

Don't Fear a Long Campaign.

A long campaign is no hardship to the Boer. When the alarm comes the women of the house, and nearly every Boer has a family of ten, twelve or eighteen, of whom two-thirds are girls, get him half a dozen pieces of bit tong and a supply of coffee and tobacco, while the boys saddle and equip the best horses in the stable. Of course every lad who can stand a march also goes to the front, for the Boer children are taught to use a rifle at an early age, and it is a common sight to meet on the open veldt two or three strapping girls swinging along with a rifle on the lookout for hartbeeste or turkey buzzards.

In fact, the women count on doing their share of the fighting. Since the Boers left Cape Colony in 1836 the feminine portion have been accustomed to loading a rifle behind the laager and if necessary firing it at a black face. In case of war with the English they are supposed to look after the flocks and herds and defend the homestead, and every Boer hut in the Transvaal in war time is a fortified blockhouse defended by a company of girls and boys with the mother of the home in command.

What they most fear is an uprising of the natives, the very thought of which gives every white person in South Africa a chill of horror. If a chieftain should arise with the ability of Dingoon or Jehaka at the time when the English and Boers were at war the consequences would be too horrible to think of. With the bloodthirsty nature of the North American Indian and surpassing him in vicious cruelty, the African natives could wipe out the whole population of South Africa, so greatly do they outnumber them.

A Vast Horde of Vicious Natives.

Thus Mr. Kruger counts on being able to muster at the very most 65,000 men in the Transvaal and Orange Free State, but around him are 367,000 natives, little better than savages, who are only waiting for an opportunity to massacre white men, not being particular whether they are Boers or English. The English town of Durban, Natal, contains 40,000 white persons. Just north of them are 500,000 Zulus, who are the bravest black fighters in South Africa. No one knows what attitude the blacks would take in case of an English-Boer war, but both Queen Victoria and Oom Paul dread an uprising in this quarter.

As a fighter the Boer is a mixture of strategy and religion. Before going into battle each captain leads his troops in prayer, for the Boer children are brought up on the Heidelberg catechism, and the first thing they learn is the answer to the question: "What is the only comfort in life and in death?" The army then joins in singing "Old Hundred," "every man," as one Englishman described it, "trying to outdo the other in slowness of time, each note being prolonged for at least six beats." The religion injunctions are not forgotten on the march and travel on the Sabbath day is tabooed as much as possible. Oom Paul's preeminence in the nation is due to his piety as much as anything else, and when he was commandant-general and military leader he could get a following by raising his hand. The Boers are almost as great fanatics in war as the Mohammedans, though their natural strategy prevents them from recklessly destroying themselves. Kruger rose to fame by

taking hold of a campaign against the natives in which his predecessor had failed. This man did not belong to the Dopper Church, which is the ultra-orthodox branch of the Dutch Reformed that is in the ascendant there. The Boers said the Lord was against the other leader on account of his heresy.

A Boer military camp, however, is not entirely devoid of recreation. Shooting at a mark is always in order and the young men indulge in a rough sport that sometimes proves serious. They call it "throwing the ox-hide," and it consists in tossing a man up in the air just as the American soldiers do with a blanket. About a dozen chaps grab the edges of an ox-hide and from this throw a comrade in the air so high that when he strikes again he is unconscious and perhaps has broken a few bones.

Wonderful Marksmen.

There is no doubt about the skill of a Boer with the rifle, though the English contend that the new generation has deteriorated vastly in this respect. This may be true of those young men who are growing up in the towns, but of those who live on the open veldt this cannot be said. It is common to see them while riding at a good pace drop a bird on the wing at 100 yards. In killing an ox for meat on the march more than one bullet is never used.

Tommy Atkins dreads the Boer. There is such a cold unfeeling crack to his rifle that makes the English soldier pale, for he knows the bullet is coming straight for the center of his belt. Fighting against the Matabele or Bechuana is not such a dangerous matter. The machine guns do most of the work and the only reply is a scattered volley of assegais and slugs. Kruger and Joubert know this and count on this shrinking dread to keep the English troops at a distance. Heretofore this has been done.

Victors in Battles.

Five battles has Joubert had with British troops. The number of troops engaged on each side at these various engagements have varied between 250 and 1500. At Laing's Nek the English lost 190, the Boers 24; at Ingogo the British loss was 142, the Boer 17; at Mojuba Hill the British loss was 280, the Boer 5; at Bronkhorst Spruit, the British lost 120, the Boers 1, and in the Jameson raid 100 Reformers fell while the Boers lost but 5. Thus while the English troops have suffered in their fights with the Boers to the extent of 832 men, the Transvaal farmers' loss has been but 52 and at this rate they believe they can at least maintain a long war with the English.

A war with the Boers will prove a costly proceeding to England, for Kruger's first move will be to rush over the border to Kimberley and wreck the diamond mines that have produced \$400,000,000 worth of diamonds in twenty-five years. There is a militia regiment at Kimberley, but it is not strong or well armed and they could not withstand an attack by the Boers. The Johannesburg mines he could destroy at his leisure. They produce \$125,000,000 worth of gold every year and are owned almost entirely by Englishmen.

Laing's Nek is a pass in the Drakensberg Mountains and it is the key to Natal. It is Kruger's plan to secure this, and from there ravish the colony of Natal. It would be easy for him to destroy the railroad communications as the Nek is pierced by a tunnel 2113 feet long and the Natal Railroad worms its way around mountain peaks at a great height and one sortie would suffice to destroy its usefulness.

The Boer raad has been experimenting in the last two years with devices to utilize the railroads in the Transvaal in event of war, and to this end have employed skilled engineers to construct fortified cars consisting simply of a steel bed with an oval covering of wrought steel. This hood is large enough to contain a company of sharpshooters, who fire from portholes, and a large quantity of ammunition. It is intended to operate these modern Trojan horses on the various lines running out from Johannesburg. Kruger has been progressive in recent years with regard to railroads, and the systems in the Transvaal compare favorably with those of Cape Colony. One line connects at Volksrust with the Natal line; another runs south through South Orange Free State connecting with the Cape Colony road; a third runs northward to Petersburg; a fourth goes directly eastward to Delagoa Bay in Portuguese territory, while a short line has just been completed which makes connections with Cecil Rhodes's Cape to Cairo system, westward from Johannesburg. The country is thus fairly well covered with railroad lines and if the iron cars prove serviceable they could be operated in all directions from the capital.

J. M. G.

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HIS GENTLE REVENGE ON OUIDA.

[Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post:] When Kipling's name began to be the synonym for the most modern note in fiction, Ouida wrote to the London Times, the paper that had virtually introduced Kipling to the world:

"He has neither knowledge of style nor common acquaintance with grammar, and should be whipped and put in a corner like a naughty child for his impudence in touching pen and ink without knowing how to use them."

Later the gods gave Kipling his opportunity for revenge, and although the authorship of the following characterization has never been told till now, there seems to be no reason why the story should be withheld and the kinder side of Kipling's nature thereby exploited.

"Ouida," he wrote, "is a cynical, yellow woman in a lilac frock, who drinks tea and brandy, and smokes cigarettes; the world to her is as hollow as a sucked egg, bitter as green nuts; but there are certain people in the slums of Florence who could tell rare stories of her generosity and kindness. She smokes and smokes, and says nothing of her numerous charities. 'Never speak of your good deeds,' she says, 'or someone may find out your motive.'"

A PRETTY WEDDING CUSTOM.

[Lima Letter in the Chicago Record:] There is a pretty wedding custom at Peru—the origin and the significance I could not learn. Some say it is a Biblical and others that it is an old Moorish custom. It is customary for the padrino or godfather of the groom to hand the padrina or godmother of the bride a tray containing thirteen pieces of money. It may be gold or it may be silver, but there must be thirteen pieces, because Christ and the twelve apostles make that number. The godfather hands the tray to the bride and she hands it to the priest and the priest spends the money for charity.

DEWEY'S WELCOME.

HOW THE ADMIRAL WILL BE RECEIVED
BY THE NAVY.

By a Special Contributor.

THE conqueror of Spain's naval force in the Far East will be formally received and saluted on Thursday next by Rear-Admiral Sampson, in command of a welcoming squadron of impressive might. Flags will flutter, trumpets will blare, drums will beat, and bands will play, but above all will burst the thundering roar of the saluting guns. It will be a tribute of peaceful congratulation to the victor, and beyond that a nation's expression of love and honor for her son, whose gallant deeds brought an hostile power to its knees.

This naval pageant will be a brilliant one, indeed. Second in power only to the fleet which destroyed Cervera's squadron will be the force gathered off Sandy Hook to receive the hero of the Philippines. There will be thirteen regular men-of-war, representing all types of vessels in the service save the protected cruiser, together with five of the revenue-cutter-service craft, in token of the gallant record made by that arm of our defense during the recent conflict. The vessels composing Admiral Sampson's squadron will be his flagship, the New York, the armored cruiser Brooklyn, the battleships Indiana and Massachusetts, the second-class battleship Texas, the gunboat Marietta, which accompanied the Oregon on her memorable run around the Horn, the gunnery training ship Lancaster, which during the war served as station ship at the Key West naval base, the

four ruffles, the bugles will give four flourishes, and the officers and men present in sight will salute. Rear-Admiral Sampson, with his personal staff, and Capt. Chadwick, commander of the New York, will be at the starboard gangway of the cruiser to receive the admiral, the side ladder being manned by eight apprentices. Here, again, the full marine guard will be paraded and the crew drawn up as for inspection. The admiral's flag will be hoisted, the band will play a march, the bugles and drums will sound the prescribed ruffles and flourishes, the marines will present arms, and the officers and men in sight will salute.

Again, after the brief social relaxation, the admiral will depart with a duplication of his reception honors, but with the additional features of the rails being manned by the crew while the guns give a salute of seventeen blasts. As he passes the other ships upon his return to the Olympia, their rails or yards, as the case may permit, will be manned, the marines will again be paraded, and his flag saluted as before, and, in response, the crew of the admiral's gig will "toss" their oars, that is, cease rowing and raise them to an upright position, while the coxswain will rise and return the salute.

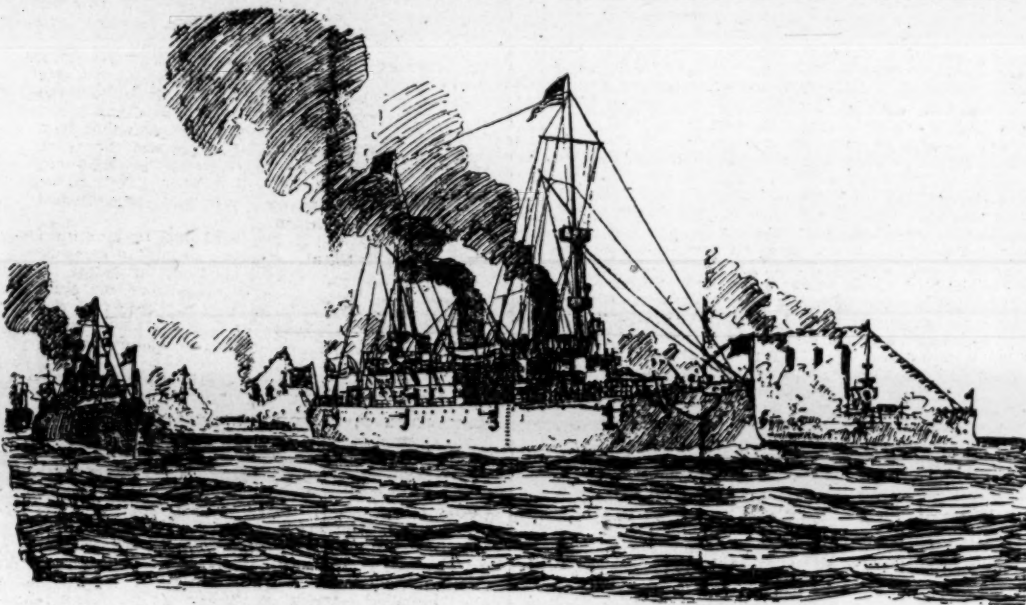
With all its glitter of gold lace, flutter of flags, roaring of guns, and sounding of martial music, such will be the naval reception following immediately upon the admiral's arrival.

Dewey Will Command the Squadron.

Being senior, of course, to Rear-Admiral Sampson, Admiral Dewey will assume command of the squadron, and the fleet will be under his order until he formally relinquishes control upon the assumption of the other duties to which he falls heir by virtue of his exalted rank.

The arrangements made by Rear-Admiral Sampson and Capt. R. D. Evans with the New York committee contemplate next the call of Mayor Van Wyck and Gen. Butterfield, of the Citizens' Committee, and they will make known to the admiral the final plans, and request his pleasure. Admiral Dewey will then determine whether or not he will come ashore.

The naval parade will occur on Friday, the 29th inst. The Olympia, with Admiral Dewey, will lead the column, and the rear will be brought up by the New York flying Rear-Admiral Sampson's flag. All of the warships, with the exception of the Olympia, will be dressed. Along



THE OLYMPIA'S HOME-COMING.

revenue cutters Algonquin, Onondaga, Gresham, Manning and Windom, and the torpedo-boat flotilla, consisting of the Dupont, Porter, Morris, MacKenzie, Stiletto and the Winslow.

Will Make Sandy Hook Reverberate.

As the Olympia comes within signaling distance, the rest of the ships, following the lead of the New York according to their stations, will run up the admiral's four-starred flag of blue and salute it with seventeen guns apiece, and for a half an hour the neighborhood of Sandy Hook will reverberate with the boom of those welcoming rifles.

It had been desired by the New York committee that the old Constitution—that doughty relic of 1812—should form part of the receiving squadron, but the Navy Department wisely declined to risk the old craft upon the uncertain sea, and the committee has contented itself with the New Hampshire, the flagship of the New York battalion of the Naval Militia, as the representative of the old navy in this ceremony.

Immediately after the salute has been fired, Rear-Admiral Sampson, in his gig, will repair to the starboard side of the Olympia, where he will be received by Admiral Dewey, Capt. Lambertson, the commanding officer of the ship, and such other officers as the admiral may designate in addition to his personal staff. The side will be "piped," the full marine guard will be paraded. As Rear-Admiral Sampson reaches the deck, officers and men will salute, the marine guard will present arms, the drums will give two ruffles, the bugles will blare a like number of flourishes, while the band will play a march. Rear-Admiral Sampson will then make the proper representation of welcome to Admiral Dewey. There will then be a short period during which official etiquette will give way for the social side of the function when a little "something" will be stowed away "under the belt" of those full-dress togs. Upon his departure, Rear-Admiral Sampson will be ceremonially handed over the side, with the same formalities attending his reception, only augmented, however, by a salute of thirteen guns.

Will Return Sampson's Call.

A short while after Rear-Admiral Sampson has returned to the New York, Admiral Dewey, accompanied by Capt. Lambertson and the two officers of his personal staff, will start for the New York to return Rear-Admiral Sampson's visit. As he passes by the other ships of the receiving squadron, each will parade its marine guard in a conspicuous position, the drums will give

the flank will be the torpedo-boat flotilla. The stationing of the flag officers in the front and in the rear is in accordance with naval regulations, which require the senior to be in the van and the junior in the rear, in order, if the squadron turn, that there shall always be a flag officer to assume the lead.

A channel, 400 yards wide, will be kept clear in order that there may be no danger of collision. The only boats, under the arrangement made, that will be permitted to sail abreast and out of the line will be the Sandy Hook, carrying the Mayor and city officials, the Glen Island and Gen. Slocum, with the Citizens' Committee, the Mount Hope, with the Municipal Assembly, the Sam Sloan, for the heads of the city departments of New York, and the Matteawan for visitors and press representatives.

Following the warships will come the yachts, the Erin belonging to Sir Thomas Lipton, the cup challenger, leading. After the yachts will come the tugs and other decorated harbor craft, making in all, a line of quite six or seven miles in length. On this occasion, in contradistinction to the strictly official greeting at Sandy Hook, will be heard the cheering cries of an enthusiastic populace. Cheers are not considered in good form in naval etiquette, but it is safe to say every throat on the receiving squadron will ache to give vent to that welcoming greeting which must be clothed in the strictest of regulation ceremonial.

Off Grant's tomb, the Olympia will anchor and fire a salute of twenty-one guns, and then all the excursion boats will circle around her in order that every one may have a good view of the former flagship of the Asiatic Squadron and of the man whose work is a shining example of the deeds of American naval leaders.

R. G. SKERRETT.

ELEPHANTINE FEET.

A story is being told, which may or may not be true, about a rising young politician who has unusually large feet. His mother is a lovable old woman, but very deaf. She lives in a small house in Torquay, and is always delighted by a visit from her son. When the British fleet, which was anchored in Torquay lately, fired a salute, the old lady was observed to start, fix her cap and smooth down her apron. Then she said, with a sweet smile:

"George is coming; I hear his footsteps on the stairs."

DEWEY AND HIS DOG.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF THE ADMIRAL WHILE
IN THE FAR EAST.

By a Special Contributor.

When the great United States army transport Grant left New York on January 19 last, a package was received by the transport quartermaster, Capt. Baker, from Vermont. It was addressed to Admiral George Dewey, Manila, and the instructions directed that it be kept on ice. The package contained twelve choice Vermont turkeys, a present from a relative at Montpelier.

Just before the Grant, with 2000 soldiers on board, started on her long voyage, via the Suez Canal, an attractive young lady came on board. She evidently had come to New York especially to deliver a package in care of the Grant, for Admiral Dewey. She came without announcing her name or her place of residence, but requested that an officer of the Grant deliver the package to the admiral in person. The Grant's officers, of course, felt highly honored in having anything sent in their care for the admiral.

Upon reaching Manila, the question as to which officer should present the remembrances in their care to the country's hero, naturally arose. After Captains Arey and Baker had held a short consultation, they magnanimously agreed that upon the Grant's chief officer, Capt. McCarthy, should devolve the pleasant duty as well as the honor of delivering the presents to the most distinguished of all naval officers.

Capt. McCarthy is a young man of 24 years and a resident of Brooklyn. On the forenoon of March 11, the next day after the Grant's arrival, one of the steam launches was lowered and Capt. McCarthy, in full dress, with the precious box carefully wrapped, and the twelve turkeys, proceeded to the Olympia, half a mile away. He arrived at the admiral's private gangway, of course, and when his card was presented, the admiral invited him to his presence. Capt. McCarthy found the admiral sitting under the awning, with his pet dog Bob, lying on the deck very near his chair. After greeting Capt. McCarthy very courteously, the admiral invited him to sit down.

"Admiral," said McCarthy, "a young lady came aboard the Grant, just as we were leaving New York, and asked that one of our officers deliver in person this package I hold in my hand, and addressed to you. We were convinced, from the appearance of the young lady, that it was proper to do as she had requested, although we did not even know her name. I hope it is all right." The admiral took the daintily wrapped parcel, and asking to be excused stepped into his room, near by, his boon companion, Bob, following him closely behind.

It is supposed the admiral opened the box, for he soon returned with his countenance beaming and exclaimed: "It's all right; it's all right; I am delighted and I thank you, Capt. McCarthy." Bob was right at his master's side, and he looked just as pleased as the admiral.

"But, I have something more for you, admiral; I have a dozen Vermont turkeys down in the launch," said McCarthy.

"Twelve Vermont turkeys!" exclaimed the admiral. "Why, that's the next best thing to twelve Thanksgiving dinners at home. Capt. McCarthy, when are these surprises going to stop? You will be telling me next that you have a plum pudding from Vermont."

The turkeys were ordered brought up, and the members of the admiral's staff looked pleased. Bob, in all probability, had his first Vermont turkey dinner that evening.

The little dog Bob, which is Admiral Dewey's constant friend and companion when aboard the Olympia, has curly hair of a beautiful brown color. It is a dog of high breed and came from China, and was a present of the admiral from a British naval officer stationed at Hongkong. Bob's residence on the Olympia began some time after the battle of Manila, so he cannot claim any part of the glory of the great naval victory.

Bob always accompanies the admiral when he meets visitors on board the Olympia, and the few ladies who visit the great flagship find in the little curly-haired pet a greater attraction than the entire fleet furnishes. The admiral delights in telling his visitors about Bob's good disposition, his gentle behavior and great intelligence.

The admiral told me that he feared the Olympia's guns, that are fired so much in salutations, was affecting Bob's hearing. The probability is that no one has yet asked the admiral whether or not he has considered the matter of Bob's hearing when the Olympia steams up in New York Bay.

JAMES MARTIN MILLER.

THE ORIGIN OF DREYFUS.

[London News:] The curious origin of the name "Dreyfus," which is so widely extended among the Jews of France, Germany and Switzerland, is interesting just at this time. It arose in Elsass in the form of "Trevus." Its present form is due to a strange popular misunderstanding. In the year 1555, when the persecution of the Jews took a new start in nearly all the States of Germany, the Elector Palatine, Johann II, and his neighbor, the Archbishop Elector, Johann of Trier, agreed to expel all the Jews from their dominions. The Jewish fugitives from Trier sought a new home, for the most part in Elsass. The Jews of that time, faithful to their ancient customs, had not adopted the use of hereditary surnames, which had been common among their Christian neighbors in Germany for more than two centuries. Hence the municipal and communal authorities throughout Elsass entered the names of one and all the Hebrew immigrants as "Treviranus" (that is, "the man from Trier," the Latin Treviri). The "T" of the official scribe was altered in the popular dialect to the hard "D," and the official abbreviation "Trevus" in the local registers became "Dreyfus." Thus every Jewish exile from Trier had to accept, nolens volens, the surname of Dreyfus. There is no ground whatever for the various ingenious and fanciful derivations of the name from "Three Foot" (Drei Fuss), "Tripod."

A GOOD STOPPING POINT.

[Indianapolis Journal:] The Gentleman from Chicago. Stranger, can you tell me where is a good place to stop at?

The Citizen of Boston. Just before the "at." Good day, sir.

THE BIGGEST SHIP.

FIVE HUNDRED MEN REQUIRED TO
RUN THE OCEANIC.

By a Special Contributor.

WHILE the reading public has been tolerably informed as to the size and speed of the great ocean liners and knows by how many feet each would overtop the Washington monument or how many city blocks it would fill, there is one feature of the immensity of these ships of which very little is known even by the most experienced travelers. This concerns the business management of these vessels, which in the case of the largest liners has grown to be an enterprise of vast proportions, requiring the services of hundreds of men.

For example, the operation of the Oceanic, the largest steamer ever built, which recently arrived in New York on her maiden trip, involves a multitude of activities and is managed on a scale that seems almost incredible to the landsman. An inkling of their proportions may be gained from the fact that it would take a miner twenty-five years of steady work to get out the coal required to fill the bunkers of the Oceanic for a single trip, while the food supplies that she demands for each voyage would more than support the miner and his family during the whole of that time.

To appreciate the vastness of the business operations connected with the greatest ocean liner it is necessary

of the voyage and must sign new articles before they are shipped again.

As soon as the liner ties up at her pier at the end of one voyage the preparations for the succeeding one begin. While cargo is being discharged from one side great barges are pouring coal into her bunkers from the other. The Oceanic has a coal-carrying capacity of 3700 tons and burns upward of 2000 tons on each voyage. It requires the service of sixty men working steadily for forty hours to coal her and the operation costs about \$1200. The coal itself costs about five times that amount. In other words the coal bill of a vessel like the Oceanic while she is at sea amounts to the tidy sum of \$1000 a day.

While this operation is going on the ship undergoes a thorough cleaning that makes her shine like a new dollar. Painters, repairers and cleaners swarm over her. Truckloads of provisions amounting in the aggregate to half a hundred tons are put on board. Every piece of her machinery, every plate and rivet is carefully inspected, and by the time the cargo is shipped and passengers come aboard a matter of \$5000, aside from the cost of coal and provisions, has been expended in preparing her for her voyage.

The Men Who Do This Marvel.

While the captain is of course the supreme authority the actual management is conducted by three separate departments. The first of these concerns itself with the sailing of the vessel, and is presided over by the chief navigator, under the directions of the captain himself. The second is the engineer's department. This is under the direction of the chief engineer, with whom the captain seldom interferes. It is all important to the welfare and progress of the ship, but the passengers see practically nothing of its operations. The third department looks after the wants of the passengers and is under the direction of a chief steward.

The first of these three departments includes the only men on shipboard who can properly be called sailors. Their duties, however, are not those of the traditional

in America. Most of them are Scandinavians or Irish, while the engineers, as a rule, are Scotch and the sailors English.

While the principal activities of the ship's company are comprised within those departments presided over by the chief navigator, the chief engineer and the chief steward, there are numberless smaller enterprises that go on more or less independently. There is a vast amount of auxiliary machinery; in fact, nearly everything is done by machinery on board the modern ocean liner. The Oceanic carries some forty hydraulic engines. There are engines to open and close the furnace doors and to open and close the partitions between the watertight compartments; an engine to work the fifty-three-ton rudder; engines to work the hawse pipes; hydraulic lifts to convey food and dishes from kitchen to pantry. This machinery, together with the electric light and refrigerator plants, requires the services of half a hundred men.

Thus there are some three hundred men employed in the actual work of sailing a great ocean monster like the Oceanic. The remaining 200 are required to look after the comfort of the passengers.

Feeding the Passengers.

The culinary operations of the Oceanic dwarf those of even the largest hotels. No less than twenty-four meals



DINING-ROOM OF THE OCEANIC.

to rid one's mind of the idea that she is a ship as our fathers understood that term. She is not manned by sailors, and the seamen form an inconsiderable number in the make-up of her crew. Nor is she a floating hotel, as the magazine writer is fond of calling her. There is no hotel that compares with her in the extent and variety of its activities. The Oceanic is an ocean city—nothing less. When she is at sea she has a population of 2000—as great as many a town with county seat aspirations can claim. A score of different trades and occupations are practiced on board her. She has independent lighting, heating and refrigerating plants, machine shops, a printing office, a carpenter shop, in short almost all the equipment of an up-to-date community, together with much that is peculiar to herself.

What a Single Voyage Means.

To all practical purpose each voyage represents a complete business venture. All accounts are rendered separately for each voyage. The crew from the captain down are engaged at the European port for each round trip. They are technically discharged at the conclusion

of the voyage, but consist largely of scrubbing decks and operating lifts and machinery. In fact, about the only item of their work that recalls the old-time duties of the sailor is in the drill for manning the boats, which they are compelled to go through at regular intervals. The men under the direction of the navigators and their sub-officers number about one hundred in all.

In the engineering department fully 200 men are employed. The officers include, besides the chief engineer, a score of assistants, hydraulic engineers, refrigerator engineers, water tenders, storekeepers and a clerk. There are sixty-five stokers, divided into three shifts, whose duty it is to shovel into the twelve furnaces the 350 tons of coal required to keep the ship at full speed during each twenty-four hours. As many more "trimmers" pass the coal from the bunkers to the furnace doors and thirty-five greasers look after the machinery of the engine-room.

The stokers, who perform the most arduous labor it is possible to conceive of, are paid \$25 per month, while the trimmers and greasers receive a little less than this amount. The men are all employed in European ports, as it is possible to secure them there more cheaply than



CAPT. JOHN G. CAMERON, COMMANDER OF THE OCEANIC.

are served on shipboard every day. There are four each for the first and second cabin passengers and the officers. There are three each for the steerage passengers, the engineers, stewards and sailors. Each of these seven big families has its own staff of cooks, numbering between thirty and forty altogether. There are about seventy dining-room stewards—waiters they would be called on shore—and about the same number of bedroom stewards, or chamberlains.

The vast responsibility for supplying food to the steamship community rests principally upon the chief steward. Every afternoon he retires to his cabin and plans out the menus for the following day—a separate one for each of his numerous families, from the elaborate course dinners of the first-cabin folks to the comparatively simple fare of steerage and crew.

These menus are then printed by the ship's printer and distributed to the chefs of the various divisions. They estimate the amount of various food materials that they will require and submit these estimates to the steward for his approval.

The next step is to make requisition on the storekeepers for the various meats, vegetables and other articles necessary to satisfy the sea appetite of 2000 persons. The extent of this appetite may be conjectured from the fact that the Oceanic ships for each trip some ten tons of beef, three tons of such other meats as mutton and veal, two tons of chickens and nearly two tons of ducks, turkeys and such game birds as may be in season.

These are merely the fresh meats which are stored in one big refrigerating room down in the depths of the ship. The vessel carries also two tons of smoked and dried meats, 2000 dozen oysters, with fish, green vegetables and fruits in proportion. Of groceries and such commodities as will keep indefinitely the provision stores are kept filled.

In another cold storage room the ship carries 5000 pounds of butter, 2000 dozen eggs and 3000 quarts of milk and cream. Another item not to be overlooked is 3000 quarts of ice cream.

These figures give a ready basis for computing the amounts of these various commodities used each day on shipboard. In addition it may be said that fifty pounds of coffee and over thirty pounds of tea are required daily. Four dozen bottles of Worcestershire are required to last out a voyage with other condiments in proportion.

Naturally a vast number of dishes are required. There are 1500 silver spoons, forks and knives, and 2500 of each variety of plates, cups and saucers necessary to meet all requirements. The broken dishes accumulated on each voyage fill several casks, and the cost of these is assessed equally on the whole body of stewards.

Enough Linen to Stock a Shop.

To wash all these dishes is no light task. For the most part it is done by machinery. Big baskets of soiled dishes are lowered into tanks of boiling water, which cleanses them thoroughly. Then they are dried by hand. The silver and finer china is washed by hand, and this work keeps a force of twenty men busy.

Of table and other linen the Oceanic requires enough to stock a shop to last out a voyage. There are 1000

tablecloths, 15,000 napkins and the same number of towels. Unlike most of its household operations the ship's laundry work is done on shore at the end of each trip in a plant maintained by the company for that purpose.

The cooks are among the best paid of the ship's laborers. Chief cooks receive from \$50 to \$75 per month according to the skill required of them. On the other hand the stewards receive the least of any class, their wages being only about \$15 per month. For the most substantial part of their income they must rely upon the tips of the passengers.

While none of the ship's employes from the captain down receive rates of pay that are at all munificent, the great number of men employed makes the salary list mount up to a heavy sum. On the Oceanic about \$15,000 per month is paid in salaries alone.

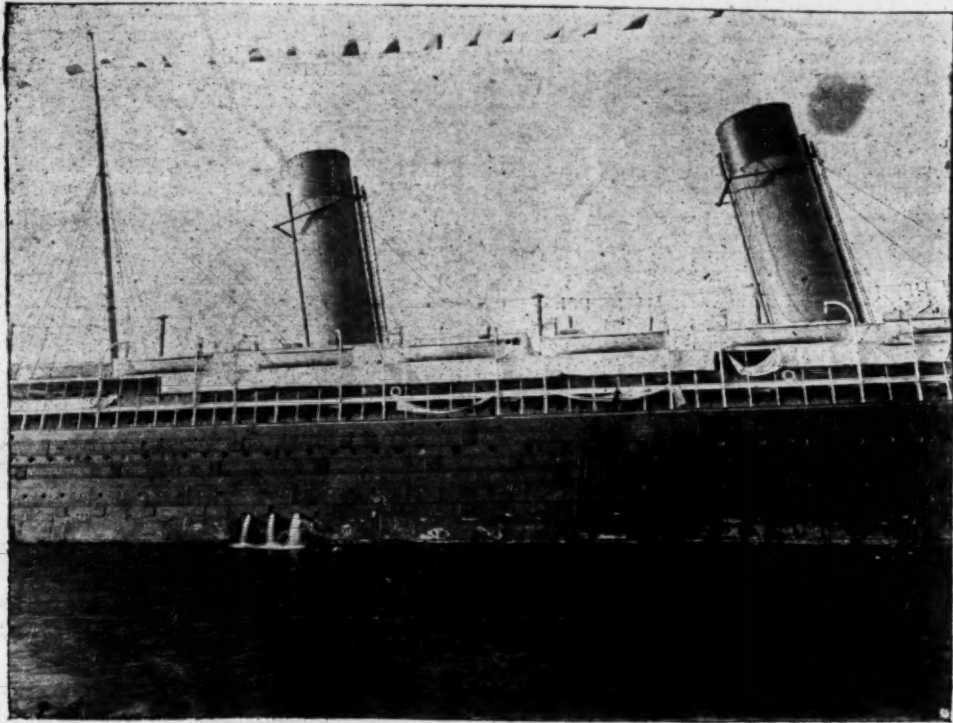
It will be seen from these figures that the cost of

OUR MOUNTAINS.

PHYSICIANS VISIT SOME OF THE HEALTH-GIVING HEIGHTS.

By a Special Contributor.

THE citizens of Los Angeles have, as a rule, a very limited idea of the wonderful country tributary to our southern metropolis. September 1, at 9:50 a.m., a party of three, Dr. Bicknell, a mutual friend, and myself started on a trip to Strawberry Valley, in the San



THE OCEANIC AS SHE CAME TO HER DOCK.

operating a great ocean liner is very large, for the vessel that has been described it is between \$40,000 and \$50,000 per month. The extreme earning capacity of the Oceanic is about \$90,000 per month. When the cost of repairs, insurance and the deterioration in the value of the ship itself are taken into account the profit remaining represents only a fair return on the investment of \$4,000,000, which this latest triumph of the shipbuilder's skill represents.

E. W. MAYO.

A MILLION FOR AN ORPHANS' COLLEGE.

[Denver Republican:] The name of George W. Clayton of Denver, who leaves \$1,000,000 for the erection and maintenance of a college for orphan boys, will go down in history beside that of the great philanthropist, Stephen Girard. To the city of Denver is entrusted the welfare of the college and the whole estate, except a few comparatively small bequests to relatives and friends, is to be held in trust by the city to be devoted solely to the purposes of building and supporting the college.

The institution is not to be an orphan's home in the ordinary sense of the word, for the projector in his will says that superior facilities shall be provided and that their maintenance shall be more comfortable than that they receive from public charity.

The building is to be of stone, and it must be erected within the city limits within the next ten years. The grounds must be of sufficient size to permit of the construction of additional college buildings whenever it becomes necessary.

The will states that the endowment is made upon the following express conditions, viz.:

"The institution shall be named the George W. Clayton College. That none of the moneys, etc., arising from the residuary devise shall at any time be applied to any other purpose."

SHE MEANT WELL.

[Washington Post:] The young man who aspires to the intense was walking with the young woman who doesn't quite understand all he says, but nevertheless thinks it is simply grand.

"Look on the glories of the western sky!" he exclaimed.

She seemed puzzled for a minute and exclaimed: "Let me see, you face the north—that's the way our house fronts—and then on your right hand is east and on your left hand is west. Why, it's the direction we're walking in, isn't it?"

He looked a trifle gloomy, but resumed: "How the great masses of color are piled one upon another in nature's lavish and transcendent art!"

"Yes," she sighed; "it makes me think of Neapolitan ice-cream."

"And there, close and closer to the horizon, sinks, a great crimson ball, the setting sun."

"Right over there?"

"Yes."

"Straight ahead of us?"

"To be sure."

"Well, I've been wondering about that for the last five minutes. You know, my little brother is so mischievous. He broke my glasses this afternoon, and I am so near-sighted that I couldn't be sure whether that was the crimson setting sun or somebody playing golf."

Lord Kitchener of Khartoum is a great reader, and among the few favorite books which he takes with him on his military travels are the Koran and Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia."

Jacinto Mountains. By noon we had passed through San Bernardino, skirted Riverside on the north, and were nearing Perris. Eleven years ago I had been through dry, windy, desolate Perris, but now we found a substantial, homelike town, and here and there on the mesa lands, so dry of yore, are numerous fields rich and beautiful with the refreshing green of the precious alfalfa. The failure of grain crops last year, owing to the drought, induced the farmers to bore wells and put in steam-pumping plants. The wells are generally about one hundred and fifty feet deep, and the water rises to within about eighteen feet of the surface. Close calculations say that it costs 1 cent per 1000 gallons to put the water on the field. One well and pumping plant, by running day and night, can irrigate 100 acres of alfalfa. Thus has the despair from drought led on to a great victory, and the farmers are doing better in a dry year through irrigation than they did wet years from their grain fields.

On we went through Winchester and Hemet to the town of San Jacinto. At the San Jacinto Station was Dr. C. C. Wainright, the physician to the Indians of Southern California, waiting with a carriage to take us to inspect the "Relief Hot Springs," four miles from the town of San Jacinto. On the drive to these springs we passed prosperous farms, with artesian wells throwing up their life-giving streams. The Relief Hot Springs are at an elevation of 1500 feet, and consist of hot soda springs, hot sulphur springs and hot mud springs. The temperature of them all is about 115 deg. The accommodations are rather crude, but quite comfortable, and there are usually from twenty to thirty patients here suffering from rheumatism, gout and skin diseases.

Back to San Jacinto we went, arriving just in time for a good country dinner at the Farmer House. This is a nice, clean, old-fashioned hotel, without any frills, but with good beds and an abundance of well-cooked food. Although there have been three dry years, yet everything indicates substantial prosperity in San Jacinto. The streets are lighted by electricity, and the houses generally are lighted by incandescent lights. There is a good water system, and in addition to the usual industries of a town of this size, there is a very large and successful creamery. Mr. Logie, a traveling man for a Los Angeles house, said that the first year of the drought the people of San Jacinto seemed dazed, but that now they were making the best of the proposition, and that money was more plentiful than it was a year ago.

Saturday at 5 a.m. we were up, and, after a breakfast of hot biscuit, ham and eggs and good coffee, we started for the heights in Peacher's stage. This so-called stage is a very comfortable conveyance, and Peacher, the driver, is to the manner born. For eight miles we rode through a rich farming country, almost all of the time in sight of the flume of the Hemet dam, carrying 500 inches of thrilling, life-giving, gurgling, joyful water to vivify the parched plains and assuage the thirst of the languishing orchards. A greater boon to mankind than this stream is beyond conception.

Soon we were at the foot of the grade, and our route was now upward toward the mountain tops. The road is excellent, and from time to time we glanced backward, casting our eyes over the vast landscape spread out below us. Now and then we stopped, where springs bubbled forth from the granite rocks at the roadside, and enjoyed a cup of pure cold water.

After a five-hours' ride we reached the top of the last grade, and amid the towering pines and overspreading oaks went rattling down the road through Strawberry Valley, and, with a proud crack of the whip, Peacher wheeled us alongside of the veranda at the hotel. The

hotel is long, rambling and shed-like, but the beds are no cleaner and no more comfortable and the food is no better cooked and no more appetizing at the Van Nuys than it is at this rustic inn, 6000 feet above the level of the sea. That afternoon we rested on the long porch and watched the sun go down between the pines.

After a solid night's sleep we rose again at 5 a.m., and by 7 o'clock were on horses, with a guide and two pack burros, on our way to the top of Mt. San Jacinto. For four miles we traveled along through pine forests, and then started up the steep, but not at all dangerous, grade. For an hour or more it was close climbing, and then we reached Tauquitz Valley, 8000 feet above the level of the sea. Here are thousands of acres of forests in their pristine grandeur. It is all a government reservation, and is to be kept permanently untouched. For three hours we traveled on through this great park of pine, spruce and oak, while the ground for miles was covered with a luxuriant growth of ferns. Beside a spring of pure cold water we stopped and ate our mid-day meal.

By 2 o'clock we had climbed still greater heights, and had reached another awe-inspiring forest, known as Tamarack Valley, which has an altitude of between 9000 and 10,000 feet. Here we were to camp for the night. We left our burros and our guide and turned our horses' heads toward the peak. One hour more brought us to the great eminence, 11,000 feet above the level of the sea. To the west were numerous towns dotting the valleys, and, shimmering in the sunshine of that Sunday afternoon, lay Lake Elsinore, sixty miles away. East of us was a beautiful panorama. There was Indio, with her cottages and her palm groves, making a veritable oasis, while on beyond lay Salton Lake, much larger than I had anticipated. In fact it looked so large that the name, "Salton Sea," did not seem a misnomer.

The wind was whistling over this barren mountain peak, and, sitting on a stool on a rough platform, was a lonely man doing duty for our government as a signal officer. Owing to the noise made by the wind he did not notice our approach, and we found him earnestly talking to himself. He seemed startled, and then delighted, to see us. It had been two weeks since he had seen a human being, and then it was another man in the government employ. I was on the same spot eleven years ago in August, and there was then snow and ice in the shady places, but three dry years in succession have banished all the snow this year.

We bade our lonely man good-by, and, after seeing that our saddles were firmly cinched, we started down grade to camp. Here, near a never-falling spring, our guide had prepared us a supper of bacon and eggs. After we had done full justice to our meal, Dr. Bicknell said we must have a good fire by which to spend the evening. He found where two dead spruce trees lay across each other, and soon they were blazing away at a great rate. Just then our guide came up, very much excited, and said the fire was likely to get beyond our control, and that there was \$5000 fine for losing control of forest fires. We went to work in earnest, and soon had the fire sufficiently subdued to be safe. After we felt that the danger was over one of our party remarked that we had certainly done very well to go off on our vacation and then make \$5000, as we had done that evening in putting out the fire.

About 10 o'clock we rolled ourselves up in our blankets upon the ferns under the trees. The night was delightful, and as we looked upward the sky appeared so very near—the tops of the great pines seemed to be swaying back and forth among the stars. A cool breeze, laden with balsamic odors, came sighing through the pines, giving out almost the self-same sound that we get from the restless beating of the ocean waves upon the coast. The next day we broke camp at a reasonably early hour, and got back to Strawberry Valley in time for a turkey dinner.

To the invalids who come to Southern California we would emphatically say: "Get out of our towns and cities, and go to our pine-clad mountains and our deserts."

The trip again revealed to me the wonderful variety of the Southern California climate. If an altitude of 1500 feet is needed, it is to be found at the town and vicinity of San Jacinto; while at Strawberry Valley there is an atmosphere redolent with the fragrance of the pine forests, and an altitude of 6000 feet. At Tauquitz Valley are all these beautiful surroundings and an altitude of 8000 feet; and at Tamarack Valley we have again the running streams, the beautiful meadows, great trees and an altitude of 10,000 feet. In all of these valleys the atmosphere is cool in midsummer, and there is an abundance of game.

To the weary physician who desires for a few days to absent himself from the busy hum of the world, I can heartily commend these mountain valleys for quiet, comfort and grandeur.

Aside from the value of these elevated valleys as summer resorts, I believe they will become even more sought after as winter resorts. The Alpine winter cure of pulmonary diseases is very popular in Great Britain and on the continent. Thousands of consumptives flock to the Davos Platz and Maloja Plateau, in the Swiss Alps, every winter. Immense and well-arranged hotels have been constructed by rich companies, and wonderful results have been recorded. The following are the altitudes of the chief resorts.

SWISS ALPS.

	Feet.
Maloja	6000
Wiesen	4771
Davos	5105
Andermatt	4738

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MOUNTAINS.

(San Jacinto.)	Feet.
Strawberry Valley	6,000
Tauquitz Valley	8,000
Tamarack Valley	10,000

From the illustrations I have seen of these Alpine resorts, I judge they are naturally barren plateaus, and have not the wealth of beautiful pine forests that cover the Southern California valleys I have so meagerly described. The advantages of the pine forests are: First, giving a medicated air for constant inhalation; second, adding beauty and picturesqueness to the scenery; third, protecting the valleys from winds.

WALTER LINDLEY, M.D.

W. H. Farr, of Osborne county, Kan., though weighing but 135 pounds, is a prodigy of strength. Recently on a wager of \$30, he carried 150 pounds of flour on his back three miles without setting it down or resting, and then offered to carry it back over the same route.

A Day's Hunt in the Wilds of Trinidad.

IN PURSUIT OF THE PECCARY. STRANGE SIGHTS AND SCENES MET WITH IN THE PRIMEVAL FOREST.

By a Special Contributor.

I WAS staying on the small cacao estate of Mr. C., situated in the midst of the primeval forest in the interior of Trinidad, British West Indies. The district where I was was in the little-explored Caparo region. I was collecting specimens of natural history, chiefly birds and butterflies, with which the neighborhood fairly teemed. One day I would devote to hunting the wild game of the forest and the next day would be spent in collecting with gun and net.

On all sides of the little cacao estate rose the dark, mysterious-looking walls of the great forest, from which issued at night all sorts of uncanny sounds. A sudden shriek would disturb the stillness of the night and then all would be quiet again. An owl would hoot softly, or an alligator would utter his peculiar muttering grunt from the river close by, but one of the most awe-inspiring sounds to be heard at night was that of a huge tree falling. A roar like thunder, followed by what always seemed to me an echoing yell, and silence again reigned over the mysterious forest depths.

The night previous to what turned out to be an unusually exciting day's sport I remember well. C. and I were sitting out in deck chairs at the entrance of the palm-thatched hut (it was open on three sides,) the

the night previous. First must be mentioned the red howling monkey (*Myiotes seniculus*), whose deep roar is heard rising and falling with the slight breeze, now in great volume and then dying away to a mere whisper, and it is hard to believe that these same monkeys may possibly be away two or three miles in the forest. On all sides doves are cooing, sounding for all the world like a quantity of horns in full blast; parrots are flying overhead in search of their breakfast of fruit in twos and threes, all the time uttering loud, discordant squawks and chatter; then a noisy flock of two or three dozen paroquets flying high, also pass overhead on the lookout for their morning meal. They are possibly the pretty seven-colored paroquets. On the top of that high pouli tree on the edge of the forest, which is a mass of bright yellow trumpet flowers and almost leafless, is a band of noisy toucans, clanging away with their odd two-noted whistle. The noisy qu'est ce qu'il dit is flying from tree to tree asking us, "What do you say?" The ant thrushes are calling from the forest borders with their long, chattering call, which suddenly comes to a stop with a sharp chut; some sweet songster is warbling in the forest, bands of restless tanagers are flitting about the cacao with their squeaky notes, and, last but not least, quantities of sparkling humming birds are feeding off the bright scarlet blossoms of the bois immortal trees, which shade the cacao, and the humming of their wings is no small note in the general chorus of bird life which fills the air this beautiful dewy morning.

Preparing for the Insect Pests.

My next duty is to anoint myself with oil; that is to say, I smear myself from head to foot with coconut oil as a preventive against certain insect pests, notably the bete rouge, which is a minute red insect and is a cause of great irritation, so that the sufferer cannot refrain from scratching the itching part and serious sores are the result, as I myself can testify from experience. Among other insect pests, chigoes and the so-called mosquito worm, which hatches in one's skin, and causes intolerable agony, are perhaps the worst.

Coffee is soon finished and our forces are augmented by the arrival of an old Spaniard nicknamed "Boney," and who answers well to his name, and a Spanish negro named Pedro, who always seems greatly tickled at the sound of his own voice; in fact, I have seldom seen this remarkable character open his mouth without an outburst of outlandish mirth. They bring with them a couple of dogs, which, with C.'s dogs, bring the number up to seven, and a more miserable lot of half-starved curs it would be hard to imagine. Boney's is certainly the skinniest, and is a facsimile of his master. These dogs, although the veriest curs, are splendid hunters.

Their arrival is the signal for a start and we buckle on our machetes, or cutlasses, and seize our guns, and are soon wending our way through the cacao, a party of four. C. suddenly remembers that he has forgotten something that he never goes hunting without, viz., his remedy for snake poison, a concoction of forest roots and herbs mixed in a solution of alcohol. While waiting for C., I note the beauty of the wild growth under the cacao trees. The soil is never disturbed in cultivation, but when the growth gets rank it is cutlassed. In conse-

quence, the ground is covered with ferns of many species, alocasias, begonias and mosses, and here and there are clumps of a delicate white lily (*Pancratium caribbaeum*.)

Wonderful Vegetation.

C. now comes up with us again and we are soon standing before the stately walls of the primeval forest. How mysterious the dark green recesses appear, and withal how grand. In describing the vegetation of the part of the forest we entered on this occasion, it should be remembered that the forest varies a great deal, according to soil and location. Between us and the forest was the Caparo River, and overhanging its steep banks gracefully drooped quantities of the large-leaved heliconia, which is not unlike the banana, but here and there, set off by the verdant green leaves, arose its spikes of brilliant red and yellow cups—one can hardly call them flowers. These cups which are set in a double tier, one above another, are full of water and are constantly visited by certain species of humming birds. Behind these heliconias arose a seemingly impenetrable wall of the thorny black Roseau palm (*Bactris* sp.) overhanging these dangled a mass of lianes and creepers of numerous species, some hanging down like ropes and cables, others no thicker than strings. Some had magnificent flowers, however. I remember one was a species of bignonia with myriads of brilliant pink flowers forming a regular curtain and completely enwrapping a large ceiba, or silk cotton tree, whose branches stretched across the river.

A Treacherous Bridge.

A fallen cabbage palm formed a natural bridge over the river. Its trunk was smooth and slippery, but Boney and Ped, being barefooted, were soon across; but, alas, I had on a pair of heavy shooting boots, and in endeavoring to follow, I lost my balance and fell into the stream, which, however, was very shallow. I must have presented a woebegone appearance as I scrambled up the opposite bank, covered with mud, for the irrepressible Ped was greatly tickled, and between fits of uproarious mirth confided in Boney how the "beckey" (creole for white man) looked like a quenk (wild pig).

Outside, the forest was bright and cheerful as the sun was now high in the heavens and all nature seemed animated, but once inside, how different! After the bright sunlight outside everything appears dark and gloomy at first, and one seems lost and confused. One's eyes soon get accustomed to the gloom, however, and he begins to take in the wonders, by which he is surrounded. Tall trunks rise all around, of all shapes and colors. Climbing up some are the huge, fleshy leaves of two or three varieties of philodendron. Other trunks are ornamented with delicate climbing ferns. Lianes or bush ropes of all sizes dangle down from the tops of the highest branches. Twisting about like long corkscrews, they run about in every direction till the



MR. WALKER IN THE FOREST.

moon was nearly full and shone with a brilliancy that I have only seen in the tropics, and the red and green lights of a species of beetle (*Elateridae*) flickered here and there among the crotons and mango trees. We had been chatting about the prospects of tomorrow's hunt, as a Spaniard had brought in word that he had come across the tracks of a large herd of quenk, or peccary (*Dicotyles tajacu*), as the wild pig of South America is named, and we had determined to make a raid on the porky ones the next day. "Yes," C. was saying, "we ought to lay in a good supply of pork tomorrow, and—" here he suddenly broke off with, "Listen the 'poor me one,'" and we were instantly quiet to listen to one of the weirdest sounds it is possible to imagine. Far away from the depths of the moonlit forest came a mournful wail that it is almost impossible to describe. It is made by a bird, a species of goatsucker, but the natives wrongly believe it to be the cry of the small anteater (*Cyclothorus didactylus*), and it is so wonderfully sad that even they are greatly impressed with the sound and term it "Poor me one," meaning poor me all alone. It is so like a human voice that it is hard to believe that the sound comes from a bird. I have heard of naturalists who have gone all the way to South America simply to hear its call. The naturalist Waterton compares it to the last wailing of Niobe for her poor children. It is never forgotten by those that hear it, and remains with one always, a thrilling memory of the past. It is only heard on bright, moonlight nights between the months of February and June.

A Ticklish Place for Swimming.

I was awoke about 5 the next morning by the yelping of the excited dogs, who seemed to divine that a hunt was on the tapis. While the negro cook is preparing the coffee (which is grown on the estate,) I seize a towel and, after a run of 100 yards or so through the cacao, find myself on the banks of the river overlooking my favorite pool. A casual glance on the lookout for a stray alligator and I take a header and come up again the other side under the shelter of a tangled mass of ferns and heliconias. As I swim down stream I have to keep splashing noisily all the way, as if I remain still for a second I am nibbled all over by countless small fish. Then, too, splashing will keep off any alligator or anaconda (water boa) that happens to be about.

By the time I am back for coffee the forest is alive with sound, but quite different from the sounds heard



RETURNING FROM THE HUNT.

eye gets tired trying to follow them. The air seems full of strings. They are the air roots of parasites, wild pines, etc. Looking upward, one sees that the branches are veritable hanging gardens, composed of orchids of many species, tillandsias, bromeliads, anthuriums, cacti, ferns, mosses and plants too numerous to mention. Down below, plant life is more sparse, the growth chiefly being lilies of various kinds, marantas, dieffenbachias and dwarf palms, chiefly the enare palm (*Geonoma* sp.) which makes capital canes.

The Home of the Boa Constrictor.

We now followed the course of the Mamural River, named after a liane called Mamure, the air roots of which are used by the natives for making baskets, and which is very common along the banks of this river. A short distance in we came across a large clearing caused by the falling of a huge tree, which, in its fall,

had carried to the ground all smaller trees. It had been lying there some time and a few days previously we had captured inside its hollow trunk a large boa constrictor, which we found asleep, after having gorged itself with a meal of agouti. The branches of this tree presented a magnificent spectacle, being literally covered with the flowers of two orchids, epidendrum fragrans, a sweet-scented white and purple flower, and Rodriguezia secunda, of a delicate shining pink, while here and there were the flowers of a yellow oncidium (Citrinum.)

While admiring this beautiful sight, the dogs started an agouti from under the fallen limbs, and, taken by surprise as I was, I missed him altogether, but C. fired with better result, and earned first blood. The agouti (Dasiprocta aguti,) I should here remark, is a rat-shaped tailless animal, about the size of a jackrabbit. It is rather like an exaggerated guinea pig, and is very fair eating. We had hardly stowed him away, when there was a rush by the dogs, and a large species of lizard jumped into the river, where he was soon settled. It was a mat, and he was fully three feet in length, and of a yellow color, well marked with black. It may seem odd to talk about eating a lizard, but I doubt if I ever tasted better game than mat. It tastes much like a mixture of chicken and fish, and is esteemed a great luxury.

The river hereabouts was full of dead and dying fish. Someone had been poisoning the water. This is done by pounding up a liane, which goes by the name of balbac, with which the water is then stirred. The juice of the liane stupefies the fish and they soon come to the surface gasping. Care is first taken to dam up the shallow stream, so that the fish cannot escape. A curious belief of the natives is that after they have taken all the fish they want, if they chop the water with their cutlass it will cut the poison and prevent more fish being poisoned, and thus save waste. As we proceeded, a loud "caramba" came from Ped. He had been stung by a small species of bee, which builds a hanging nest on the under sides of the leaf of the Enare palm, and which, in his progress, he had disturbed. His face was soon badly swollen and presented a most comical appearance. It was now my turn to laugh, and laugh I did, but Ped, though handicapped in the contortion of his features, heartily joined in. I believe that if the deadly mapepire, or bushmaster snake, had bitten him, he would have seen something amusing about it.

A Variety of Strange Game.

We came across the tracks of game of many sorts, chiefly deer and lappe. The lappe (caelogenys paca) is considered the best game in Trinidad, and is much hunted for its tender meat. It is something like a very large agouti, of a brown color, spotted with white, and weighs from thirty to thirty-five pounds. Many an exciting chase have I had after them, but today it was not our luck to meet with one. A soft cooling revealed three or four ramiers, or doves, perched on a clump of black Rosean palms, and I had the satisfaction of bringing down a couple with a right and left. Hardly had the echo of the reports died away when it seemed to be answered by the ringing chorus of the dogs in full cry.

"It must be a deer," exclaimed C., as their tracks were very numerous about here. We started to run in the direction of the hue and cry. We had not gone far, however, when the yelping of the dogs came nearer. "Keep quiet," said C., "whatever it is, he is coming our way, and if it is a deer he will make for the river." Hardly had he spoken the words, when a deer rushed into our midst and sprang down the bank into the river, hotly pursued by the dogs, where a couple of shots quickly finished him. It was a fine specimen of the Gouzouputa deer (Cariacus nemorivagus,) of which there are two species in Trinidad. They are, however, comparatively small animals, and this one weighed but seventy-seven pounds. They are very common in Trinidad and are a pest to the cacao-growers, as they eat the young trees, and we congratulated ourselves that he did not lead us much of a run, as they are very tough eating, and are hardly worth the hunting.

Thirst Quenched in a Novel Way.

We were now thirsty. The muddy river water did not look any too tempting, and upon communicating the fact to Boney, he looked around him, and selecting one of the hanging lianes, he made a few dexterous cuts with his cutlass, first above and then below, and handed me a piece of the liane, from which trickled a thin stream of clear water. After satisfying our thirst, we proceeded up the river, every step of the way seeing something of interest. Here was a balsam tree, from which is extracted the balsam we buy in our drug stores. Close by was a balata, or rubber tree, of large dimensions. Someone had been here extracting the rubber, as we could see by the notches all the way down the trunk. The fruit of this tree is very popular, not only with the natives, but with the monkeys, parrots, and, in fact, nearly all game, and when the fruiting season is on, a balata tree is a popular meeting place for the denizens of the forest. Growing out of the trunk I found two delicate, waxy-white flowers of that very sweet-scented orchid, Stanhopea grandiflora, part of which greatly resembles a lady's slipper, by which name it is locally known. Further on a huge cannon-ball tree (or Lecythis,) overhung the river, and from the lower part of its trunk, at the end of short branchlets, dangled quantities of round, hard nuts, nearly the size of one's head.

A disagreeable smell made us aware that there was a tree porcupine somewhere overhead, hidden away among the mass of wild pines and orchids. We disturbed one or two large cribo and machete snakes, which were sunning themselves on the river banks, but we left them alone, as they are harmless enough. An alligator was also sunning himself, and on approach, he plunged into the river, taking refuge in a deep pool. A Campanero, or bell bird, was tolling away in a tree close by, but he is somewhat of a ventriloquist, and it was impossible to find the spot where he was perched. Each note of this bird has a resonant clang, more like the ring of a hammer on an anvil, however, than that of a bell. Among other birds, I noticed the beautiful metallic-green jacamar, which is the most fearless of all birds. He let us approach within a few yards before he thought fit to take his departure. I added to my collection of birds by bringing down a shining green and pink trogon, but these are hard to shoot without spoiling their beautiful plumage. Game about here seemed scarce, the only addition to our bag being another agouti shot by C.

A Bird of Many Noises.

Shortly afterward we came to a clearing, where there was a small hut. There Boney found a friend, who in-

formed us that he had seen a herd of quenk only the previous day. A large tree close by the hut was alive with yellow-corn birds, or cassiques, which not only made a great whirring noise with their wings, but uttered the most extraordinary notes, sometimes resembling the creaking of bamboo, and at other times producing such loud squawks, cackles, squeaks and chuckles that I was astounded that such a variety of odd noises should proceed from one species of bird. Hanging to the ends of the branches dangled their large nests, and it is a curious fact that they nearly always build on a tree with a smooth bark and near some native habitation, presumably to be, in the first place, on a tree which tree-snakes cannot climb; secondly, because they evidently know that monkeys will not venture too near civilization.

After a short rest we were on our way once more, and ascended a series of steep hills covered with rather thin timber and quantities of the cocorite palm (Maximiliana Caribaea,) which usually denotes poor soil. The carat palm, on the other hand, is nearly always a sign of rich land. Here also grew quantities of the matapalo (Ficus) one of the vegetable wonders of these forests, standing on numerous long stilts after having strangled the tree from which it has at first derived its nourishment. A strong scent of vanilla made us aware that somewhere overhead hung the pods of the vanilla of commerce. Its thick, fleshy leaves scrambling in great luxuriance up the tree trunks, it seems to enjoy the poor soil of the hills. It may surprise some to hear that it is an orchid, and some of the four or five different native species have very beautiful yellow flowers.

An Armadillo Captured.

The dogs led us a short run after a tatou or armadillo (Tatusia novemcincta,) which ended in his being driven into a hole, from which, after some hard work, Boney and Ped dug him out with their cutlasses. It is a



PECCARY, OR QUENK.

curious-looking animal in its scaly coat of mail, and we stowed him away in the hunting sack to keep him alive for a rainy day, when we might run short of fresh meat. About here I noticed long processions of the parasol or sauba ant, bearing large pieces of leaves, which they had cut. It was a curious spectacle to see a quantity of moving green leaves set off here and there with a touch of color by bits of bright flowers. Close by were their nests, enormous excavations, and mounds, which it was hard to believe were the work of insects. Later on in the afternoon, we came across an ant of a far more formidable nature, viz., what is known as the hunting ant. These insects run over the ground at a great rate, demolishing everything in the way of animal life they come across. They seem to have a regular, systematic mode of doing business as, unlike the parasol ant, they run about in long lines and companies. They seem to have their leaders, and remind one very forcibly of a regiment of soldiers going through army maneuvers.

The Midday Luncheon.

It was now midday and we decided to take our lunch, as we were getting into the quenk country and expected hard work before the afternoon was over. So, descending into a cool, damp ravine, where there were some pools of clear water, we partook of our dry ship's biscuits and sugar, which was the usual fare when out on a hunt. The forest here was very beautiful. Among the rocks grew ferns of many lovely species, including a thorny kind of tree fern, itself covered with filmy ferns. The rocks, tree trunks and branches were all draped with ferns; in fact, they grew everywhere. Scrambling up a tree was a plant I have never seen before or since. It was a climbing begonia with bunches of delicate pink blossoms. Growing all around us were quantities of the extremely beautiful Jagua palm (Jessenia sp.) It may well be considered the king of all palms with its enormous spreading leaves. Another palm that seems to delight in these damp ravines is the thorny gri-gri (Astracaryum sp.) We sat under a mountain rose tree (Rosa del monte,) growing directly out of the trunk of which were large bunches of brilliant crimson flowers which showed to great advantage amid the many different shades of green. It would be difficult to conceive anything more entrancing than the forest scenery of these ravines. Between a natural colonnade formed by the smooth, white trunks of the stately royal or cabbage palm, flowed a stream of water as clear as crystal, banked by the richest vegetation, and down the open glade sailed with slow undulating flight enormous blue butterflies (Morphoea.) In one of the shallow pools I remember I discovered a galap (a species of land turtle,) endeavoring to bury itself. It was much like a very large tortoise, except that its head was curiously marked with bright vermillion.

Some Strange and Vicious Bats.

We disturbed quite a colony of bats which were hanging head downward under the crumpled leaf of a carat palm. Bats in these forests seem to be of diurnal habits, as I constantly noticed them flitting about. Trinidad can boast of nearly thirty different species of bats; among them may be mentioned a bat which proves a great nuisance to cattle, etc., by sucking their blood, and I have known many cases of their attacking man when asleep. I recollect one old Spaniard, who complained to me that they constantly attacked him at night; as a result he was left in a terribly emaciated condition. The large vampire bat is generally supposed to be the culprit, but this is not so, as I can vouch from the fact that in the early morning I have often seen the pest I have referred to sucking the blood from C's mule. Another bat there is that catches fish from the water with the hooks of its wings.

Lunch finished we were just on the point of resuming our march when we suddenly heard the deep roar of the howling monkey, not more than half a mile away. The noise these comparatively small animals are capable of making is astonishing. The roar of the lion is less

fearful. They can be heard fully three miles away. When they roar in the middle of the day it is generally a sure sign of rain, and on this occasion the sign did not fail, as very soon we heard approaching thunder, which, together with the cavernous roar of the monkeys, produced a very weird effect. The further warning in the noise made by the heavy rain beating on the forest roof, possibly a mile away, enabled us to make preparations to keep dry, and in the space of a few minutes we had erected a rough palm-thatched shelter. Hardly was it finished, when the storm was upon us. The rain soon came through the dense foliage overhead in cata-racts. A storm is always grand in the tropics, but much more so when one experiences it in the gloomy, mysterious depths of the tropic forest, lit up by constant flashes of lightning.

Signs of Quenk Discovered.

Like most tropic storms, however, this one was of short duration, and we started to climb the hills once more. We had not proceeded far when Boney uttered the magic word "quenk," and pointed to the ground. Yes, sure enough; they had evidently been here grubbing up the ground only a short time since, as we could see the fresh imprints of their hoofs in the mud, and the dogs were beginning to run excitedly to and fro with noses down and tails up. At last, Garib, the best hunting dog of the pack, uttered a sharp bark, and was off at a swinging trot closely followed by the other dogs, on the scent at last of what we had come in search.

The quenk, as I said before, is another name for the peccary, or small, ferocious wild hog of South America. It is very speedy, and will often take one a run of several miles before being brought to bay. I shall never forget the run this one gave us. Up and down hill we went, through mud inches deep, through water, now tripping over a half-buried root, now falling headlong into a thicket of thorny palms, covered with blood and with clothes nearly torn off my back, I staggered on, only to be stopped short by a tangle of lianes. A species of climbing palm (Desmoncus major,) which grows here—very appropriately named by the English settlers "Wait a Minute"—has terrible hook-like barbs which hold one back, and I had to stop and tear the hooks out of my clothing. The heat was stifling. Not a breath of air pervaded these gloomy depths. My head throbbed and the perspiration half blinded me, so that I could hardly see where I was going, but I managed to keep my eye on Boney, who was in the lead. It is little short of the marvelous, the way this boney old Spaniard covered the ground. Just as I was giving up in despair I heard the chorus of the dogs in the ravine below us, and by their tone I knew that the quenk was at last at bay. A minute later I came in on the finish, and the sight I saw well repaid me for all my exertion.

A Brave Fight.

With his hind quarters against the trunk of a huge tree, the brave pig was making a bold stand for life. Surrounded on all sides by the now infuriated dogs, he was rapidly turning his head in every direction, and doing great damage with his ugly-looking tusks, all the time gnashing his teeth with rage. First one dog and then another tried to seize him by the throat, only to be driven back, wounded by those terrible tusks. Matters began to look serious, as several of the dogs were badly wounded, and I dared not shoot, as the dogs were in the way. I looked around and saw Boney fastening a kind of rusty old bayonet he carried, onto the end of a long pole. It seemed ages before he was ready. Meanwhile, the quenk had played frightful havoc among the dogs. Three of them were hors de combat, and were dragging themselves on their stomachs along the ground, terribly mutilated and uttering the most piteous howls. But Garib and Noble, the two best of the dogs, were still holding their own, when Boney rushed forward and drove his improvised lance with sure aim into the plucky quenk's heart, and all was over. We had our work cut out, however, to keep the dogs away from the dead pig, as they were greatly excited and we had to kick right and left before we could quiet them. Boney now disemboweled our game, and smeared the blood over the dogs' faces, giving them a ghastly appearance. This is done to improve their scent. On examining the dogs we found they were all more or less wounded, the two most experienced, Garib and Noble, only slightly, but two were almost done for, one of them being Boney's skinny little cur, which Boney left to die in the forest.

Too Tired for Another Chase.

We had each a heavy load to carry, including one of the dogs, and we made slow progress through the dense forest. Besides, I was terribly tired and thirsty, and my head felt as if it would burst, while the braces with which I carried the dead pig on my back, cut deep into my flesh. Another quenk was started soon after, but I sat down and took a well-earned rest, while my comrades gave chase. This one, however, was soon run down and killed.

On our way homeward, beyond a shot at a small alligator, which Ped managed to kill, and an agouti which fell to me, we were far too tired to have eyes for anything. Before we left the forest the cicadas had started their unearthly din and the forest was in such an uproar with their shrill whistling, screaming, buzzing and humming that we had to shout to one another to make ourselves heard. Indeed, it would be hard for a stranger to believe that the noise was made by an insect. A noisy species of frog which inhabits a swamp on the outskirts of the forest was also making a great uproar. The light beetles were flashing their red and green lights through the forest aisles, noisy parrots were chattering overhead, birds were singing and monkeys howling as we once more came into the light of day and all nature seemed to be thankful that the heat of another day was over.

As for ourselves, to say we were thankful to get back, is putting it mildly. Poor Ped, who had the biggest load, was too tired even to laugh, and he and Boney had more work before them in cutting up the game and attending to the wounded dogs. I should here mention that my gun, which I had taken out with me in the morning, beautifully bright and clean, was now one mass of rust, which I could chip off in large pieces, such was the effect on it of the heat and moisture. A plunge in the river soon restored me and I felt none the worse for my day's hunting. In conclusion, I should say that what I have here written is copied from notes that I took at the time. Among the many hunting trips I have made in the tropics, while I may often have had better sport, few have been more interesting and enjoyable than this one in the high woods of Caparo.

H. WILFRID WALKER.

WHIP AND KNIFE.

ONE SAVED DEWEY MORALLY AND
THE OTHER PHYSICALLY.

By Special Contributors.

THE only man who ever whipped Dewey" will probably be one of the most enthusiastic observers of the admiral's progress through New York, for Maj. Z. K. Pangborn of Jersey City achieved Dewey's friendship with that now historic rawhide as completely as he enforced discipline in the school where he swung it.

The story of the encounter has not been completely and accurately told in print. Here it is in the major's own words:

"I was a student in the University of Vermont in the fall of 1848. I was poor and I had to earn my way. School teaching was the only method I could think of and I asked Trustee Briggs to give me charge of the State street district school of Montpelier. The judge looked me over. I am not tall, as you see, and then I was not stocky. My weight was about 90 pounds. As he sized me up an odd smile spread over his face.

"You know something about that school, I suppose?" he queried.

"I told him I'd heard it was a hard school to keep, but added that I'd like to try it if he'd only agree to keep his hands off. He reminded me that two teachers had been thrown out of the schoolhouse the previous winter, but when I said I believed I could whip the whole school if I had to and wouldn't hesitate to try, anyway, he said he'd send for Trustee Spalding. He came in soon and asked my terms. I put the price at about double the usual figure. That turned the decision my way and I was hired then and there.

Eighty Boys, and All Bad.

"There were about eighty pupils in the school, and there were seven full-grown young men among them. They were apprentices under the old-time system and entitled by law to three months' schooling every winter. It was the apprentices who made the trouble mostly. It was their plan every winter to get one or more of the younger boys into trouble with the teacher, and when the latter attempted to chastise the culprit to rush to his rescue. I understood this and I also learned that they had selected young George Dewey, then 13, to be the scapegoat. George was one of the brightest boys in the school, but inclined to be wild. His father, Dr. Dewey, had been a classmate of my father—who was a doctor also—in a medical school, and had told me he'd object to nothing I might do to George if only I'd make him behave.

"There was no trouble the first week, but the fun began in earnest immediately after the afternoon recess of the second Monday. George Dewey did not return to the schoolroom when I rang the bell, and I sent his seat-mate for him. Dewey sent word in that he wouldn't come; furthermore, and in exact terms, that I might 'go to the devil.' I said nothing then. After school was dismissed for the day, young Dewey, who had climbed into the belfry of the Statehouse close by, threw snowballs at the smaller children and I ordered him to stop. Again, and profanely, he refused to obey.

"Next morning I was prepared for a fight. I knew I'd have more than George to deal with—that he was only a stalking horse—and that it was the apprentices I must conquer. I'd never displayed either ruler or whip in the schoolroom and I didn't begin then, but I hid a rawhide on top of the blackboard for young Dewey and arranged a little pile of round, straight sticks of cordwood on top of the wood box for the apprentices. I meant to conquer that school or die. At about 10 I called George up and asked him to apologize. He grinned, refused pertly and impudently, without the quiver of an eyelid. Before the words were out of his mouth I was striking him with the rawhide anywhere I could and as hard as I could. I hurt him, too; made him bleed on the hand, and the shock of surprise was so great that he fell, crying, to the floor as any boy of his age would have done. That was the end of him so far as that fight was concerned. Then I had the apprentices to look out for.

Clubs, After the Rawhide.

"Fortunately for me they had been as much surprised as George had been, and were a little slow in attempting his rescue. All seven of them started, though, but as they had to file down the aisle only one could come at a time. I caught up one of my clubs and hit the leader a thumping clip right in the middle of the forehead. He went down like a log and I didn't know but I'd killed the chap. I ordered the others to sit down, and they sat. I remember very well how one of them, a big, strapping chap nearly once and a half as big as I, brought a clenched fist into the open palm of his other hand and gasped out, 'God a'mighty!' as he dropped into his seat.

"I dressed the hurts of the wounded as well as I could, sent the apprentice home and kept Dewey with me till school was over for the day. The apprentice was abed some weeks and his relatives talked about having me arrested, but they couldn't compass it. I had no more trouble, of course, and Dewey was one of the best boys after that in the whole school.

"Two or three years later, when I was principal of the La Motte Academy at Johnson, Vt., George Dewey came into the schoolroom one day smiling:

"I've always claimed I'd lick you as soon as I got big enough," he said, 'but I haven't come to do that now. I've come to go to school to you some more. You see, father wants me to go to college and I've promised to prepare for Norwich University if I could be with you. May I come?"

Almost Missed Annapolis.

"I was pleased, of course, and took him in. He went in the same classes with my brother, who was one of my pupils, and, as he had to board somewhere, we took him to our boarding-house and he roomed with my brother and ate at our table for a year or two. I taught him the beginnings of algebra and geometry and Latin and I never had a brighter, pleasanter pupil. Even then, however, he wanted to enter the navy and would never have gone to Norwich at all had not his stepmother been opposed to a naval career for him. After he'd been in

college a while he carried his point and was examined for Annapolis, but, as you've probably heard, he got in by the merest chance.

"You see, there were two applicants for the vacancy, George and a young fellow named Spalding. The examination was competitive and Spalding won. Fortunately for George, but not for the Spaniards, Spalding's folks wouldn't allow him to go to Annapolis even after he'd passed the examination, and that's how Dewey secured his chance to be a naval man."

So Maj. Pangborn probably had as much to do with forming the character of George Dewey as any one except the boy's parents. Their feeling for each other may have grown out of the fact that both were fighters. It may have been a fellow-feeling.

Pangborn Something of a Hero Himself.

For years Maj. Pangborn has been not only an important figure in New Jersey, but a man whose name was counted in national affairs.

As I have said, after Dewey's thrashing he and his teacher became friends of exceeding intimacy. The boy regarding the man with the closest affection as well as the most profound respect, while the man held the boy in high esteem, as one likely to make his mark in the world some day. Two or three years after the whipping episode it was under Pangborn's influence that the boy concluded to obey his father's wish and go to college, and it was under Pangborn's personal supervision that the future admiral made most of his preparations for the college course.

The Maj. Pangborn of today is a stocky little man with full beard and mustache, which are nearly white. He is beginning to be bald. His face indicates pugnacity, tempered with courtesy, and cleverness, fortified with thoughtfulness. For a man of his age—he was 70 July 31 of this year—he is exceedingly sturdy and robust, and though he retired from active life four years ago, is still capable of doing more work than many a man full twenty years his junior. The major's prowess as a stump speaker is known throughout the major part of the United States; in New Jersey he is preëminent because of his ability as an after dinner speaker.

He Would Begin the Shooting.

But his greatest deed on the stump was accomplished in 1860 at Baltimore, soon after the nomination of Lincoln. Young Pangborn was in Washington when the great mass meeting in favor of Lincoln was held, and it was broken up by a mob which smashed the benches and broke the windows in the hall, he advocated a second meeting in the open air, which was held successfully and which he addressed.

Word was sent to Washington the day after that meeting that while it might be possible for the "Little Yankee Jack-knife" and his friends to hold a black Republican meeting at the capital, where no one could vote, they would find it impossible to repeat the performance in Baltimore. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the message continued, in effect, that there'd be shooting if anyone attempted to advocate Lincoln's election in the Monumental City, where the men could vote. That message fired Pangborn and he proposed to Preston King, then a United States Senator from New York; Frank P. Blair, who afterward ran for second place when Greeley ran for President; David J. Kilgore of Indiana, and others that they should visit Baltimore, hold a Lincoln meeting and see whether there'd be any shooting or not.

"Let's Begin Shooting Now!"

This was agreed to on Pangborn promising to be first speaker, and it was also agreed that the arrangements of the meeting should be exactly as he wished. In order that Baltimore should be fully informed of the meeting in advance there was extensive advertising and Monument Square was selected for the gathering. The crowd began to mass before sundown, and, soon after dark, when Pangborn stepped upon the torch-lighted platform and leaned against the railing he looked out upon a tumultuous sea of heads and from which arose a mighty roar of angry execration. Pangborn weighed not an ounce more than 125 pounds at that time, was unknown to nearly all in the crowd and they were surprised to see that the Yankee who had nerve enough to face them was so slight and youthful looking.

Before they had got over their surprise he gave them another. With a quick motion of both hands he drew from his pockets a brace of big revolvers which he leveled unflinchingly at the crowd. Instantly there was a hush and then his high-pitched voice rang out distinct and clear.

"Citizens of Maryland, gentlemen!" cried the speaker, "I have been told that there will be shooting here tonight if I say anything displeasing. I hardly credit the report; but, if there is to be any shooting, let's begin now!"

The bluff worked. The crowd could admire the slim Yankee's nerve and courage whether it could agree with him or not, and after an instant's stupefied silence every throat in the throng joined in a yell of encouragement. Then the young man began to tell stories. In a little while he had the attention of every man before him and he was unmolested from the beginning to the end of his talk, though interrupted frequently with angry protests.

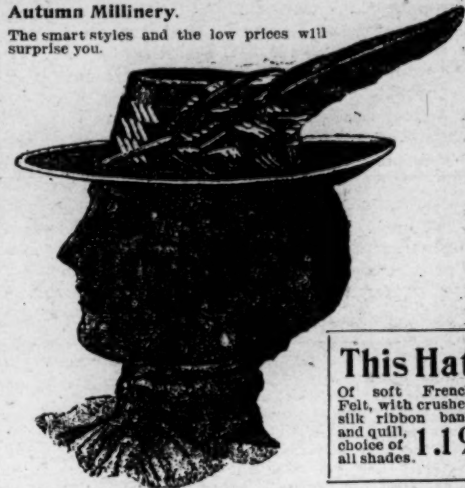
Spoke in Spite of Spoiled Eggs.

So far as anyone knows, the major has never been prevented from making an address when he sets out to do so, no matter how hostile the crowd before him, but he came near failure some years after the civil war, in Jersey City. No one now remembers the subject upon which he was scheduled to speak, but the meeting was held in the open air and the audience was against him from the start. He had no sooner stepped foot upon the platform, indeed, said an old friend in describing the scene to the writer yesterday, than an over-matured turnip came sailing through the air and dropped at his feet, and he had to dodge other vegetables and even eggs in his progress to the front. Of course, there was a great howling which almost drowned his voice, and at first his friends thought he'd surely have to retreat at once. This belief became moral certainty when, in dodging a cabbage, the major ran his head plump against a flying, well-ripened egg. But he triumphed after all. Instead of turning tail and fleeing from the crowd, as the crowd expected him to do, he calmly wiped the yellow from his face, and, taking advantage of the momentary lull in the noise, began to speak, his words carrying like the musical notes of a bell.

"I'd rather talk to a lively, good-natured crowd like this one, than any other kind of a crowd I know anything about," he said, "because I know that once I can get it to listen it will be interested in what I have to say. You men have opinions of your own or you wouldn't have got up any such demonstration as you have been making here tonight, and there's a good deal more hope

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Tan O'Shanter crown, with a quill or velvet band and
rosette trimmings.

for you, even if you are wrong, than there is for some men whose views may be all right, but who are half asleep most of the time. Now as soon as I can get rid of the remainder of this egg I want to tell you a story."

He held the audience after that display of nerve and good nature, as a matter of course.

OSBORN SPENCER.

Heroic Under the Knife.

LONDON, Sept. 14.—There has been much talk in the English, as well as the American press, about Dewey's physical condition. Many accounts of the operation performed by Sir James Nicholas Dick, K.C.B., have been printed which to a medical man's mind are not less than weird. For instance, the statement that Admiral Dewey lost a part of his liver during this operation has been gravely given place in solemn publications. No man has ever had any part of his liver removed and lived.

The writer was fortunate enough to spend an evening with Sir James Nicholas Dick this week. This distinguished surgeon has for many years held an honorable position in the British navy, has recently retired on the age limit, and now has a fashionable clientele in the West End of London. He is a genial, pleasant-faced gentleman, of stocky build, with a cropped iron gray beard, and a bald head. He looks much younger than the sixty-five years which he acknowledges. He said:

"It was in Malta, when Dewey was a captain, that I operated on him, and it is unquestionably true that if I had delayed my work a very short time Dewey would not have been at Manila. Death would have been certain.

"Of course the story that I removed any part of his liver is utterly absurd, although I can readily understand how a lay reporter might make such a mistake. Nowadays when we can remove kidneys and stomachs with practical impunity, an operation on the liver does not seem impossible.

"Dewey's trouble had been produced by long residence in the tropics, where he had been stationed for several years. Liver diseases are much commoner in hot climates than in the temperate zone. I was inspector-general of the Marine Hospital Service, and was called in consultation by Dr. Webb, the American ship's surgeon. The case was puzzling and obscure, as such affections are likely to be, and Dr. Webb had failed to make a diagnosis. I asked for the privilege of introducing an exploring needle and the future admiral smilingly told me to go ahead. The use of this needle is extremely painful, but he scarcely winced. The wisdom of this method of procedure was proved in a few moments, when I discovered pus.

"An abscess of the liver is an extremely dangerous thing and Dewey's was a bad case. I drew out at least a pint of pus before I stopped. If Dewey had not been promptly treated he would certainly have died.

"Dewey made a model patient. He endured his pain like a stoic, maintaining absolutely complete composure under the severest agony. I have never known a man to stand suffering better. Of course I had no idea then of the glory that would come to him in a few years, but I was deeply impressed by the man's self-control and evident intellectual strength."

H. S.

"O Liberty, thou goddess, heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eased of her load subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Givest beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day."
—[Addison.]

THEY CARRY LOADS.

THREE KINDS OF BURDEN-BEARERS
TO BE SEEN IN MEXICO.

By a Special Contributor.

OB SERVERS of practical conditions will note in Mexico three classes of burden bearers: Burros, oxen and men. Of these animals the small, patient, and slow-moving borros, the most common, most reliable and most useful. These primitive donkeys are typical of the indolent, indifferent character of the average Mexican of the lower class. Burros are very hardy and strong for their size, and one thing about them which is much appreciated by owners is that it costs nothing to keep them. Turned loose at the close of the day's labor, or tethered in a vacant place, they will, like Harlem goats, hunt their own provender. They will live on mesquite bushes, shrubs and stray twigs of grass, and keep in good flesh at that.

Used for family purposes, the burros serve many purposes. They act as carriers for the family—often carrying a man, and one or two boys, and perhaps a girl. Riding alone, a boy usually sits on the rump of a burro and belabors the beast with a club, or thick rope. The animals are sometimes hitched to a rude family cart and made to draw wood and other necessities of the family. For general purposes, the burro is used en suite, in company with a dozen others, as carriers of hay, straw, wood, provisions and other materials to and from the city. They are employed in great numbers in the mining districts to carry ore from the mines to the smelters or to railway stations, and returning carry back mining supplies to the camps. Like goats, the burros will climb steep ascents, and carry burden of sur-

rocks and ruts produces a corresponding jerk of the oxen's heads, and the poor beasts are in constant agony. Their eyes stare, become glassy, and reveal a terrible strain. The action of the cart soon shakes out the animals' teeth. But it is claimed that the animals can bear greater burdens—in fact, this was recently demonstrated by tests in the district of Vera Cruz—when the yoke is fastened to the horns, than when a bow is used. But the system is extremely cruel.

For conveying passengers in Mexico, old-fashioned hacks and surreys, with small, raw-boned horses are used. A blue, red and yellow flag, in some cities, indicates respectively, first, second or third-class vehicles. The drivers thrash the beast almost constantly. Going down hill, or even into a pitchhole, the brake, about the size of a freight-car wheel brake, is rigidly applied on all occasions, lest the animals forget their duties. But it saves the passengers a rude jolt in passing rough places, anyway.

Men are about as heavily-worked beasts of burden in Mexico as any four-footed animals. Yet they thrive under the work. Alighting from stations the traveler is beset with a crowd of "cargadores" or porters, who will convey a load of trunks and bags on their heads and shoulders to and from hotel and station, at low rates. Express or delivery wagons are rarely used. Men are also used to carry orange crates, furniture, loads of pottery, jars of water, bales of rags, in fact, as carriers of all sorts of burdens, which can be placed upon human heads or shoulders. Yet these burden-bearers seem to be ready and willing, at all times, to work for small fees. They will work for 10 cents an hour, Mexican money, or carry a trunk, or heavy parcel for from 15 to 25 cents.

In almost every city you will observe prisoners, usually petty offenders, or drunks, sweeping streets, under guard of soldiers, or carrying away refuse. In sweeping streets the men use a common watering pot and a bunch about the size of a common whisk broom. Prisoners are also employed in making or repairing streets, and in public works, breaking rock, digging sewers, and in various other works of a public nature.

Although the burden-bearers of Mexico are employed in much the same way as in primitive times, yet there is a tendency to improvement, to the adoption of modern

had a cock pheasant in its mouth, and was dragging it along by the neck. The snake kept the road, and traveled so fast that it was out of sight before the two men had recovered from their astonishment. Then, satisfied that it was not a spook bicycle that had made the track in the old road, they went on with their minds at ease.

"The great trail followed the road for nearly a mile, when it turned toward the woods again and disappeared. Half a mile further on the big snake came into the road again like a flash. This time it had a rabbit in its mouth."

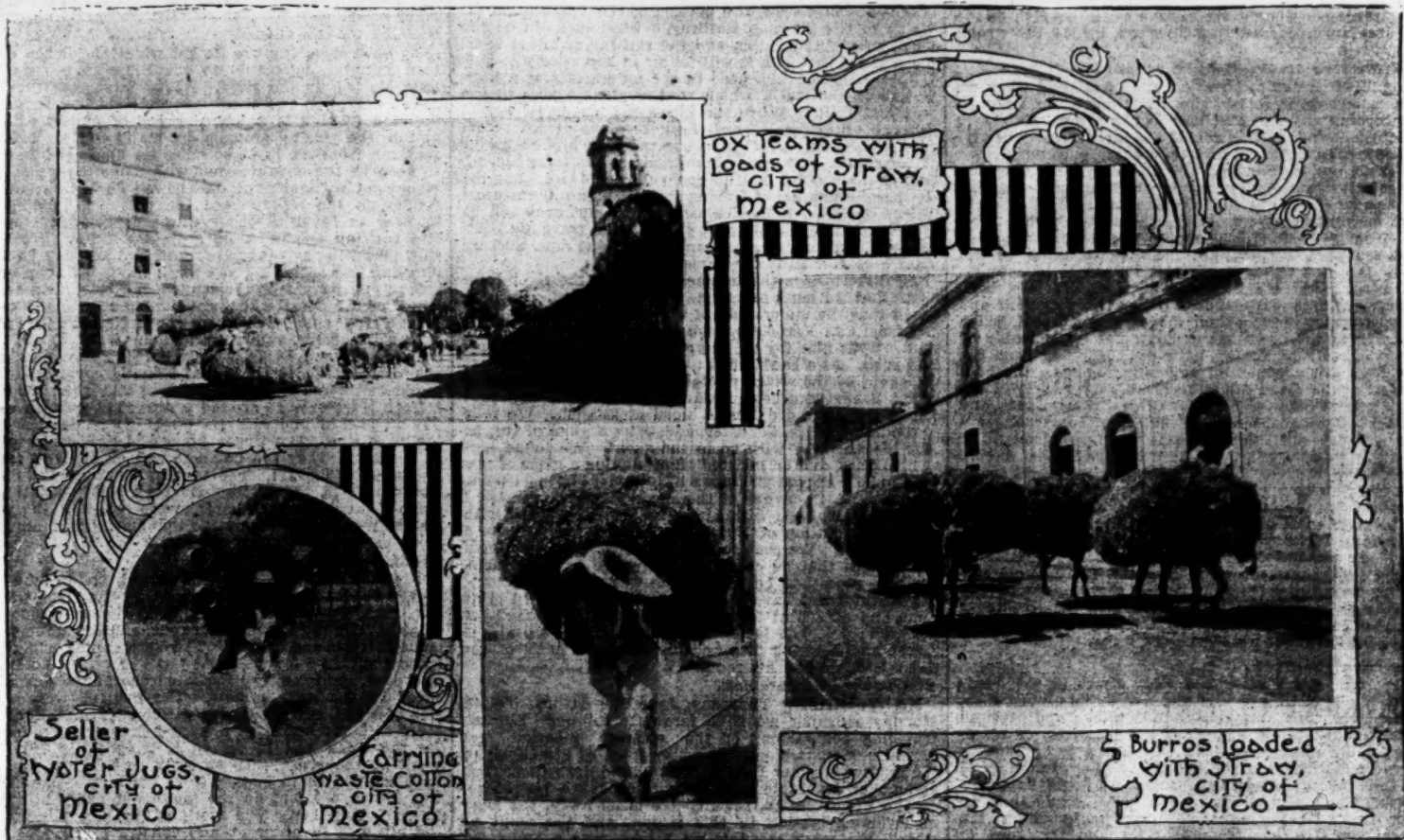
"Lord!" exclaimed Zepp. "He has gulped that big pheasant, and now he's going to swallow a rabbit!"

"This time the snake did not follow the road, but crossed it, and it really made Zep and Meyers a little squirm when they saw the head of the snake disappear in the woods on one side of the road some time before its tail came out of the woods on the other side."

"Half a mile further on they came to Andy Filte's. Andy is a coon, fox and 'possum hunter, and when Zep and Meyers told him about the big snake he called his dog, got his gun, and started out to see if he couldn't do something in the line of snake hunting. Zepp and Meyers went along to see the fun, or I wouldn't have known about it."

"That must be the uncommonest snake that was ever treed around here, or you wouldn't find old Dan cuttin' up like that! He has holed a dozen rattlers to wunst 'fore now, and never made no such fuss."

"The hunters soon got to the dog, and at once saw that he had good cause to make a fuss. Two snakes lay stretched on the rocks. They were as black as coal, or they could easily have been mistaken for chestnut saplings. Each snake seemed swollen to a great size just below the neck. Andy Filte shot both of them through the head, and they thrashed around so in the bushes that the dog and Zepp and Meyers ran away. The snakes gave up at last, and Andy cut them open, just as Zepp and Meyers got courage enough to come back. In one was a cock pheasant and in the other a rabbit. The snake that had swallowed the rabbit had a mule's shoe in its stomach. This led to the report, when the news of the killing of the two snakes was carried to Melrose, that one of the snakes had swallowed a mule."



prising size and weight. One man will drive a dozen burros in a flock all laden with burdens of some kind. They keep company like sheep, though they are easily frightened from the traveled way.

The colts, especially when young, are very cunning. A fairly good burro can be purchased in Mexico for from \$3 to \$5, Mexican money. They will work a good many years, and it is not uncommon to see a very old and badly-worn animal in the tolls. Sometimes the burros are hitched on ahead of large freight wagons, as aids to a horse or mule team. Of course, these animals are often badly treated and abused.

A good story is told of a Mexican who was beating an animal that had fallen down and was unable to rise under his burden. A wag who was skilled in ventriloquism stood near, and the animal appeared to say: "Juan, I have borne your burdens and your dirty children for years. You have fed me on mesquite bushes and scraps, and now that I am old and broken down, you beat me." In an instant the superstitious Aztec was on his knees, imploring the Virgin and crossing himself.

For heavier vehicles, mules are usually employed in Mexico. All street cars are usually drawn by mules—generally tandem style. So, in hauling heavy loads of ore over long distances, several pairs of mules are employed. They are very slow and lazy. From the ancient city of Zacatecas, standing at an elevation of nearly seven thousand feet, a rude street railway extends to Guadalupe, some six or eight miles. The car will run from the former to the latter place of its own momentum. But returning the services of eight mules are required—and an awfully slow, tedious journey it is—in a dilapidated old car.

In the larger and richer agricultural regions of Mexico, big, strong oxen are generally employed. Instead of a bow and yoke, the yokes are secured fast by straps to the horns of the oxen. Now, in field work this mode does not discommodate the ox, but when hitched to a heavy, rumbling cart, the torture seems to be excruciating. Every jolt of the ponderous wheels going over the

methods, and a reduction in the degree of hardship imposed upon the beasts of burden, or upon men.

GEORGE A. BENHAM.

LAND OF BLACKSNAKES.

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON STROLL IN A WOOD ON THE BORDER OF MARYLAND.

[New York Sun:] "You may not know," said Col. F. B. Schoch, formerly of York county, Pennsylvania, "that the border line of Pennsylvania and Maryland, or, rather, the country along it, seems to be peculiarly adapted to the propagation of big snakes. There is, in particular, a family of blacksnakes in that region so given to growth that only small ones of the race excite any comment. I will say that I myself have never seen one of these snakes that was more than ten feet long, but I have the word of a neighbor of mine, James Zepp by name—and he is corroborated by a friend of his, J. C. Meyers—that one Sunday afternoon not long ago he and his friend Meyers were walking along the Melrose road on their way to the woods when they came upon what they supposed was a bicycle track in the road, which is very little used."

"Who do you suppose can be going through this country on a bicycle?" said Zepp to Meyers.

"Somebody that must have muscle and nerve," replied Meyers, "and he must have a tire on his wheel like a lumber wagon, from the width of track it makes."

"They measured the track. It was four inches wide. It followed the road two miles and ended. Then for the first time it struck the two men that the track had begun in the road as suddenly as it had come to an end. They thought over the puzzle for some time, and could come to but one conclusion, and that was that the track had been made by a spook bicycle."

"Zepp and Meyers went on with hurried steps, and had gone but a short distance, when suddenly an enormous blacksnake glided out of the woods into the road. It

This was found out later to be untrue, as the mule's shoe was identified by George Sampson as one that he had tied around the neck of a kitten he had thrown in the mill pond a week before. The cat, it was thought, had escaped from the pond, and run up against the snake somewhere, and the snake at once took her in, shoe and all. The smaller of the two snakes measured fourteen feet, Zepp said; the other fourteen feet nine inches. They were larger by four feet or so than the usual run of blacksnakes on the Maryland border, at least, larger than any I ever saw, and it isn't likely that you ever knew there were snakes on the Maryland border even as big as that."

Gen. Grosvenor on the Guerin Episode.

MOST of the time he was in Paris, Gen. Grosvenor studied the existing state of affairs in that city. Everyday he drove down to the house of Guerin and witnessed his defiance of the police and authorities. Gen. Grosvenor said:

"The defiance of Guerin is one of the most astounding things I have ever seen. Here is that man and his followers intrenched in that house, cursing the authorities, and they are not touched. Such a condition could not exist in this country. We were most interested in the affair and used to drive down to that locality every day. That is one of the reasons I prolonged my stay in Paris. I believe that the municipal government is afraid to adopt rough measures toward Guerin, for fear of rioting, and perhaps precipitating a revolution. From observation I believe that riots are ready to break out at any minute. I never saw such a state of anarchy in all my life. Already houses have been burned and churches sacked."

The general asked many questions as to the political situation in Ohio. When asked as to politics all he said was that all the gold Democrats he had met on the other side were more in favor of gold than ever.—[New York Tribune.]

ACROSS SIBERIA.

MORE PERPLEXITIES THAN PLEASURE
IN TRAVEL BY RIVER.

From a Special Correspondent.

STRETZINSK-ON-THE-SHILKA (Siberia.) June 27, 1899.—On the night of the 17th we boarded the steamer *Siberiac* at Blagovestchensk, in a driving rain. Our Russian traveling companions told us we were in great luck to be on our way up the Amur and the Shilka to this place, because seventy people had vainly tried to take passage. We thought we were really in luck to be alive. The river had fallen rapidly at dusk, the barge to which our steamer was tied had broken from her moorings and the series of gang planks from shore to barge, as well as the timbers leading down the bank, were slimy, slippery and unstable. The deck hands walked warily on this treacherous trail, and to take three women and a baby over it on a dark night was to defy fate. Fate was defied. It took us an hour to find our way over logs, through mud, along stretches of gang plank, across the barge and down a steep, cleated board to the lower deck of the *Siberiac*.

The steamer was a small stern-wheeler, heavily loaded, and her two deck and side seats were all but blocked by passengers and their baggage. We found our cabin a 7x7 room on the upper deck, with two windows, two cushioned seats, which served as beds, oilcloth on the floor, and an electric button. The button was out of order most of the time, and when it was touched no one met the call, but the button had a cheerful and civilized look, the line of green wire was grateful to the eye and we decided that without this modern convenience we would have been very lonesome. We also had a looking glass, and by standing on a valise and stretching, managed to use it. Glasses are always hung too high or too low, locks are reversed and keys are turned the wrong way.

Only Twelve Hours Behind Schedule.

The *Siberiac* was to have left at 10 p.m., and when we went to bed we were told she would start at 2 a.m. In the morning she was still tied to the barge. It was a Russian holiday, and as one of the large firms was giving its clerks a picnic, and its freight patronage was profitable, our captain had volunteered to tow the junk of the picnickers. After much whistling and shouting the steamer started at 10 o'clock. She made about eight miles an hour against a six-mile current, and the river, now from quarter to half a mile wide, grew more and more crooked. By daylight the *Siberiac* was an odd sight. She had thirty cabin and 130 deck passengers. The latter were Siberian peasants and Tartars, men, women, children and babies, Chinese, Japanese and mixed races, an orderly though odoriferous crowd, which so cumbered the deck that walking was disagreeable by day and nearly impossible at night. Hanging from the rafters on the upper deck, and swinging with the boat were strings of dried fish and onions, pieces of fly-blown meat, huge loaves of bread, kettles, rifles, axes and packages of tea, tobacco and chunks of coarse Russian sugar. These and the skin coats and fur garments of the travelers mingled their fragrance with the breeze from the woods. On hot and calm days we might easily have imagined ourselves on a floating tannery, though fortunately for us, these days were few, and 200 versts up the river most of the fishy and furry folks left us. The second night from Blagovestchensk was warm and clear. As we glided through the forest, the Siberians singing sentimental songs to a guitar, the Chinese serenading us with voice and fiddle, the captain's boy scraping on a violin and Tartars noisily disputing over a game of lotto, we realized that we Americans were well off the beaten track seen from the deck.

Seen from the Deck.

The Amur and Shilka, and other rivers in the Amur Basin, are lined with forests of cedar, birch, pine, walnut and fir trees, that stretch back indefinitely, and between Blagovestchensk and Stretzinsk are hundreds of wood-piles for the steamer to draw on. Every ten or twelve hours the *Siberiac* stopped opposite a pile, preferably at a village where freight and passengers could be transferred. The landings were so cleverly made that we never tired watching them. The first was made on the Manchurian side, just at dusk. The steamer drew to within 150 feet of the shore and dropped her anchor, paying out chain so that her bow came about seventy feet off shore. At the same time a boat was lowered and the men carried ashore a light line to which was attached a wire rope. The rope was fastened to a tree on the river bank and hauled taut. The boat came back to the steamer and, with the aid of a line from the bow of the latter, was placed in a position midway between the steamer and shore, the entire distance being sixty feet. One of the long, cleated gangplanks was run out on a fixed iron roller to the boat and then turned. The cleats caught on the iron roller on the steamer and on the gunwale of the boat and so held the plank in position. A second plank was run from boat to shore. A third plank from the steamer to the boat made half the walkway of double width, and as the two planks leading from steamer to boat were held together with crop pieces and lashing there was no chance for separation. All this was done in a racing current, and in a few minutes. Over the planks trailed passengers bent on cooking, washing, swimming, trading, picking flowers and limb-stretching. As it grew dark the little clearing was spangled with glowing fires, which intensified the forest shadows. Two hours saw the steamer wooded and starting.

Wood Abundant and Cheap.

Wood ranges from \$1 to \$1.50 a cord on the river, and as the millions of cords used have made no impression on the forests it should continue cheap. At Blagovestchensk we saw miles of log rafting and learned it came down the Amur. From the *Siberiac* we saw hundreds of rafts on the river. The average raft was 300 feet long, sixty feet wide and was steered by twelve men with oars made of logs. The steering was done from bow and stern. On these rafts were families, horses, cows, dogs and household effects. At night the rafters tied to the shore and went into camp. No permit to cut wood is necessary. The cutter cuts all he wants on either side of the river and except in the immediate vicinity of Stretzinsk firewood is abundant.

The Amur and Shilka have an extreme depth of thirteen feet and a minimum depth of two and one-half feet

between Blagovestchensk and Stretzinsk, and the steamer that makes seven round trips in the season does well. The transportation is done by fifty steamers and twenty-five barges. From what I saw in the way of industrial development, the high birth rate, the houses increasing in the village, and at isolated points as well as in the cities, and considering the cheapness of lumber and fuel and the inexhaustible supply, I am satisfied the river traffic will be increased rather than diminished by the railroad extension, especially as the Manchurian branch of the system is absorbing the attention of the builders and delaying work on that portion of the line destined finally to connect with the Khabarovsk-Vladivostok rails. If signs have any value the Siberian Railway will swell the volume of river traffic and road and river will handle an enormous business.

Bathing in the Shilka.

The passage to Stretzinsk had the charm of novelty and aside from a daily thunder shower which cooled and freshened the air, the weather was warm and summery. The scenery changed with every bend of the river and at times we could toss a biscuit to the bold rocks disputing the waterway. The forest walls were occasionally broken by meadows, in which flowers and grasses grew lush and shrubs ran riot. On the morning of June 23 we reached Pokoroff, on the north bank of the Amur, and an hour later turned into the Shilka. The steamer was now run by pole. Every few minutes the man in the bow pitched his painted pole into the water and shouted the depth. The *Siberiac* drew five feet, and when the water fell below six we slowed down and carefully felt our course. At the first landing on the Shilka was a long beach, and as the water was fairly clear the passengers took to bathing and washing. The men and boys pretended to go behind a point for their swim, and the women and girls raised their scanty garments thigh high and stood like dumb driven cattle in the rushing water. Mothers disrobed their infants and plunged them into the cold river regardless of shrieking protests, and take it all in all, a more informal scene I never witnessed.

A Much-crowded Steamer.

We reached Stretzinsk at 7 a.m. yesterday and here caught our first view of a portion of the Transbaikalian division of the Siberian Railway. Stretzinsk is on the south side of the Shilka and the railway terminal is on the north side, which it will follow in its easterly course. We were keenly interested in the movements of a locomotive on the track, which we thought we were to use as far as Chita. When the Siberian gang plank was in running order we learned, first, that the track from Stretzinsk was unavailing because of a broken bridge at Nerchinsk and minor breaks along the line; second, that the one hotel had no room for us; third, that the steamer *Baikal*, about leaving for Metrefano, the nearest railroad station, 150 miles away, could not even sell us deck room, and fourth, that our Russian traveling companions had bought a *tarantas* by telegraph and we must hereafter shift for ourselves.

As Stretzinsk is the toughest place on the river I decided that we must move on, and at any cost. It happened that the understudy of the pilot was an American boy from San Francisco, who had a smattering of Russian. With him for an interpreter I started an American rush. At a bank, after a glass of tea, I learned that the agent of the steamer might help me if I got the aid of Mr. Schuster, a substantial citizen, and the only person in the place speaking a word of English. We rode to the home of Mr. Schuster, and, after a glass of tea, he sent his manager with us to the agent. We found him at breakfast, and he insisted on my taking a glass of tea, which made my fourth since 6 o'clock. We strolled over to the office of the owner of the steamer, who suggested I take a glass of tea with him. He was so pleased with my commendation of Russian tea that I had to have a second glass. We rode to the steamer and learned from the captain that he could not even give us deck room. His own room had been sold. He was very, very sorry, but would I not have a glass of tea. I declined this time, and at a hint from the American boy asked for the engineer. The latter was a young Russian with a bright and beaming face and inside of five minutes, for 15 roubles, we had his room.

The Town of Stretzinsk.

NERTCHINSK, Thursday, June 29.—At 10 o'clock Monday morning we bade farewell to our Russian traveling companions of the steamer *Siberiac* and moved our traps along the water front of Stretzinsk to the smaller steamer *Baikal*. The *Baikal* drew three feet, and under favorable conditions could reach Metrefano, on the Upper Shilka, seventy-five miles away, the head of river navigation in this region, and the point at which, we were assured, we might take a train for Chita. We were a month from Vladivostok, and although traveling had been fairly easy and pleasant, we were naturally eager to avoid further delays. The *Baikal* was to sail after noon. Having frequently sampled the Russian phrase, after such and such a time, we knew the steamer would not leave until the morrow, so we put in our extra hours looking about Stretzinsk. Two years ago the town had 8000 inhabitants. Today it has 5000. Railroad work in Manchuria has drawn people from Stretzinsk, and for other reasons it has lost business and prestige. It is the only place of any considerable size in this part of the country that has been adversely affected by the Siberian Railroad, and steamboat men assured me its decline was merely a temporary fluctuation. It is a town of log buildings, and stretches along the river for two miles. It is all water front. Measured by the activity on the river bank it might be a city of 50,000. Steamers, barges, rafts and small boats load and unload with a rush in the busy season that the few weeks of navigation may be fully utilized. From daylight till dark, from 3 a.m. till 10 p.m., water street is alive with teams, and industry hums.

As we sat on a lumber pile near the *Baikal*, the string of carts was broken by a body of Cossack cavalry, 500 strong, who rode slowly by to their own vocal music. The song was one of those weird and dignified Russian airs that fit male voices to perfection, and in volume and tone recalled cathedral choirs. An hour later the same soldiers were grouped about a little German band of five pieces, listening with every evidence of appreciation, to a vile performance of "After the Ball."

Cossacks in Camp.

In the afternoon several hundred Cossack recruits, husky young fellows of from 18 to 25, in gray uniform, mostly overcoat, and skin caps, broke ranks on the river bank and went into camp. They were likely looking, physically, and well behaved. During the hours we saw them they had few rows, and these were the natural results of too much chaffing. The typical Russian has blue eyes and light brown hair, and these Cossacks were so many

blue-eyed boys. While we were looking at the Cossacks and watching them cook and pack, we heard loud cries and what seemed to be low language in the direction of our boat. I hurried to the steamer, and was just in time to see a rough-and-tumble fight between a dozen big Manchuria Chinamen and four stalwart Russians, the loading gang of the *Baikal*. The Russians were clumsy with their fists, but soon had the Chinamen on the run. In a few moments the storm was followed by a calm. It was a costly calm for us. The Chinese and Koreans are the only capable stevedores in Siberia, and as our Chinamen refused to resume work unless a giant Cossack was discharged, and his discharge was out of question, the Russians and Cossacks had to load our boat. And a sorry mess they made of it. It took two of them to carry a load that a single Chinaman would have smiled at. And so it came to pass that at 4 o'clock in the afternoon the captain told me he would not get away until the next day. As he river was falling, and Metrefano might be beyond our reach, we scented trouble.

Navigation of the Shilka is a ticklish business at best. There is never any guarantee that a steamer leaving Stretzinsk will get beyond Nerchinsk, the real head of navigation. We had to console ourselves with the knowledge that all the *Baikal* passengers were literally in the same boat, the thought of the many bad boxes out of which we had previously wriggled.

The sun grew blazing hot as the day wore on, and we sought the seclusion of our cabin. Our cabin! The room we had hired from the engineer was on the lower deck and opened into the engine-room. It was just large enough for a small table and two chairs, and when we stood we had to stoop to avoid the 5-inch steam pipe that ran along the ceiling. The pipe was covered with asbestos, and at its greatest heat imparted a steam-bath temperature to the place. By removing the chairs and using the floor for a couch, and by keeping the window open, we managed to avoid parboiling, and found some comfort. The smell of hot grease was disagreeable when our door opened, and there were other detracting features of the situation, but these we bore with patience, because in a couple of days we were to reach Metrefano and the railroad. And Metrefano was only seventy-five miles away.

Onward Up the Shilka.

At noon next day the *Baikal* whistled for ten or fifteen minutes, agreeable to the Siberian custom, and then started up the river. Above Stretzinsk the river grows narrower and shallower and intersecting valleys increase. There is a fair showing of cultivated land, and on the grazing grounds are many cattle. The current ran from six to eight miles an hour, and in order to keep in the channel men with sounding poles were placed on each side of our bow. The pilot laid his course on the report from the polemen, turning the steamer in favor of the greatest depth, and stopping and backing as the water grew shallower. We made slow progress against the current, and through backing, stopping and anchoring lost much time. At noon of the second day we passed the station of Nerchinsk, and in honor of the event whistled triumphantly to the crowd by the river side. Ten miles above Nerchinsk we ran onto a sandbank, and were an hour working off. Another start, and again we grounded. The pilot went out in a boat, poled around, and finally came back, saying he had found a channel that was all right. We made a fresh start only to ground again. The captain threw out an anchor and said he would go no farther until the river rose. The Upper Amur and Shilka are erratic in summer. They are liable to rise or fall two feet in ten or twelve hours. The captain was sure the Shilka would rise in the night. He took the precaution to drive a gauge into the bank to see just how the water was acting. As I saw him do this my faith in his judgment became a thing of the past.

Grading on the Railroad.

The railroad from Stretzinsk westerly follows the bank of the Shilka, and as we steamed up the river we saw the track, the protecting cribwork, the vast spaces of slope paving, the stream diversions, and the innumerable stone culverts and bridges. The track ran around a high cutting within a few hundred yards of where the *Baikal* anchored. This cutting indicated one of the difficulties faced by the road-builders. The roadbed was on the side of a hill, composed of small boulders and light and loose soil. It had been a hard job to make a footing for the track and to defend it temporarily from the wash of the river, fifty or sixty feet below, and the boulders and earth sliding from the hill. The latter was 300 or 400 feet on the incline—a nasty hill for a railroad neighbor. The work of grading the face of the hill was in progress, and construction trains were being loaded by hundreds of Chinese and Russians. The earth and rocks fell so easily that two men with crow-bars found no difficulty in dislodging enough material to keep the army of shovelers busy. It looked as if thousands upon thousands of tons would have to be taken from the hill before the track could be called safe.

As the outlook promised at best a long delay, some of the passengers made up their minds to try for Metrefano on a construction train. I went ashore to look over the situation, but on learning that the train did not run to Metrefano, and would drop people at a small village, I decided to stay by the boat. Thirty passengers landed and stood among mounds of baggage by the riverside. They presented a fine picture of Russian resignation and patience. Later I learned that the train was stalled and left them in a sad plight. At 8 o'clock in the evening the captain announced that the water was falling, Metrefano was not for us, and he would strive to get off the shoal and back to Nerchinsk. It is easy to go with the stream, and in half an hour we were gliding down the river stern first, and the polemen were sounding and shouting aft instead of forward. We barely escaped the rocks in some of the sharp turns, and twice grounded. Soon after 9 o'clock we tied to Nerchinsk Station, on the Shilka, and began unloading.

WILLIAM MITCHELL BUNKER.

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MARRIED IN RHYME.

An exchange prints the following marriage ceremony, which was said by a Tennessee squire a short time ago: "Wilt thou take her for thy pard; for better or for worse; to have, to hold, to fondly guard, till hauled off in a hearse? Wilt thou let her have her way, consult her many wishes; make a fire every day and help her wash the dishes? Wilt thou comfort and support her father and mother, Aunt Jemima and Uncle John, three sisters and a brother? And his face grew pale and blank; it was too late to jilt; as through the floor he sank, he said, 'I wilt.'"

THE "DATE LINE."

THE BOUNDARY IN THE PACIFIC
WHERE TIME JUMPS A DAY.

From the New York Tribune.

WHEN naval and merchant vessels are crossing the Pacific Ocean it is customary for their captains to change the dates in their logs at the 180th meridian of longitude. If a ship is voyaging around, a whole day is dropped there, and if it is going in the opposite direction, a day is repeated. This well-known usage and the reasons for it were discussed in the Tribune several months ago. It was also pointed out that at that time that on some of the islands in the Pacific the date corresponds to that observed on the American continent, while on others the Asiatic date prevails. But the line dividing the one system from the other does not, as the uninitiated might suppose, follow the 180th meridian, but is rather crooked. In fact, uncertainties on this point have bothered the makers of school books and other standard works of reference considerably. And there has been an unfortunate diversity of practice in informally charting the boundary question.

With some hope of obtaining a final verdict on this subject, the Tribune asked Prof. William Harkness, of

ment. Each island or group of islands has its own usage—a usage that has in instances been changed several times, either by the local government, a distant sovereign (as in the case of the Philippines,) or by the steamship company on which the island relied for communication with the outside world. No doubt nearness to and correspondence with adjacent islands have been influential factors in decisions of this kind. It is convenient to have the same calendar as that which one's neighbors and business friends observe. But, after all, each community has been a law unto itself, and there has been no such official consensus among the islands in the aggregate as is implied in the term "international date line."

In the accompanying chart the boundary indicated by Prof. Davidson and promulgated by the Hydrographic Office is represented by a solid line and that furnished by Prof. Harkness by a dotted line wherever the latter differs from the former. Both authorities swing far enough to the westward of the 180th meridian, in the North Pacific, to clear the uttermost Aleutians and associate them with continental Alaska. Again, both connect Morell Island and other reefs and shoals off to the west of Hawaii with that group of islands. But Prof. Davidson makes a fresh departure from the 180th meridian to do this, while Prof. Harkness drew a straight line from the Aleutians far enough south to include Morell. This is an immaterial difference, however.

The most marked discrepancy occurs south of the latitude of Hawaii. The Hydrographic Office does not venture so far from the midocean north and south as the Nautical Almanac Office. Prof. Davidson waits until he has gone below the Equator and is near the Ellice Islands before he departs from the boundary ob-

imposed upon Samoa by the Australian steamers. The usage now is that steamers leaving San Francisco for New Zealand and Australia carry the American date to Samoa, but change it after leaving Apia, and in returning from New Zealand and Australia they change their Asiatic date to the American date before reaching Apia. The change was very satisfactory to the missionaries.

Capt. Craig, chief hydrographer, informs me that the Hydrographic Office will publish a large number of maps to be used in answer to many inquiries that are made for information about the "international date line."

THE FOOD OF THE FUTURE.

IF IT IS IN THE CONDENSED FORM THEN WILL
THE SERVANT-GIRL PROBLEM BE SOLVED.

By a Special Contributor.

The food of the future will be concentrated or compressed. Science has already done wonders in demonstrating the large amount of water in all that we eat, and the possibility of getting rid of it, so as to have the food in the smallest compass possible. Already the housewife finds many of her problems simplified by utilizing the extracts which are increasing in the market from day to day. Will this condensed food solve the servant girl problem? It looks as if it would be largely instrumental in doing so. When, instead of having to buy a soup-bone, and soup-bunch, and cooking it for three or four hours, you have simply to swallow a little capsule or pellet as a plate of soup, and the matter of housekeeping is very much simplified.

But the scientists have done very much more than this. They can at the present moment save us hours of time and endless trouble and expense by providing a dinner of seven courses that will all go on a dinner plate and can be swallowed in five minutes. The best part of it all is that you will be better nourished than if you had sat at the table for two hours, for all of the waste portions of the food have been extracted, and you swallow only that which you can and will assimilate easily.

When the lady goes shopping she need no longer sit and fume for an hour waiting for the slow waiter to bring her chicken salad and ice cream; but she will simply ask for a glass of water and a little salt, put a lozenge of beef extract in it and have a more nourishing lunch than ever before, and that without losing a minute of the precious shopping time. When you come down to breakfast there need be no question: "How do you like your eggs?" but you will find a little pellet at your plate, and, washing it down with a swallow of water, you will have eaten your eggs. Do you like milk for breakfast? Have another little cube; it goes down in a moment, and you have had your milk. If you prefer chocolate or tea, there are similar compressions of these liquids for the stimulating of the system.

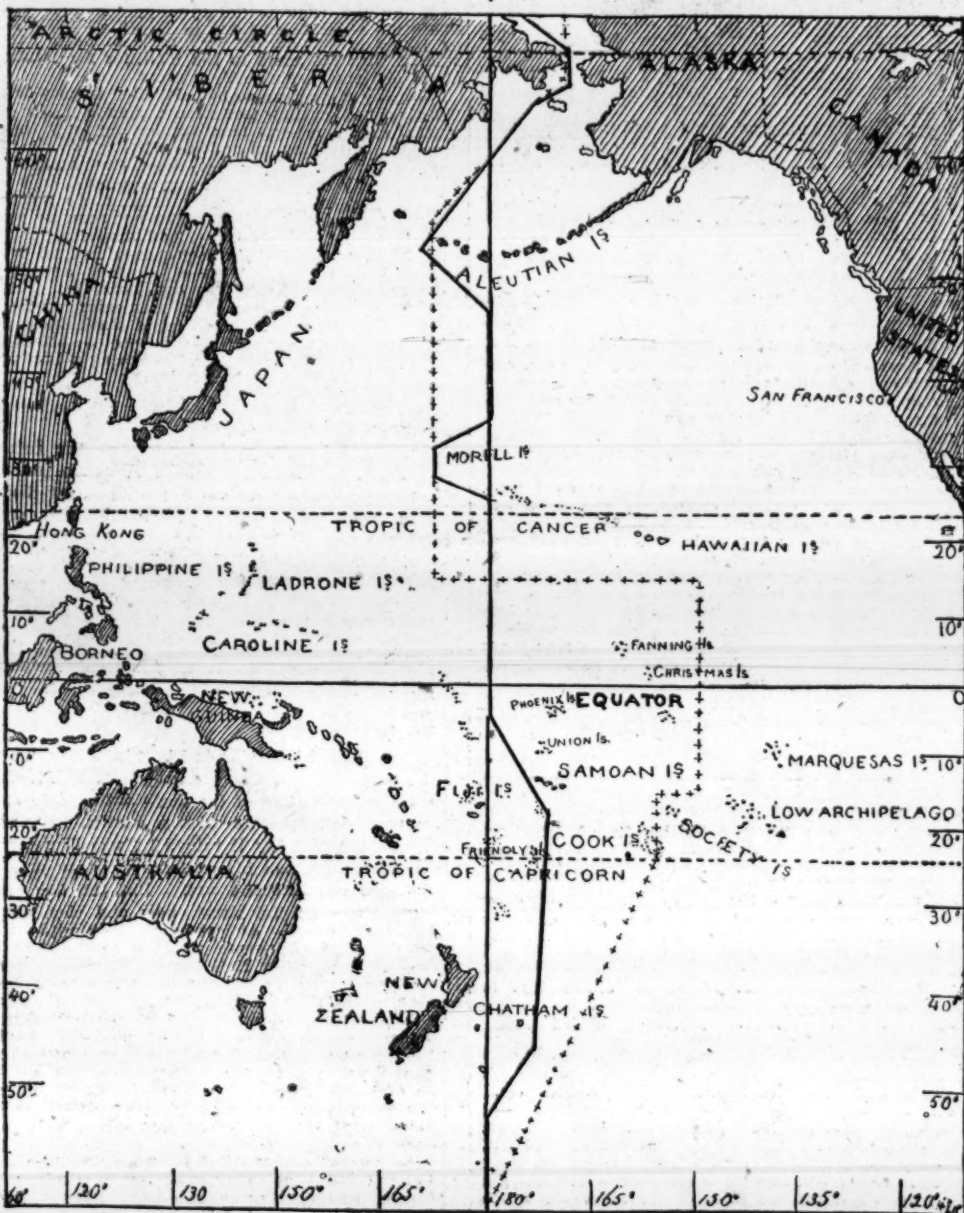
Only a housekeeper has any idea of the tremendous mass of material that is not consumed and wasted every day in preparing the meals. It is a fact that a man six feet tall eats seven times his weight in food during a single year. If he were to live on compressed food he would find that he consumed only one and a half times his size. So great is the difference between the food of the past and the food of the future. But it is easy to see how true this statement is by a glance at the pictures of different foods in their natural state and compressed. There is an egg, and its equivalent is hardly more than a dot in comparison, hardly any bigger than a bonbon. There is a plate of soup, and its actual food value is only a good-sized pill. Tea is compressed so well that even the aroma is preserved in the little ball that stands for a cupful. The condensing of milk has reached perfection only lately, and here it is shown how small is the actual contents of a glassful of this nourishing liquid. You can "drink" a glass of mineral water by swallowing a little pill, and queerly enough, it will quench your thirst better than the original. It is now stated that a man can swallow a cake of mineral water the size of a visiting card and require no more liquid for the whole day. The compression of meat has been accomplished to perfection, so that you can have a slice of roast beef in the shape of a pill or a thin wafer of extract.

This food of the future must make many changes in our mode of life, and largely contribute to our health and comfort. When there is no more marketing necessary, no more quarreling with the butcher over short weight and poor steak, when Bridget can't burn the steak to a crisp any more, and there is neither need for the ice man nor the garbage man, living will be relieved of many of the terrors which have driven housekeepers out of their wits.

This compressed, prepared food will also be of great value to the workingman, who will merely slip a lozenge or two into his pocket instead of carrying a tin pail full of all kinds of things that are a mess when it is time to eat them. It must be cheaper than the food of the present, for it will be prepared in large quantities and there will be no waste. All parts of the ox, for instance, are equally nourishing, and the neck will be as valuable for this food as the tenderloin. It is impossible to think of all the problems which this food may aid in solving. But of one thing we may be certain, that it will be of infinite value to the explorer and the traveler. Polar expeditions will be greatly simplified, for a man can easily pull on a sled all the food he will want for a year in the compressed form. There is no more need for whole colonies of reindeer or dogs to drag the provisions; each man can take all that he needs for a long time to come. But undoubtedly the chief boon of this food of the future will be in its solution of the housewife's problems of help and supply.

Lures the Fish With Song.

WILLIAM SCHUELER, an eccentric hermit who lives alone in a stockaded house in the village of Franklin, was greatly laughed at and joshed when he built a boat "catacorners" across a room in his house and had to tear the end of his house out to get the boat out of doors. But when it came to fishing, his extraordinary luck was the envy of the countryside. "I use a musical bait," said William, "but don't want these smart alecks to catch on to it. I've got a good voice and when out on the lake strikes up the 'Old Hundred.' With the aid of an aquascope I am enabled to perceive thousands of fishes crowding around my boat. Then casting my net I catch them by the dozens." The old man has a remarkable voice and there may be something in it. (Detroit News.)



the Nautical Almanac Office, last spring to indicate the line separating those islands which have an American date from those using the Asiatic date, and the substance of his reply was reproduced in these columns. Within the last few weeks, however, the United States Hydrographic Office, over which Rear Admiral Royal B. Bradford presides, has issued a chart, which will doubtless be accepted as official, and which differs in some respects from that of the Nautical Almanac Office. The data for the new line were furnished by Prof. George Davidson, for many years associated with the United States Coast Survey, and latterly occupying the chair of geography in the University of California. He is also president of the Geographical Society of the Pacific.

Prof. Davidson was interrogated about the "international date line" about a year ago by a school teacher, and was thus led to make an investigation of his own. The enterprise involved great deal of correspondence and personal interviewing. He communicated with foreign consuls in San Francisco, traders who had lived in Oceania, captains of merchant vessels, commanders of revenue cutters and officers of whalers that entered the Arctic Ocean. The discoveries made in this research and the conclusions reached were embodied in a paper read before his students, and were also communicated to the Hydrographic Office.

The phrase "international date line" is not appropriately used to designate the boundary here discussed. The line is not determined by any international agree-

served by shipping. He then slants away to the south-eastward so as to connect the Tonga, or Friendly, group with the Asiatic system, and attaches Samoa to the American. Among the other places which are thus associated with Hawaii and continental America are the Fanning and Christmas islands and the Phoenix and Union groups. In a letter to the Tribune regarding his investigation Prof. Davidson says:

"There is no 'international date line,' the usual medium for the change of date by vessels crossing the Pacific is the 180th meridian from Greenwich; but commercial usage and national usage have not always adopted that among the islands. For example, when the United States acquired Alaska, we found that Russia was using the Asiatic time there.

"I may mention, for instance, that two of the best foreign maps published in 1897 differed in locating the change of date line; and that in 'The International Encyclopedia' of 1894 this change of date line was drawn so far west from the 180th meridian as to include the Philippines, although that line was officially abolished January 1, 1845. This description had apparently been taken bodily from 'The Library of Useful Knowledge,' 1880. I also found that the Russian Church had changed its Asiatic date in Alaska in 1871.

"In Samoa the merchant captains had adopted the American date. From the man who had pushed the matter I learned that the King of Samoa had changed the Asiatic date to the American date by giving the islands two Fourths of July in 1891 or 1892 (I forget now which.) The Asiatic time had been previously

Stories of the Firing Line : : Animal Stories.

The Navy Deserved the Credit.

"YOU bet yer life I was at Santiago," said the old sailor. "On the Texas, under Jack Phillip. Stood by when the first shot was fired, an' helped pump the big shot into Cervery's ships until the last of them run down her flag."

"What do you think of Sampson and Schley? Who deserves credit for the victory?"

The old salt winked. "Sampson, certainly kin plan," he said, "an' Schley certainly kin fight."

"But who do you think deserves credit for the victory?"

"The American navy," he replied promptly.

"Certainly. But of Sampson and Schley, who deserves the most credit?"

"Well," he again replied, judiciously, "Sampson certainly kin plan, and Schley certainly kin fight."—[Philadelphia North American.]

The Brave Work of a Wife.

THE first sea fight after the battle of Bunker Hill was that between the captured schooner Unity and the British armed cruiser Margaretta, Lieut. Moore. The men who came from Pleasant River to the American ship were short of powder, having only two or three charges each. It appears that one of them, Josiah Weston of Jonesboro, forgot his powder-horn. After his departure his wife, Hannah, noticed the oversight, and, following the trail through the woods, reached Machias on the next day with the precious powder.

In this plucky tramp through the woods, Mrs. Weston was accompanied by her husband's sister, Miss Rebecca Weston, a frail girl, 15 years old. Mrs. Weston herself was in her seventeenth year, and had been married five months. The powder, which was carried in a bag, weighed forty pounds. There were no roads or bridges, and the two girls followed spots on trees.—[Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.]

A Letter With a Postscript.

"AS I FINISH writing this letter," wrote the regular to the folks at home, "orders come for us to move on to Calumpit. Before I send it, I'll add a postscript telling you how the fight came out."

He put the letter in his pocket, and moved on with his regiment. Half an hour later he was hit by a Mauser bullet and killed.

When the day's fighting was over, the regular's body was taken with others and prepared for burial. Friends found the letter in his pocket. One who had fought with him in the ranks from Arizona to the Philippines volunteered to forward the letter home. He added the postscript which his dead comrade had promised. This is what he wrote:

"P.S.—We took Calumpit all right, but Jack was one of the first to fall. But he died like a soldier, and we've buried him with all the honors of war."—[Philadelphia North American.]

Co. G's Bulldog.

CO. G, OF THE Twentieth Kansas, enlisted at Coffeyville, is bringing home a bulldog that was procured in San Francisco before the regiment left for Manila. It is related that on the way over this bulldog repeatedly licked the dog belonging to Capt. Fred Buchan, and that the captain appealed to the master of the ship for protection to his dog. The master proposed to throw the bulldog overboard, but every boy in Co. G took the warpath and the master thought better of his threat. The bulldog was on the firing line with the regiment from first to last, and the boys are able to relate many amusing anecdotes of his part in the Philippines conflict. When the company arrives in Kansas a drawing will be held to determine which one of the boys is to keep the dog as his private property, and it is said that the one who wins will regard it as a very great honor.—[Kansas City Journal.]

Champagne as Medicine.

CHARLEY ELWELL of Lawrence, who is serving the government at Santiago, thus describes his convalescence from an attack of yellow fever: "They took the best kind of care of me at the hospital. I had fever, hot and dry for seven days. For five days I was not allowed a single morsel of nourishment except enough apollinaris to wash down my medicine. Then they switched to champagne and gave me all the good 'fizz' I wanted, and I wanted a good deal, I can tell you. In a few days I will be entirely well and in possession of an immune certificate that some people would give \$1000 for. The doctors took some of my gore and mixed it up with some yellow-fever 'bugs' under the microscope and the bugs died. I can now go into any old yellow-fever shack and not care for 'nothing nor nobody.'"—[Kansas City Journal.]

Wounded Without Knowing It.

"CAN a man be severely wounded without knowing it?" said J. K. Clarke, formerly of the First Regulars, who was in the city the other day on his way to his home in St. Paul. "My answer is, yes, both from personal experience and observation. In the second day's fighting around Santiago I was in the act of refilling the magazine of my rifle when a ball struck me in the left shoulder, passing clear through and coming out in front, just below the collar bone. At the same instant a piece of shell hit the ground about twenty yards away and scattered dirt and stones in every direction. I felt a severe blow on my back and supposed that I had been struck by one of the flying stones. I fell on my knees, but got up again and went on shooting. Fully ten minutes afterward I felt something running down my side, and was greatly astonished to

find it was blood instead of sweat. A little later I fainted and I was laid up for a month. Before I was knocked out I saw a negro soldier from the Ninth lying in a trench. A Mauser bullet grazed the butt of his rifle and knocked it out of his hands. The negro picked up the weapon and about five minutes afterward I heard him swearing fluently. He had just noticed that one of his fingers was shot off. When I was in the hospital one of the 'Rough Riders' showed me a cartridge belt that had been struck by a bullet that smashed four shells. He said that he had it on at the time, and was lying in the trenches. The force of the shot turned him completely over and for two whole days he didn't dare to take off the belt to see whether he was wounded. I asked him why, and he said he was sure he would have lost his nerve if he had seen a hole in his body. He preferred to remain in doubt."—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

Safe With the Generals.

WHEN Gen. Fitzhugh Lee was about to deliver his address at the Confederate reunion in Craig county recently, some one came to him and asked him if he would not speak to him. The general consented, and the old negro, whose name was Sam, came and received the proffered hand. Gen. Lee asked him where he had seen the best time during the war.

"At Chickamauga," promptly replied the dandy, "because I ran as soon as the firing began."

"But how did you know which way to run in such a hot battle?" asked Gen. Lee, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"I went directly to the safest place and the first I could find," answered Sam, coming to his climax.

Again he was asked how he could tell which place was safe.

"I knowed it was safe," replied Sam, "cause I skipped for de place whar de generils was."—[Charlottesville (Va.) Chronicle.]

Didn't Want the Bed.

WHILE fighting Filipinos an old wound which Col. Funston received in Cuba began to trouble him, and Maj. Kobbe sent a bed from a deserted house to his tent. In due time a plodding water buffalo, a bed on a cart and a private of the Third Artillery arrived at Col. Funston's headquarters. The aids recalled that they had not mentioned the affair to the colonel, and held their breath.

"Maj. Kobbe," said the Third Artilleryman, standing as stiff as a rod, "presents his compliments, sir, and sends this bed, which you ordered."

"A bed?" exclaimed the colonel. "What do I want with it? Ordered, was it? Adjutant, you have had something to do with this."

"Well, sir, the rainy season is coming on, and, considering that old wound of yours, I did not know as you would mind being lifted up off the ground a little."

The adjutant had almost persuaded the colonel to have it in his tent, when suddenly he balked. Before rolling up in his blanket on the ground he agreed that it would make a good seat during the day, but if the report got out that he had taken to his bed it would encourage the Filipinos.—[New York Tribune.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

Frog Weather Prophets.

HAVE you seen the little weather frogs? They are knowing little chaps and can always tell when it is going to rain and when it is going to be fine, and if you will purchase a couple of them, just for company for each other, you will never be caught out in the rain without your umbrella. These little weather prophets are newcomers in our land, being German immigrants. They have been shown for a few days in a large bird store.

When I saw them, the little frogs were perched on two sticks, which ran across a glass-sided affair, like an aquarium box. These sticks were almost at the top of the box, which was about half filled with clear water.

The majority of the little fellows were a dull brown, very nearly the color of the stick on which they sat, and a few were between green and brown. These frogs are really tree frogs, and have the faculty of changing their color to match the color of the object on which they are perched.

They receive the name of "weather frogs" because they jump into the water upon the approach of rain or bad weather, and come out again when the weather shows signs of changing to clear. When full grown these tiny frogs are a little more than an inch in length.

In captivity, the weather frog is kept in a glass jar or globe, which is covered on top with a wire screen. Water is put in the bottom of the jar, and at a convenient height a stick is placed for the little frog to jump upon.

The frog is fed on flies in summer, and in winter on meal worms. Its food must be alive.—[New York Herald.]

Dog Quiets Elephants.

VISITORS to the Central Park Zoo during the past few weeks have been surprised to find a Newfoundland dog chained in one of the elephant cages living in apparent peace and contentment.

Everyone expects to see the great elephant kill her companion with a single sweep of her trunk, and crowds frequently gather about the cage expecting a battle, but the dog eats and sleeps without being molested.

The secret of this strange companionship, which no one ever guesses, is that the dog Prince is really the master of the household and the elephants live in constant fear of him.

On more than one occasion Prince has succeeded in quieting the great beasts when the keepers were pow-

erless to master them. Elephants are naturally nervous and easily excited, and when once aroused are difficult to control. The keepers have found that when everything else fails they need merely send Prince into the cage, and the furious monsters will back to their corners and remain quiet.

Peter R. McNally, one of the assistants at the zoo, who vouched for Prince's ability, has observed several similar cases of this curious power in dogs.

The keepers do not know that Prince ever engaged in battle with one of the elephants, though there is not the least doubt that they are all afraid of him.—[New York World.]

Tricks of Man-eating Lions.

WHEN lions become man-eaters, these inert and treacherous brutes take no unnecessary trouble to catch men, and while human beings are plentiful none of them undertake perilous enterprises or proceed on any haphazard expeditions," says a writer in *Outing*. "They know what to do and where to go that prey may be procured with the least amount of risk or exertion. Such a lion is well aware of who tills his cornfield or that meadow patch. He has informed himself of how many men accompany the village herds, where any outlying camps are situated and how they are guarded. There is no route by which travelers proceed or traffic is carried on that such animals have not studied with reference to the facilities for attack they afford and their own bodily powers."

"So puny a creature as man is when unprovided with effective implements for offense stands little chance against such a foe—an assailant having forty times his strength, backed by marvelous activity and an intense passion for carnage. Under these circumstances savages can only shut themselves up or assault their enemy in large masses. On the other hand, those precautions taken by a murderous lion might not seem to comport with that bold and often reckless temper attributed to this species. But such a discrepancy has no real existence, it only appears when a judgment is made without taking all the facts into consideration. This animal's intelligence, developed in man-eaters to its highest point, together with an organic stealthiness of nature and proclivity toward unexpected attacks and stratagems, fully accounts for everything a lion does in the way of guarding against failure."

A Strange Animal.

DEVIL'S ISLAND, made famous as the prison of Dreyfus, has a strange species of animal found nowhere else. This odd animal has been called the coati, and is a peculiar combination of mammiferous, carnivorous plantigrade. It is about the size of a cat when full grown, with a long head shaped like a pyramid, a tremendous nose, making it the Cyrano of animals. The jaws are long, and it uses its forepaws to carry food to its mouth, as monkeys and squirrels do. M. Henri Loustan, the superintendent of the penitentiary of Guiana, has sent a specimen to the Museum of Natural History at Paris, where it is attracting considerable attention.—[Public Opinion.]

A Bright Dog.

THE most intelligent dog in Phoenix is a brown spaniel, owned by the Chinese proprietor of the Garden City Restaurant. One of the dog's duties is to make a daily trip to Chinatown with a basket containing a note. On the last day it rained he was dispatched on his usual errand, and his owner noticed an unwillingness to go out into the wet. But the dog started, walked slowly up the street, now and then stopping and turning around. At last he went on without looking back. The Chinaman watched to see him cross the street to the City Hall Plaza, but he didn't cross. His owner started in a state of indecision under the awning in front of Goldberg Bros' store. Finally, the dog set the basket down, took the note out, carried it into the street and covered it with mud. He buried it with great care. The Chinaman returned to the restaurant and got a club, for a Chinaman has neither a sense of humor nor appreciation of brute intelligence. Pretty soon the dog returned wagging his tail as if his conscience were easy. The Chinaman seized him by the collar and pounded the hair off of him in spots. Then he wrote another note and put it into the basket. The dog picked it up and bounded out of the door. Mud and rain were nothing to him now. He started for Chinatown by the most direct route, and ten minutes later returned with an honest wag of the tail, which really merited approbation.—[Arizona Republican.]

Death of a Famous Hospital Dog.

ALTHOUGH Leo, the dog belonging to the Women's and Children's Hospital, Cork, was Irish, his fame was almost as great in England as in his own country, and his death will be regretted by those of both nations who are interested in benevolent movements. His history will bear comparison with that of any dog of public fame. Of dignified demeanor, he was always to be seen on the streets, with his Alpine barrel slung around his neck, bent on errands of mercy as important as those of the great monastery dogs. He gathered over \$5000 for the hospital. Leo won the proud distinction of carrying off the cup offered by the Prince of Wales to the dog who collected the largest amount for a hospital, and he was also known to the Princess of Wales, who frequently petted him. He is succeeded in his benevolent exertions by his eldest son, Leo.—[London Telegraph.]

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is spending the summer in England, and is working at intervals on a new book. She will return to this country in October and pass the winter here, dividing her time between Washington and Denver. At the latter place her son, the original Little Lord Fauntleroy, is engaged in newspaper work.

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

What Lady Somerset Learned from a Cripple.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET is always a prominent figure at the meetings of the International Council of Women, especially when they are held in London. On such occasions, her place, the Priory, is thrown open to the American delegates and their friends. It was at a tea in the Priory during the latest London meeting of the Council that Lady Henry told how she came to devote a large part of her life to slum work among the children. Lady Henry, by the way, is almost as well known in this line of effort as she is in women's clubs and British temperance work.

"It was this way," she said. "I was moved in that direction by the rare patience and imagination of one little boy. His example convinced me that patience was one of the qualities I needed most, and in seeking it I grew into that work. I was in a hospital on visiting-day while the doctors were changing a plaster cast which held a crippled boy's limb. The operation was exceedingly painful, I was told, yet to my surprise the little sufferer neither stirred nor winced, but made a curious buzzing sound with his mouth. After the doctors left, I said to him:

"How could you possibly stand it?"
"That's nothin'," he answered; "why, I just made believe that a bee was stingin' me. Bees don't hurt very much, you know. And I kept buzzin' because I was afraid I'd forget about it's being a bee if I didn't."—[Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Miss Proctor's Youthful Critics.

MISS MARY PROCTOR, the astronomer and lecturer, takes a deep interest in social settlement work in the big cities, and frequently gives her personal services toward entertaining poor children and adults. Generally, her lectures are very well received. Many of her audiences often manifest better attention than those drawn from higher circles. Now and then there are exceptions.

On one occasion a bright-eyed little boy, who sat in the front row with his eyes fixed upon the speaker, was asked how he liked it.

"I guess," he said, "it was pretty good, but she ought to talk about lions and tigers. That's better for everybody."

At another lecture a youngster criticised her as follows:

"It's all very well to talk about weighing and measuring stars. There are some people, of course, who believe that sort of thing, but if she thinks she can fool us boys with such fairy tales, she's very much mistaken."—[Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

A Daring Reporter.

TWENTY years ago Lafcadio Hearn, the noted author, was a reporter on the staff of a Cincinnati newspaper. One day a famous steeple-climber was going to scale the spire of the cathedral to repair the cross that topped the spire 200 feet above the sidewalk. The afternoon he first scaled the spire thousands of people watched him breathlessly as he slowly made his way up the outside of the steeple. Of course, he was interviewed, and he said boastfully that the task was so easy that he could just as well carry a man up on his back. That noon Hearn said timidly to his city editor that he had read of the steeple-climber's offer and would be glad to ascend the spire on his back. The editor tried to point out to Hearn the peril of the thing, but he would not listen. Finally, the steeple-climber and Hearn arranged their end of the feat. At the appointed time Hearn mounted the steeple-climber's shoulders and the dizzy journey began. Tens of thousands of people watched the foolhardy pair. At last the cross was reached and Hearn left his perch on the climber's shoulders. The mob in the streets below cheered and then the two men returned to the ground safely. Hearn went back to the office and sat down and wrote two columns of a story describing his sensations and the glories of the view he had obtained from the steeple top. Such a glowing description of a city from such a great height has never been read before or since. The most interesting thing about it was the fact that Hearn was so near-sighted he could not see five feet beyond the tip of his nose.—[Chicago News.

A New Way of Hearing a Sermon.

PRESIDENT HENRY WADE ROGERS of the Northwestern University, and his wife, have moved into the slums of Chicago and have taken up their residence there. Mrs. Rogers is the president of the Settlement Society, and Dr. Rogers has been greatly interested in this work for many years. The doctor is a tall, impressive, eloquent man, and has entered earnestly into his new labors. But he has always been earnest, and as a boy he was something of an investigator, too. An old playmate tells the following story of him:

Their schoolmaster was once talking to them of literature. In the course of his talk he said: "There are sermons in the stones, the running brooks."

The future doctor interrupted with: "Well, if there are sermons in the running brook, I should think they'd let us swim on Sundays instead of listening to the dry, old stuff we have to."

But then—that was years ago.—[Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Little Dorothy Drew Knew.

AN AMUSING story is told of Dorothy Drew and an early rising. Dorothy refused to get up one morning, and when all other means had failed to coax her out of bed, Mr. Gladstone was called. "Why don't you get up, my child?" he asked. "Why, grandfather, didn't you tell me to do what the Bible says?" asked Dorothy. "Yes, certainly." "Well, it disproves of early

Modjeska Finds Anita Cream Very Good

After sending her maid with an order to our retail headquarters she wrote the accompanying letter



Anita Cream

Is favorably known among stage celebrities. It keeps the skin in a constant state of youthfulness. It removes all trace of the paints and powders necessary for "making up." It removes tan, freckles, moth and liver patches, muddiness and all discolorations of the skin. "It coaxes a new skin." It is not a cold cream and cannot be used as such. It is a medical cream which cures unsightliness.

FREE SAMPLE—If you can't obtain Anita Cream of your druggist, send 50 cents to us. For 10 cents to pay postage and packing, we will send a free sample and a 9x16 lithographed art study, without printing. Anita Cream Advt. Bureau, 213 Franklin Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

To the Anita Cream Co
Dear Sirs
Thank you for sending me the "Anita" toilet articles which I find very good, indeed, and especially the cream seems to be desirable.
Yours sincerely
Helen Modjeska

rising; says it's a waste of time." Mr. Gladstone knew his Bible better than most men, but he was not equal to Dorothy. For once in his life he was nonplussed. "You listen, then," went on Dorothy, in reply to his exclamation of astonishment; and, turning up her Bible, she read the second verse of the one hundred and twenty-seventh Psalm, laying great emphasis on the first words: "It is vain for you to rise up early."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Art by the Square Yard.

MISS AMALIE KUSSNER, the American artist, who has just painted a portrait of the Czar and the Russian imperial family, is a western girl, who manifested a singular genius for miniature painting when a mere child. She is handsome, brilliant and cultured, and during the past eight years she has visited many European capitals and executed more than fifty commissions for royalty.

Once at a New York hotel a chambermaid, who had watched her painting a miniature, asked her what a picture like that would cost. Miss Kussner replied that it would bring \$200.

"Two hundred dollars for a wee little thing like that!" exclaimed the maid. "Say, miss, you are wasting time. If you would only make a big one, as big as that looking-glass, you'd get enough money to buy out this hotel."—[Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

They Contributed Liberally.

THERE is a good story of the Presidential excursion down to the eastern shore of Maryland. The party embraced Secretaries Blaine and Windom and others. They were fortunate enough to hear an excellent sermon from the venerable Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Maryland, who was there to administer the rite of confirmation. President Arthur and the two secretaries sat in quiet satisfaction. But their peace of mind was suddenly dispelled. The offertory was sung. At the familiar words, "Let your light so shine before men," etc., the President and the secretaries each quietly dropped a hand into a pocket.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth."

Windham drew forth a crisp \$1 note and held it between his thumb and forefinger, ready for the approaching plate. The President and Mr. Blaine went a little deeper into their pockets. One brought up a nickel and the other a dime. Their faces flushed. It would never do to make such a contribution.

"He that soweth little shall reap little, and he that soweth plenteously shall reap plenteously. . . . God loveth a cheerful giver."

The President went to his pocketbook and the Secretary of State explored his vest pocket with nervous fingers.

"Zaccheus stood forth and said unto the Lord: 'Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have done wrong to any man I restore fourfold.'"

The plate was only four pews away. What the President found in his vest pocket was one \$50 note and a \$10 greenback—nothing smaller. What Mr. Blaine found was two \$10 notes—nothing smaller. To put in a nickel or a dime only was not to be thought of. To give \$10 was more than either cared to do. Each looked at Windom sitting there calmly with his dollar note in hand. He shook his head.

"Charge them that are rich in this world that they be ready to give and glad to distribute."

There was no time for further pocket exploration or consideration. With a smile of commiseration at each other and something like glee on Windom's placid countenance the President and the Secretary of State

each planked down his \$10 note for "the poor of this congregation." And the worst of it is, said one of the party afterward, that the Lord would probably give them credit only for the dollar or two which they intended to give.—[Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Quaint Old Love Letter of Kate Field's.

IF THAT charming woman, the late Kate Field, did not marry it was assuredly not because she did not have many an admirer. A Washington woman has in her possession a little old bit of yellow paper upon which is pencilled a boyish scrawl. It was preserved by Miss Field from her little-girl days. The scrawl runs thus:

"wont yue mete me down bye The Gate attter school Yuo knowe i Love yue."

On the other side of the bit of paper is the address, thus:

"Miss Kate Field, Esq., last seat nex to the Door goin out."

It must have been like a breath of the forgotten perfume of yesteryears when the clever, kindly woman happened upon this little old piece of yellowed paper on a rainy afternoon of rummaging.—[Washington Post.

The Cowboys and the Preacher.

WRITING to the Central Christian Advocate, Rev. A. P. George gives the following account of an adventure had by himself on the plains in the wild and woolly days of Western Kansas:

"In the early days of Garden City district, in Southwest Kansas, I was camped one night, sleeping under my buggy, in Kearny county, south of Hartland. There were five of us in the party. We were all sleeping, and our campfire had died down, when one of our number was awakened by a cowboy who wanted to know where the big preacher was. I was pointed out and awakened by a shake with his foot. He asked, 'Are you a preacher?' 'I am,' I replied. 'Well, hustle out; we want you to come to our camp and give us a chapter of the everlasting.' 'I will be down in the morning,' I replied. He pointed his gun at me and said: 'You will come now.' I immediately answered, 'All right.' I hurried out and followed him nearly a mile away to a camp, where I found his comrades were waiting. 'Well, boys, what do you want?' I asked. 'The best you have in the shop, and we want it short and sweet, and in old Methodist style,' answered the leader. 'Then sit down,' I said, 'and, as I cannot, you must sing.' They sang with great vigor, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.' When I prayed I coupled prayer with watching, believing that, under the circumstances, the two should go together. I then preached them a sermon from Revelation III:20, entitled, 'The Ladder to Glory.' I have often used an hour on this sermon, but as the boys wanted it short, I gave it to them in about twelve minutes, and then bade them good night, and started for the camp. 'Hold on, come back here.' They all seemed to speak at once. 'We never let a preacher go off in that style; Pete, you take up a collection,' and Pete seemed to understand his work as steward and turned me over \$11."

Queen Marie of Hanover, who reached her eighty-first birthday recently, is the oldest Queen in Europe, but, like several others Queens in exile, she possesses a title only, and has no position as a ruling sovereign. Although the Queen of Hanover has now been expatriated for three-and-thirty years, she never permits herself to speak in an unkind or harsh manner of the Prussian government.

Scenes in Porto Rico. ❖❖ By Frank G. Carpenter.

PORTO RICAN INVESTMENTS.

SOME OF THE FAT THINGS ON THE ISLAND WHICH ARE WAITING FOR YANKEE CAPITALISTS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

SAN JUAN (Porto Rico,) Sept. 5, 1899.—This letter is written for American business men. Its aim is to suggest some of the chances for American capital in Uncle Sam's new island. It is made up of impressions rather than careful deductions, and is only intended to give hints which those interested must work out for themselves.

A great deal is being published about the opportunities in Porto Rico in manufacturing, railroads and public works. Most of such statements are extravagant. Porto Rico, all told, is not much bigger than many Texas counties. It is only 100 miles long and thirty-five miles wide, and nine-tenths of it is made up of hills and hollows. It has only 800,000 people, and 700,000 of these are practically non-consumers. They live on bananas and codfish, with now and then a little jerked meat for a change. They dress in cotton and their houses

through the settled portion of the island, connecting these homes with the city.

Rio Piedras has perhaps seven or eight thousand people. It is also a suburb of San Juan, and during the summer it is its fashionable resort. The result is the railway has plenty of traffic. It has paid even as a horse railroad, and by its conversion to electricity it promises to net the Americans who have bought it a fortune.

The road was purchased almost immediately after peace was declared, by J. G. White & Co. of New York. They paid \$125,000 cash for it, and expect to spend a half million dollars in equipping it with electricity. They have secured a franchise from the city of San Juan to run the road to the central plaza. They will use the overhead trolley, and within a few weeks will have American cars running every ten minutes from San Juan out into the country. The road is not a stock-selling enterprise. It is owned by perhaps a half dozen people, among whom are J. G. White & Co., J. H. Harrison, the manager at San Juan, a son of United States Senator McMillan and others. Porto Rican labor is used in rebuilding the road, and Porto Rican conductors will operate the trains.

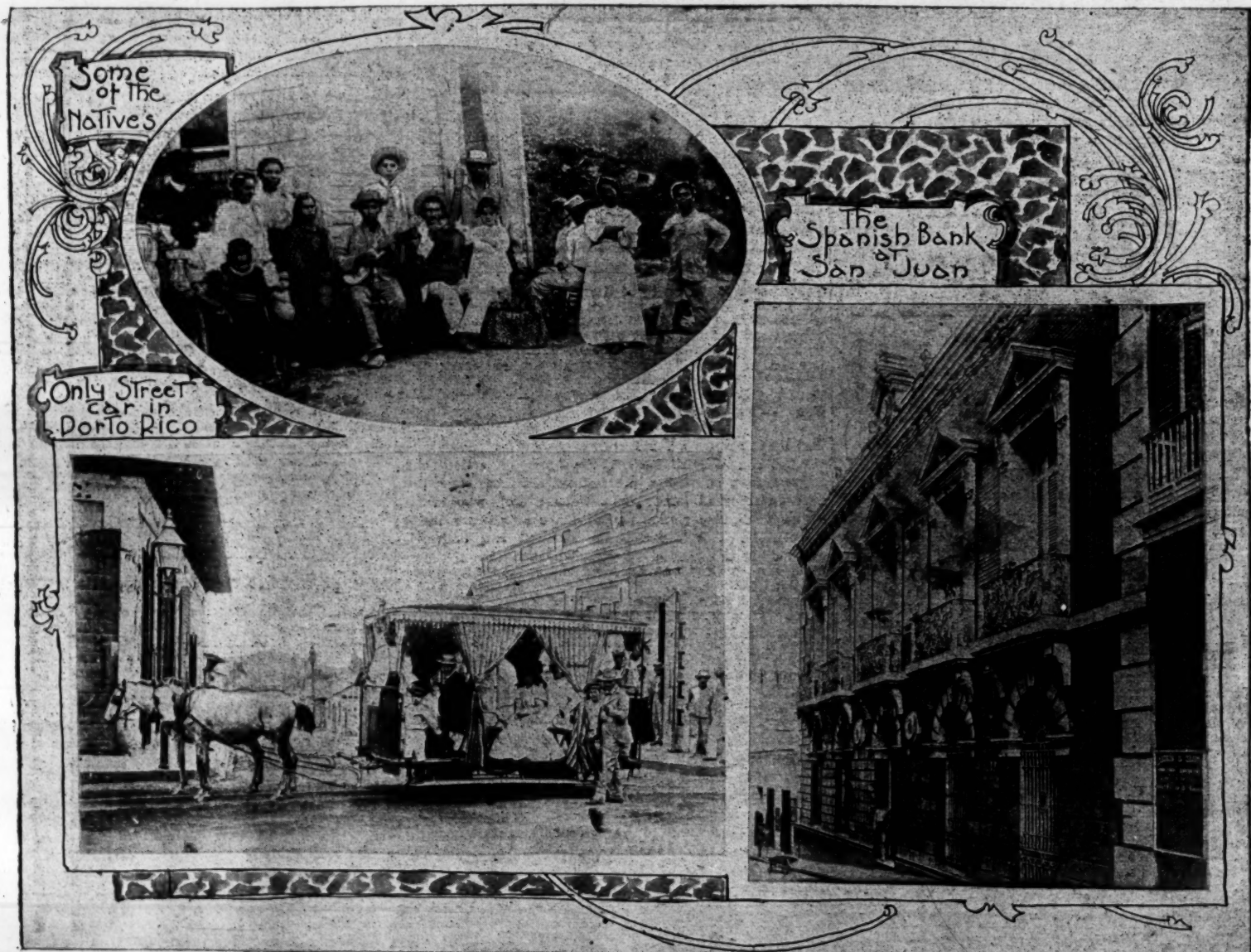
Another suburban railway near San Juan which promises well is that which goes from across the bay to Bayamon, a distance of six miles. This is owned by a young fellow named Valdez, who paid \$8000 for it about three years ago. He has been raising his price ever since the

would pay. Such an electric plant could probably have the electric-lighting of Mayaguez.

Porto Rico's Only Steam Road.

Porto Rico has only one steam railroad. This belongs to a French company, who got it under a concession from the Porto Rican government many years ago. The understanding was that they were to build a road around the coast of the island, making a complete belt line, and that with certain limitations they were to be guaranteed 8 per cent. interest on the cost of construction. They were allowed something like \$30,000 a mile to build the road and were to have it completed within six years. This time was afterward extended for four years longer, but so far only a little more than one hundred miles of the road has been built. The company, I believe, ask the United States government to allow them to continue to operate the road, and at the same time to guarantee them dividends of 4 per cent. upon the amount invested in it. Whether this will be done or not is a question for Congress. With this proposition, I believe, there is an agreement to complete the road, but always with the understanding that the United States guarantees an interest on the investment. Such a guarantee would be a new thing for Uncle Sam, and it is doubtful whether Congress will authorize it.

This railroad now runs from Rio Piedras, near San



are palm-leaf huts without furniture. It is safe to say that any town of 100,000 people in the United States spends more in a year than all Porto Rico. The probabilities are that it has three times as much to spend and that its wants are ten times as large.

Under such conditions the people must be educated and enriched before they will form a great market for our wares. They can hardly be considered customers for railroads, and the most of the money that is made out of Porto Rico must come from products which are shipped away from the island.

Street Railroads.

Still there are some good things. Not good for a Jay Gould or a Vanderbilt, perhaps, but nice little investments for the man or men who have \$100,000 or so to put where it will do the most good. One of the best things I have seen here has been snapped up. This is the railway which runs from San Juan to Rio Piedras. San Juan has about 37,000 people. It is situated on a little island, with another island between it and the mainland. This second island is San Turce. It is separated from the Island of San Juan and the mainland by straits so narrow that they can be easily bridged, so that this railroad runs from San Juan across San Turce to the mainland and stops there at Rio Piedras.

San Turce is covered with the suburban homes of rich Porto Ricans. They have beautiful cottages, shaded with enormous coconut palms. This road runs right

advent of peace, and I am now told that he holds the line at \$150,000.

Fat Things at Ponce and Mayaguez.

One of the richest undeveloped opportunities in the line of street railways is on the south side of the island. It is a street and freight railroad, which shall connect the Playa, or Port of Ponce, with Ponce. The Playa has 5000 population; Ponce has about forty thousand. It is the largest and perhaps best business town on the island. It is surrounded by a rich sugar-growing district, and is the business center for South Porto Rico. The town lies just about two miles from the seaport. There is a macadamized road connecting the two, which is filled with carts and wagons the year round, carrying passengers and freight from one place to the other. The country is perfectly level, and an electric railroad could be put in at a small cost. I understand that there are a number of people after the franchise. There is no doubt but that it would pay enormous dividends.

At present outside of San Juan there is really only one street railway line in the town of Mayaguez, on the east coast. The road has a track which I judge is not more than two feet wide, and cars which look more like herdic cabs than like our electric trams. It is fairly well patronized, and is run, it is said, at a profit. It can be bought, I am told, for \$80,000.

Mayaguez has about twenty thousand people. It is situated down on the coast, with hills in the rear. If the road were extended to the hills and electricity used, it would, in time, build up a good suburban business and

Juan, to the town of Camuey, beyond Arecibo, on the north coast. There is a strip a little farther on from Aguadilla to Mayaguez and one on the south from Yauco to Ponce. In going over the road it seemed to me that the track had been built on the level spots only and dropped out where the land was hilly. There were no grades whatever and no cuttings, and inasmuch as the road was constructed at so many thousands of dollars per mile, it can be seen that such building was much the more profitable.

This railroad is a narrow gauge. It has toy engines and old-fashioned cars, a kind of cross between the European and American cars. The first-class cars are cushioned in leather and fairly well upholstered. The second-class have pine seats, and the third have benches running through the cars from one end to the other, under the windows and in the center. I noticed that the mail bags were piled up in the rear end of the third-class cars. The little engine was moved by coal, which was loaded upon it in baskets.

The cars were only half-filled, the majority of the people being third-class passengers. The stops at the station are long, and a warning bell is always rung before the train starts.

Express and Transportation.

The questions of express and transportation are very important ones, and the developments along this line may result in profitable investments. There has already been organized the Pan-American Express Company, which has a line of wagons running to the chief points on the island, and which is establishing agencies

everywhere. The chief offices of this company are in San Juan. It is operated through capital furnished in New York, and I have been told that Senator Tom Platt is largely interested in it. As the island grows this business will increase. Whether it is paying or not now I do not know.

Another enterprise which promises well is the organization of a line of automobile carriages from San Juan to Ponce over the military road. This road is from twenty to thirty feet wide. It is more than eighty miles long, and is probably the finest wagon road in the world. It is kept perfectly clean and smooth. It ascends a distance of about half a mile in crossing the mountains, but the grades are not very heavy and it is believed that automobile carriages can be moved over it.

At present it costs from \$10 to \$20 to go by carriage from San Juan to Ponce. There are villages and small towns all along the route and carriages of this kind would have many passengers. With the increased tourist travel from the United States, branch lines could probably be established running to Coamo and the Hot Springs and also to Guayama, farther east on the south coast. Indeed, it is not impossible that the whole island will some day be opened up by automobile carriages.

Money in Hotels.

The tourist travel to Porto Rico promises to be a great factor in the enrichment of the island. We have here perhaps the finest winter climate of the world. The mountains are as beautiful as Switzerland and the island will some day be a great winter resort for the rich of the United States. It is rumored here that Flagler, the millionaire Standard-oil man, who has built the big hotel in Florida, is arranging to establish a line of fine houses in Porto Rico.

Whether this is true I do not know, but there is no doubt that American hotel men are studying the island with a view to investment. Mr. Hanna, the American Consul here, tells me that he has received letters within the past few weeks from seventy-five different American hotel men and hotel companies, inquiring as to the possibilities of such investments in Porto Rico.

There is no doubt that a good hotel would pay at San Juan. It should, however, be first class in all respects,

and it would soon have large deposits. I am told that one will soon be established with \$1,000,000 capital, but that so far only \$400,000 has been subscribed.

There is a private American banking company in San Juan, which has branches in Ponce and Mayaguez. It is operated by Boston parties and does, I am told, a large business. It charges for every sort of accommodation and does not do the large "thank you" business customary with our American banks.

Interest rates are high in Porto Rico. Loans are made at 10, 12 and 18 per cent., and 10 per cent. is considered very low. The higher rates are usually on real estate, the loans running for some time and their collection being by no means sure without litigation.

A great deal of money is loaned on mortgages. Quite a lot of discounting is done, but it is not always safe to buy mortgage notes. Titles are hard to trace. The deeds to property are not always recorded. The laws as to such matters are not so rigid as with us, and it is often difficult to tell whether property is free from mortgages by the lack of records.

The titles here go back to the grants from the Spanish crown. By these the lands were ceded in large blocks. The Spanish law of inheritance provides that a man's property must be divided among his wife and children, and these large blocks have been divided and subdivided until it is difficult to tell in whom the titles to lands really rest. In many cases you have to rely entirely upon the deeds and papers in the hands of the owners, and it is not rare to find a family with unrecorded real-estate papers one hundred years old.

The Mines of Porto Rico.

From a mineral point of view Porto Rico has not yet been carefully prospected. There are parts of the island which contain gold. I have been shown nuggets which were found in the rivers of the East, but am told that such discoveries are few and far between. Prof. Hill of the Geological Survey says that there are large deposits of iron north of Juncos and that a French engineer has calculated that there are at that point about thirty-five million tons of this ore in sight. The deposit contains magnetic iron of great purity, no less than two-thirds of the ore-body being pure iron. The ore body is, in

watches from a rock in the foreground. By an expert this robe has been priced at \$2000, but as probably its match is not to be found, its real value is considerably greater.

Almost equally interesting in this collection are the pieces of imperial Japanese porcelain, procured by Mrs. Townsend with the greatest difficulty, as it is an offense of lese majesté to possess the same without permission, far more to offer any for sale.

This imperial porcelain, a delicate blue and white ware of extremely hard substance, yet taking on the softest of enamel polish, is manufactured in the Arita district, near Nagasaki, under the direction of an official, whose duty it is to examine each piece as it comes from the kiln with a magnifying glass, so that no imperfect specimens may be sent to disgrace the table of the Emperor. All rejected pieces are then smashed, in order that none may find their way into the market.

Every cup and bowl of this porcelain bears the imperial crest, a sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum, which it is a high crime for any subject to make use of in Japan, that is to say, exactly the same design as that of the Emperor.

It is true that a chrysanthemum of sixteen petals may occasionally be met with upon a piece of china even in a Japanese curio store in New York, and perhaps offered for sale to the uninitiated as Japanese porcelain; but on close examination it will be observed that there is some slight difference in the design sufficient to escape the effect of the autocratic law of the Orient; for either there will be fewer or more petals, the interior circle will be shaded instead of open, or the outer rim will be a complete circle instead of the little curves which in this royal flower are noticeable.

DAKOTA SLANG.

[Bismarck Tribune:] One day when Caesar was leaning up against a wooden Indian in front of Brutus's cigar store, half way between the Forum and the Republican Central Committee headquarters, he was accosted by a bunco-steerer with a green grip and the finest set of lilacs that ever split the breeze.

"Hello," said the bunco-steerer; "haven't I seen you before?"

"I don't think you have, Jo Jo," said Caesar, who was dead on. "I never was in the penitentiary myself, and if I ever saw you outside of the bastille it's a mighty good thing for you I wasn't a policeman. You look a good deal like a local option sentiment in a German village. How much will you take for a slip from that foliage plant on your face to seed my lawn with?" Caesar was one of the greatest joshers in Rome at the time, and it tickled him to guy the Rube, although he savvied his graft all the while.

The bunco man pretended not to notice that he was a joshmark, and dropped his grip on the sidewalk. "Ain't you Polonius Applesseed, from over at Pompey's Crossing?" he asked. He didn't know Caesar from a fever blister, but he thought he might make the graft stick.

Caesar enjoyed the whole thing more than a Judy show. "Not on your little red shawl," he said. "I am the iceman. You're on the wrong sidetrack, uncle. You'd better consult an oculist. Here's an egg that some chicken laid in your hair," he said, handing the bunco man an egg that he carried around to use in sleight-of-hand tricks that he frequently did for the boys.

The bunco man saw that he had struck a dead game sport, and passed on. Caesar went inside the cigar store. "See me jolly the Rube?" he said, dropping a nickel in the slot, and winning a handful of perfectos. Brutus laughed fit to kill, and put another handful of stogies into the perfecto box.

"While you were jollying the easy mark," he said, "he touched you for your watch."

Caesar looked down and saw that it was so. History does not record what he said, but it was hot stuff.

AN OYSTER COUNTER IDYL.

[Able Liar of the New Orleans Times-Democrat:] "I used to know a young man here who made a living eating oysters," said one of a little group about the counter of the Grunwald last night. "Ate them on a wager, eh?" asked an Englishman in the party. "No," replied the first speaker, "he had a much better scheme than that. He would stroll into an oyster bar—you know how many there are in New Orleans—and order a dozen on the deep shell, always selecting a time when several customers were present. After swallowing two or three he—" "Two or three customers," interrupted the Englishman. "Naw!" said the story teller, frowning, "two or three oysters! After he put them away he would stop all of a sudden and feel in his mouth. 'Look here!' he would sing out to the bartender, 'what kind of things do you keep in your oysters, anyway? I've nearly broke a tooth!' With that he would take out a beautiful big pearl from between his lips. Of course, there was no questioning the genuineness of a gem found in that way, and everybody in the crowd would look envious. Some one was morally certain to make a guess as to its value. 'Oh, well,' the oyster-eater would say, 'I don't know anything about pearls, and I'd be glad to sell this one for \$5.' I don't think he ever failed to make a trade on the spot, and as soon as he got the \$5 in his inside pocket he would saunter out and work another bar. He used to find about four pearls a week, and as long as he kept it down to that the game was perfectly safe. But he grew avaricious at last, and found so many that folks got suspicious, and he considered it healthy to leave for another fishery. He bought the pearls by the gross from a house in New Jersey. They were pretty pearls, and cost him about 6½ cents apiece net. I have one in a scarfpin now."

A NEW MOTOR.

[Berlin Letter:] A Berlin engineer asserts that he has invented a new motor superior to any hitherto in use. It is, he declares, unlimited in its application, and may be used for carriages, waterworks of all kind, and especially as a ship's propeller. One advantage claimed for the invention is that the apparatus is inclosed in a cylinder, and is not liable to external injury. Besides being more effective than the screw driven by steam, it is said to combine greater effectiveness with economy in construction, and at the same time to occupy a smaller space. A trial made with a small model has proved, to some extent, the accuracy of the inventor's calculations, and a large model is now being made in order to test the value of the new system.



San Juan Railway Station

should be fully equipped with baths and modern conveniences, and should charge \$5 and upward a day. There are many fine locations for such a hotel right on the ocean, outside of San Juan, and the probability is that it could be kept full the year round.

Some of the finest of hot springs are to be found here in Porto Rico. There are large ones at Coamo, right in the mountains, surrounded by beautiful scenery. These have a hotel connected with them which was for a long time a gambling place, but which has now been bought by an American party. It will probably do well.

The Question of Trade.

I doubt whether American merchants can make much in Porto Rico. The natives are good traders. They understand the markets, and know how to handle their customers. At present there are many unpleasant business regulations, which form clogs on the wheels of successful merchandising. These are gradually being removed, but all sorts of unpleasant taxes are still levied by the cities. The man who drives a bullock cart pays a license. The peddler who cries chickens through the street is assessed a certain amount, and it is so with every trade and profession. Every merchant has to pay so much to go into business, varying in amount with the character and extent of the business done. All merchants, importers and bankers are registered, and are divided into classes and pay proportionately.

In the past the taxes have been much heavier than now. Under the Spaniards every municipality had not only its tariff taxes to pay, but also consumption taxes. Consumption taxes were paid when the goods were sold either by the seller or the purchaser. If you bought a barrel of flour, for instance, you would have to pay the regular price, and from \$2 to \$4 extra as a consumption tax. This was so with all things, but it is now, I believe, confined to liquors.

At present there are many annoyances in the custom-house as to the importation of goods. The old systems are, to some extent, in vogue, and it will be some time before trade can be managed after our American methods.

Banking in Porto Rico.

There should be money here in banking. In the past the Spanish Bank of San Juan did most of the business. It does some now, but I see no reason why one of Uncle Sam's national banks should not pay well. It could be started in a moderate way. The Porto Ricans would soon associate it with the government. They would appreciate that it would be safer than the other banks

fact, a little mountain of iron about five hundred feet high. It is located some distance back from the coast, but the slope is such that it can be placed upon the cars and sent down into the ships by gravity.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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LESE MAJESTE BY A WOMAN.

MRS. TOWNSEND IMPORTS IMPERIAL PORCELAIN MADE FOR JAPAN'S EMPEROR.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Sept. 18.—In the apartment of Mrs. W. R. Townsend, an American lady who has recently returned from an extended visit to Japan, there was exhibited a few days since certain Japanese art treasures that for their extreme rarity and value are probably not surpassed in any private collection. The majority of people have for some time been made increasingly familiar with the exquisite embroidery of the Japanese, but of Japanese tapestry, except in small and unimportant pieces, little has been brought to the United States. In Mrs. Townsend's collection there is a Buddhist priest's robe of silken tapestry, seven feet long by four feet wide, reputed to have come from Narra, and to be 300 years old.

It would seem that, as a rule, the priests' robes in Japan are made in pieces stitched together, the number of pieces denoting the priestly rank; but this particular robe has the peculiarity of being woven entire, thus strangely resembling the ancient Gobelin tapestry of Europe, the rank of the wearer being denoted by cords introduced to give the same effect as if the robe were made up of the usual separate squares. To the robe there is also attached a stole five feet in length by twelve inches in breadth, a part of the garment that is usually missing. Of the general design and coloring of this ancient piece of tapestry one can scarcely find words to express sufficient admiration. The action expressed in the flight of the birds, the running water, and in the clouds, at once arrests the attention, while the harmonious blending of the various shades of green, blue, pink and brown, subdued by age, could scarcely fail to appeal to the severest modern art critic.

As all designs executed by the Japanese are supposed to be symbolical, the one of this robe may possibly represent a lover's contest, the two Ho Ho birds fighting in the air for the favor of the lady bird who

In the Realm of Fresh Literature.

NEW BOOKS

AND OTHER RECENT PUBLICATIONS—NOTES AND REVIEWS.

Murat Halstead's History of the Spanish War.

A BIG volume of nearly eight hundred closely-printed pages bears on its opening page this voluminously descriptive title: "Full Official History of the War with Spain, Written over the Wires in the Discharge of Public Duty by the Highest Authorities of the Government, Heads of Departments and Bureaus of State, War and Navy, Cabinet Secretaries, the Adjutant-General, the Commanders of Fleets and Armies in Active Service, and the President of the United States. The Earliest Example of Historical Work Wrought from the Records, Automatically Authentic, of the Inner Truths of War, with the Latest Facilities of Scientific Inventions, the Figures Touched with Life and the Scenery with Colors, by Murat Halstead." The title page, it may be added, is very typical of the pages of the book that are not filled with copies of official dispatches.

The idea of making the war tell its own story is unique, and in some respects the result is interesting. But it does not make the sort of history that the general reader wants. The bulk of the book is made up of the official dispatches which passed between the authorities in Washington and the commanders on sea and land of the several fleets and armies. Mr. Halstead has sometimes connected these with a running comment and sometimes merely joined them one upon another for many pages. At the beginning and end of each chapter he has inserted more or less of introduction, explanation and comment, so that the book, as a whole, makes a connected story of the war. But it is too sprawling to be of much use to the average reader. There are few people, in these busy days, who will care to search through these pages and pages of official matter for the facts which might have been taken from them and stated much more succinctly and clearly. Now and then one or another of the dispatches, throws such light upon a plan or a movement as to give it new interest or importance. But finding the paragraphs of this sort is something like hunting for the proverbial needle in the haystack. To the reader of the present time by far the most interesting portions of the book are the introductory chapters, which give the diplomatic correspondence and the dispatches and letters of the United States Ministers to Spain concerning that everlasting Cuban question that would not down for many years before the final coming of war.

The turgid English in which Mr. Halstead has seen fit to write the greater part of such portions of the book as are the product of his pen, detracts from both its value and its interest, and is so exasperating, when one remembers that he can write both clearly and forcefully when he wishes, that one is tempted to throw aside the book at the end of the author's preface. Mr. Halstead has achieved the distinction in this book of having written the very worst English that has issued from the printing presses of this country for at least a year.

The illustrations deserve commendation. They are very numerous, and cover a wide variety of subjects. They are half-tone reproductions of enlarged photographs, and are much more interesting than have been most of the illustrations, in magazines and books, of the Spanish war. The subjects have been selected with judgment, and the views have been sufficiently enlarged—each picture is full page—to bring out the detail and afford a definite idea of what the picture is about. Unfortunately, the illustrations cannot be commended for their artistic excellence. The book is ornately bound in blue leather, with gilt edges, after the fashion of half a century ago.

[Official History of the War with Spain. By Murat Halstead. The Dominion Company: Chicago. Sold by subscription only.]

Standard Library Edition of Bret Harte's Works.

The handsome Standard Library edition of Bret Harte's works which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have been publishing is now completed in fourteen volumes, with the issuance of the last six volumes of the set. These volumes contain "Gabriel Conroy," "A Waif of the Plains," "Susy," "Clarence," "In a Hollow of the Hills," a great number of short stories and sketches, and one volume of poems, which presents the fullest collection that has yet been made of Mr. Harte's poetical works, and has had the advantage of his careful revision. In this volume is included also the prose drama, "Two Men of Sandy Bar." The volumes are exquisitely illustrated, as have been all the preceding ones of the set, by Orson Lowell, W. L. Taylor, Alice Barber Stephens, C. S. Reinhart, Frederic Remington, and others. They are handsomely, although simply and substantially, bound, and the entire set is a most excellent example of book-maker's skill and taste.

[The Writings of Bret Harte. Standard Library Edition, in fourteen volumes. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston. For sale by Jorden & Thomas, Bryson Block. Price, \$2 per volume.]

"Snow on the Headlight."

Cy Warman has been known for the last dozen years as an engineer who had deserted his cab for the more congenial pursuit of literature, who could sometimes write verses having the true poetic quality and sometimes couldn't, whose tales of railroad life were more notable for their freshness of view and their unsophisticatedness than for their artistic handling, and were interesting chiefly because they looked at life from a new standpoint. He has also written a book of more serious import called "The Story of the Railroad," in a series devoted to the development of the West. The fact that a man has had the ambition and the energy to exchange the throttle for the pen with some degree of success tends to disarm criticism and makes the critic wish to be lenient toward the literary sins of an author who has bravely worked under so many and such great disadvantages. But when an author issues a book of such deplorable quality as "Snow on the Headlight," which

Mr. Warman has just published, it is impossible not to say that when he cannot do better work than this he would advantage his reputation by doing none at all. Mr. Warman ought to remember that when a first-class engineer leaves his cab to write second-class books, his apparent rise is in reality a decided step downward.

"Snow on the Headlight" is a story of the great Burlington Railway strike of eleven years ago, from the standpoint of an unprejudiced railroad man. Mr. Warman has attempted to make a story upon the framework of the strike, but his plot is a very invertebrate, uncouth affair, a ramshackle arrangement at which he has tossed incidents, descriptions, characters, letting them stick where they would. His descriptions smack strongly of that flavor which the cub police reporter always manages to impart to his work, his characters are as nearly characterless as written descriptions of people can be, and his accounts of events which are not in his own line of knowledge—such as that of the preliminary examination of a prisoner for murder—are very apt to be absurd. Mr. Warman is more at home when he writes of railroad affairs, and especially when he mounts the cab of the engine and tells how the world looks to the man who is stationed there. Scattered through the book are many very interesting nuggets of information about the things which railroad men know, and his knowledge of how the strike was fought and lost by the railroad men, makes his book, on that side of it, of some interest and value. But as fiction it is sorry stuff, while the fact that it is presented as fiction detracts from what value, as an account of the strike, it might have had in any other form. Mr. Warman's friends ought, for the sake of his own reputation, to



EDWARD NOYES WESTCOTT.
[From The Critic.]

prevent him from publishing such poor examples of his work.

[Snow on the Headlight. By Cy Warman. D. Appleton & Co.: New York. Price, \$1.25. For sale by C. C. Parker.]

"Dainty Breakfasts."

"The Dictionary of Dainty Breakfasts, by Phyllis Browne, with a Tabular Introduction by a Mere Man," is the beckoning title of a little red volume whose contents all housewives will undoubtedly appreciate. The contents are arranged in such a reasonable, logical sort of way that the very first pages are a host in its favor. It begins with a tabular statement of the sorts of things of which a breakfast should consist, then takes each one of these divisions and tabulates the kind of dishes of which it may be formed. Then in the body of the book each of these secondary divisions has its own chapter, in which are arranged a great number of recipes for the cooking of that particular kind of food. A very full index, alphabetically arranged, adds to the practical value of the book. The recipes are such as appeal to the practical housewife, not too elaborate, told with sufficient detail, but clearly and without muddling.

[Dainty Breakfasts. By Phyllis Browne. Cassell & Co.: New York. Price, 50 cents. For sale by Fowler & Colwell.]

Books of Tomorrow.

A fourth volume in Richard Hovey's cycle of Arthurian poem-dramas, to be called "Talesin," is announced for early publication by Small, Maynard & Co. The first three volumes in the cycle, which were issued last winter, and were then reviewed in these columns, attracted much attention, and were widely discussed.

During the last few years a large number of books have been issued by eastern publishers dealing with bird, insect and plant life in the country east of the Rocky Mountains. But heretofore both the flora and fauna of the Pacific Coast, which are so different from those of the eastern part of the United States that books upon these latter have no application here, have been entirely neglected, except in occasional text books. Now, however, the California birds are to be written up, and a very rich and interesting field it will undoubtedly be to all who are interested in outdoor life. Messrs. Elder & Shepard of San Francisco announce for immediate publication, "A First Glance at the Birds," by Charles A. Keeler, being a general introduction to the study of California birds. Later they will issue Mr. Keeler's com-

plete work, "Bird Notes Afield," in which this will be included.

Miss Clara Morris, whose name has long been a household word among theater-goers, has of late turned her attention to literature, and a collection of her stories, entitled "A Silent Singer," published last summer, is already in its second edition. A child's story, "My Little Jim Crow," attracted attention in a recent number of St. Nicholas, and will give its title to a volume of short stories about children which the Century Company will publish this fall.

"Oom Paul's People" is the title of a book to be published by the Appletons, which will present for the first time in this country the Boers' side of the Transvaal question. The author is Howard C. Hillegas, a New York newspaper man, who spent nearly two years in studying the South African question, enjoying special facilities at the hands of President Kruger and other Boer officials, as well as from Sir Alfred Milner and other representatives of Great Britain. Among the noteworthy features of this book are an important interview with Oom Paul and a study of Cecil Rhodes. The trouble between the British and the Boers is attributed to stock jobbers and politicians. The author believes that war is the probable final outcome. There is one chapter devoted to the American interests in South Africa.

The Century Company announces for publication in October a new edition of "The Island," by Richard Whiteing, author of "No. 5 John Street." This story first appeared some ten years since, and was received with great cordiality by the press of England and America, but failed to attain the remarkable popularity of the book of which it was the forerunner. The new edition will contain two entirely new chapters, apropos of recent events in France. It has been revised throughout, and will be prefaced by a new introduction.

The fall announcements of the Frederick A. Stokes Company include a translation of Edmond Rostand's "Les Romanesques," one of his early plays, by Charles Renaud; a new edition of the "Rubaiyat," illustrated by George T. Tobin; a new novel by A. E. W. Mason, author of "The Courtship of Morris Buckler," called "The Watchers," and being a tale of the adventures of an English dandy in the Scilly Islands in the middle of the eighteenth century; "Active Service," Stephen Crane's new novel of military life, and a book on Siberia and Central Asia, by Hon. John W. Bookwalter. Other books of travel to be issued by this house are "From Sphinx to Oracle," through the Libyan Desert to the oasis of Jupiter Ammon, by Arthur Silva White, with numerous illustrations; "Travels and Politics in the Near East," by William Miller, who made four trips to the Balkan Peninsula before writing his book; and "Through New Guinea and Other Cannibal Countries," by H. Cayley Webster. This book will contain an account of the wrecking of Capt. Webster's ship on the New Ireland coast, and the rescue of his company by a British man-of-war. W. Clark Russell's forthcoming book "The Ship: Her Story," will be published in October or November, with many illustrations. This book is the story of the growth of the ship, from the dug-out to the great ocean steamer or armor-clad battleship of today. Mr. Russell says of it that it "is the issue of considerable reading, and of my lifelong admiration of that most beautiful and sentient expression of the handwork of man—the sailing ship."

"The Life of Sir Arthur Sullivan" is to be published this fall by Messrs. Herbert S. Stone & Co. Arthur Lawrence is the author, and he has had access to the letters of the composer and the additional advantage of personal intercourse and consultation with him.

A new and cheaper edition of "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," edited, with biographical additions, by Frederic G. Kenyon, will be published during the month in one volume by the Macmillan Company.

LITERARY NOTES.

The enormous sales of "David Harum" and the universal interest in the personality of its author make sufficient excuse for following the picture of Edward Noyes Westcott, which was printed on this page a few weeks ago, with a second portrait. The photograph from which this picture was made was taken some time ago, before Mr. Westcott had fallen a victim to the malady which caused his death. His friend and biographer, Forbes Heermans, says that it is the most satisfactory photograph of Mr. Westcott that he has ever seen. Nearly three hundred thousand copies of "David Harum" have been sold.

The late Mrs. John Drew left some reminiscences of her stage life and her fellow-actors. The first installment—there are to be two—will appear in the October Scribner, with an introduction by her son, John Drew. Hamlin Garland has prepared a new and revised edition of "Main Traveled Roads," his first and best-known book, which will contain some additional stories.

In some way, the erroneous impression was spread that Harold Frederic's last work, "The Market-Place," was written hastily in order that he might take advantage of the interest excited by the Hooley scandals. This was far from being the case, as the book was planned and the complete manuscript delivered to his publishers months before these scandals became public. The necessary delay of serial publication, however, caused the book to appear after Hooley had given the testimony that so shocked England.

When Mr. Kipling landed in this country last winter he was asked which literary man he would like most to meet, and his answer was, "Mr. Seton Thompson." The authors of "Wild Animals I Have Known" and "The Jungle Books" spent an evening together, telling each other animal stories. Mr. Kipling wanted a story of a grizzly bear. Mr. Thompson had one ready for him. It took an hour to tell it. When he had finished, Mr. Kipling exclaimed: "That's fine, Thompson; why don't you write it?" Mr. Thompson has since written it, under the title of "The Biography of a Grizzly," and its publication will be begun in the November number of the Century Magazine. It is his first long story. Needless to say he will illustrate it himself. The decorative arrangement of the pages will be the work of his wife. In a recent address in Liverpool, Hall Caine ridiculed the idea that the reading of newspapers injures the reading of books. It is precisely, he says, where newspapers are most numerous that books are most read. "In Amer-

ica, where every hamlet has its organ, there is the largest reading public per thousand for books of all kinds. In Italy, where the newspapers are few and often contemptible, the reading public, even among the educated classes, is, perhaps, the smallest in the world." Mr. Caine holds that the same is true about the libraries. It is his experience that nowhere is the trade in books so brisk as in the large towns and cities where the public library is active and popular.

Stanley Waterloo is writing a novel which is based on the subject of Christian Science, and goes pretty thoroughly into the many vagaries and beliefs which distinguish the present time.

Franklin Fyles, who has been for many years the dramatic editor of the New York Sun, has written for the Ladies' Home Journal a series of articles on "The Theater and Its People." It will run through seven numbers and be lavishly illustrated by a number of artists. Mr. Fyles will open the articles with the statement that there are 5000 theaters in America, and that 1,500,000 people attend them each week-day night, spending \$70,000,000 a year on theater-going.

The Harper-McClure Illustrated Review, the new monthly magazine to be published by the allied Harper and McClure houses, is to be ready November 1. It will be sold at 10 cents per copy. Dr. John H. Finley, formerly president of Knox College, Ill., a college classmate of S. S. McClure, will be editor-in-chief. He has made this announcement of the plan of the magazine: "The high-priced monthlies are not compiled to appeal to the masses, either in literature or price. It is my aim to produce in the new publication a magazine of comparatively small cost, illustrated and devoted to varied fields of work. The departmental system will be a distinctive feature, and religious, scientific, industrial, economical and political subjects will receive impartial treatment. To insure the best ideas, men of note in the various branches will be asked to contribute, and no matter of current interest to the people will be neglected. Illustrations will be a prominent feature of this section of the Review; in fact, it could be used as a supplementary reader in the public schools. The Review will aim at popularity to a greater degree than any now printed, and to attain that popularity short stories by well-known authors will appear in its pages. Continued fiction will in no case have a great claim on it. I hope to reach the artisan, the farmer and the mechanic. The practical sciences will not be neglected, and articles on current inventions will have a permanent place in the magazine."

GOLDEN WARP AND SILVER WOOF.

"It is a secret known to but a few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him." —[Steele.

"'Tis hardship, toil;
'Tis pain, 'tis danger, 'tis affronted death;
'Tis equal fate for all, and changing fortune;
That rear the mind to glory, that inspire
The noblest virtues, and the gentlest manners." —[Thompson.

"I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have
That honorable grief lodged here, which burns
Worse than tears drown." —[Shakespeare.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts:
His acts being seven ages. At first the Infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then the whining Schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the Lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad,
Made to his mistress's eyebrow. Then the Soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the Justice
In fair, round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered Pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big, manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is Second Childhood, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything." —[Shakespeare.

"A pretender to learning is one who would make all others more fools than himself, for though he know nothing, he would not have the world know so much. He conceals nothing in learning, but the opinion, which he seeks to purchase without it, though he might with less labor cure his ignorance than hide it. His business and retirement is his study, and he protests no delights to it comparable. He is a great nomenclator of authors, which he has read in general in the catalogue, and in particular in the title, and goes seldom so far as the dedication. He never talks of anything but learning, and learns all from talking. Three encounters with the same men pump him. He has taken pains to be an ass, though not to be a scholar, and is at length discovered and laughed at." —[Bishop Earle.

"Employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour. Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things." —[Franklin.

"When Levity and Cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner." —[Shakespeare.

"There still are many rainbows in your sky,
But mine have vanished. All, when life is new,
Commence with feelings warm, and prospects high;
But Time strips our illusions of their hue,
And one by one in turn, some grand mistake,
Casts off its bright skin yearly like the snake." —[Byron.

THE WOMAN OF THE TIMES.

By Herself.

THAT is a very pretty row which the County Board of Education has been preparing for itself. Every \$5 piece which it has dropped into its pockets during its two months' session is going to prove the seed from which it will reap such a brand of whirlwind as might have come direct from the cyclone center of Iowa. There is not much to be said for the political acumen of any would-be boss who attempts to weave the fabric of his "push" or his "pull" out of the interests of the public schools. The American voter and head of the family is patient and long suffering and much forgiving, while the bosses and the heelers juggle with municipal franchises, pay big prices for the privilege of leaving the dirt in the streets, and put through all manner of jobs for the despoiling of his pocket and the clipping of his comfort. All such things he will let go by with a lenient shrug of his shoulder, a passing word of protest and a sarcastic jest. But let the bosses and the heelers enter the doors of the public school and the head of the family is up in arms at once. The American voter wants no "monkey business" with the public schools, and will not have it. Over and over again, in many localities, has he demonstrated that fact. And the politician who thinks he can hoodwink or override that determination is not shrewd enough to become the boss that he aspires to be. Wherefore, if the members of the County Board of Education, severally or in conjunction, wished to hold the reins of political power, they ought to have known better than to try to work the county schools for their benefit. They may have acquired a thin golden lining for their pockets—and, on the other hand, they may have been working away on examination papers these two months for nothing, but whether or not they are able to collect the pay for their labors they have killed the goose that laid the golden egg and will have to work for their living hereafter. A sad fate, surely, but one that is bound to overtake the politician who attempts to turn the public schools into a political machine. And no man is intellectually fit to mark the examination papers of sixth-grade school children who has to have that simple fact pounded into his head by the club of public opinion.

Looked at from any side whatsoever, this high-handed attempt of the County School Board is a monstrous thing. In the first place, they are doing a rank injustice to the school children, because every obtainable fact shows that they are not competent—that most of them have not the knowledge and that none of them has the breadth of understanding necessary for the just grading of ordinary school examination papers. In the next place, they are perpetrating a most monstrous injustice against the teachers of the county schools. Nobody pretends that either teachers or schools are all that it would be desirable for them to be. But in the main, those teachers are honest, capable, hard-working men and women whose reputation, which means for them both fame and the means of livelihood, the county board is trying to flitch from them in order to further its own political ends. They have worked hard to fit themselves for their profession and have continued to work hard, day in and day out, in the schoolroom for the benefit of their pupils and the furthering of their own reputations. And for any little handful of men animated by the purposes which seem to spur on the county board in this affair to charge this large and representative body of teachers with wholesale incompetency and fraud is a most monstrous thing. In the next place, what the board is apparently trying to do is, in intention and effect, a crime against the public school system—that chief foundation stone in the structure of our nation—for which there is no word too severe. And finally, the principle upon which they are proceeding is an effort to force backward the advance of educational ideas. The hard-and-fast examination with its strict adherence to letter and form, rather than interpretation by spirit and meaning, is a relic of the past which is rapidly being superseded by larger and more just modern ideas. Nowadays, the teacher who does not know more about what each pupil in her classes knows of the subjects which they have studied than any examination can reveal is behind the times in her methods of teaching. And any teacher who would mark examination papers according to the principles by which the board has been guided would be unfit for his profession and would deserve to be discharged at once. Even granting that the board has been moved in its amazing action by sincere desire to benefit the county schools, the methods by which it has proceeded are fifty years behind the times.

And now it is the "golf voice" that is coming to be the serpent in the Eden of the golf links. It affects women players only, and while the enthusiastic golfer is not likely to care so much as a caddy's fee what the game may do to her vocal organs, her friends, so say the observant and philosophic spectators, will have to possess their souls with patience and their ears with cotton until the links shall have had their day and something else shall have come to take their place. A man who, it is but fair to say, is not devoted to the greens, declares that the change in pitch in the voices of those women who play golf is already noticeable, and that the more they play the higher pitched and more disagreeable become their voices. He says it is because, when they talk on the links—and they always do talk—it is so often necessary for them to raise their voices in order to be heard at a distance that the higher pitch becomes habitual and they soon carry on the most ordinary conversations, whether in doors or out, as if they were screaming across the golf links. Let us all hope that this is not true. For the American woman's voice is bad enough at its best, and if the golfing game is to make it still worse—well, it simply will not be possible to extend the market for our cotton in the Far East. The men of this country will have to use all we can grow in their ears.

It has never yet been settled why American women do have the most disagreeable voices of all the women in the world. But globe-trotters declare that such is the case. And it may still farther be averred that they



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excel all others in the varieties of disagreeableness in their vocal organs. If it were simply that their voices are high-pitched it would not so much matter. But when they are also, as they are so very apt to be, either nasal, or squeaky, or raucous, or shrill, it must be admitted that American women sadly need to cultivate every other charm which they possess in order that they make amends for the way in which they inflict their unfortunate voices upon a suffering world. Why does not some ingenious medical man examine into this subject, find out why it is that the most charming women in the world are afflicted even as is the peacock, and then discover how best to mend matters for them? Nowadays, when the surgeons can change a Roman nose to a Grecian, produce a new growth of cuticle, remove an ailing stomach with deftness and dispatch, and a thousand other marvelous things to make the human form what it ought to be, but isn't, it really seems as if it ought to be a comparatively simple matter for them to make a high-pitched voice low and sweet and to change raucous to mellifluous tones. Then it would be possible to listen at a telephone the other end of which is in a room where an afternoon reception is taking place without feeling sure that it connects with an obstreperous chicken ranch. By the way, did you ever try that experiment with a telephone and a reception or a high tea? It is a great deal more amusing than going to the reception.

But to hark back to the "golf voice" again. Maybe there is no more to be scared about in it than there was in the "bicycle face" over which the people who didn't ride bicycles were so disturbed a few years ago. The bicycle is entering upon the days of the sere and yellow leaf, but it does not seem to have altered the expression of either the masculine or the feminine face, even among its devotees, to any appreciable extent. There always is something about every delightful sport that comes along which makes those who do not engage in it very solicitous about the welfare of those who do. When tennis was all the rage the people who merely looked on were much concerned about the "tennis elbow." But tennis has run its vigorous day and those who were its enthusiastic devotees a few years ago have not yet developed a line of bulbous elbows. But, to people who are not either wholly or partially deaf, there is something baleful in even the suggestion of the possibility of a feminine "golf voice."

MR. GLADSTONE'S "SHADOW."

[London Chronicle:] Inspector Conquest, whose impending retirement has been announced, tells many entertaining anecdotes of his relations with Mr. Gladstone, whom he was specially told off to "shadow" during the troublous times of 1881. The Premier, who, as is well known, chafed under the vigilant supervision to which he was subjected, was fertile in expedients to get rid of the detective. Upon one occasion he attempted a particularly ingenious ruse. Entering a club, of which he was a member, he persuaded a friend of about his own build to walk out wearing his unmistakable hat and overcoat and carrying his umbrella. Mr. Gladstone hoped, of course, that his unwelcome attendant might be misled in the dusk of an autumn evening, and thus allow an opportunity to escape.

The astute detective saw the familiar garments leaving the club, but was not deceived as to the identity of their wearer. Gait is one of the most difficult things in the world to imitate, and Mr. Gladstone's was intensely characteristic. Inspector Conquest simply walked up to the wearer of borrowed plumes, administered his most professional tap on the shoulder and said: "I believe, sir, you have just left that club with another gentleman's property in your possession!" Mr. Gladstone never attempted to elude his "shadow" after that

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

Musk Oxen in Chicago.

AMONG recent additions to the Chicago Academy of Science's collection is a fine pair of musk oxen, presented by George H. Laflin. The couple, which consists of a male and a female, will be placed at the head of the staircase on the second floor, the heavy coats of the animals, together with the artificial snow bank in which they stand, lending an air of Arctic coolness to those who come into the building from the torrid heat of the park.

The musk ox frequents Arctic America, where it is found in herds of twenty or thirty occupying the rocky, barren land and deriving its sustenance from the mosses and lichens that flourish in these inhospitable localities. The specimens in the academy were killed by Indians in Alaska. In fact, it requires the patience of an Indian to hunt them, as they have keen smell and hearing and are difficult to approach. The males are dangerous, especially when slightly wounded, and their headgear makes them accomplished as battering rams, which inspires great respect in the hunter.

Only one living species is known. The flesh is considered good eating when the animal is fat, but when in poor condition it is strongly impregnated with the odor of musk. Until recent years few mounted specimens of the musk ox have been exhibited in this country, and even now they are rare. The first specimen of this animal seen in the United States was presented by Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer, to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences.—[Chicago Post.

Cornelius Vanderbilt's Religion.

MR. VANDERBILT was a man of deep religious conviction. He was not of that type so wittily described by a famous lawyer of this city, who are "Christians north of the City Hall and something else below it," but his principles influenced him in every walk of life, and all of his associates were aware that they were abiding and sincere. Therefore there never was a sneer or hint of contempt when Mr. Vanderbilt's association with some of the important philanthropies and church work were spoken of. No one accused him of buying peace for his conscience by contributing to a church mission or to one of the philanthropies of the city.—[New York Correspondence Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Chicago Business Woman's Club.

A NEW club, recently opened at Chicago, is to some extent, a pioneer in its particular field. This is the Chicago Business Woman's Club, which is intended to be of special service to business women. Its home comprises a suite of six apartments in the heart of the business portion of the city, which it is expected will become a haven of rest and benefit to its members at noon and after business hours. The restaurant will, it is hoped, solve the problem that has confronted Chicago business women as it still confronts those of downtown New York, where to go for a luncheon, at a moderate price, to be eaten in comfort. The restaurant provides an appetizing table d'hôte dinner of six courses for 25 cents, or a card menu offers a variety of simple dishes at low prices. The club is under the auspices of the National Association of Women Stenographers, but only until it shall be self-supporting. The association took the initiative because so many of its Chicago members felt the need of just this sort of club home. The membership is not limited, however, to this profession, other business women being eligible.—[Woman's Journal.

Repairing the Typewriter.

ONCE in a while our typewriters need repairing, and up comes a young man from the office with his kit of tools, says a writer in the New York Press. I have watched him often making tests of the alignment, balancing the keys, straightening the letters, etc., and he invariably writes out this sentence in capitals and lower case, then all capitals and all lower case: "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog back of the house." Then he tries this combination: "1213141516171819." After that he goes for the n's, thus: "NnNnNnNnNn" ad infinitum. For alignment he tries the four corners of the paper with the dash: "-----" He is a skilled mechanic and always a gentleman, but I wonder why he is so fond of the fox and dog story.

Feudists to Fight Filipinos.

THE Baker boys of Kentucky, not caring to be killed in the feud in which they are entangled in Clay county, where they are largely outnumbered by the opposing faction, prefer to take chances with the Filipinos who do not shoot as straight nor fight so hard as the Kentuckians. They have, accordingly, enlisted in the Thirty-first Volunteer Infantry. This makes about forty Bluegrass fighters—Hatfields, Whites and Bakers—in the Thirty-first.—[Kansas City Journal.

The "Healers" in Atchison.

"TWO Englishmen," says the Globe, "are in Atchison 'curing' people. They dress alike, in linen clothes, and walk the streets bareheaded. Every day and evening they appear on the streets to heal the sick. One of the men takes hold of a patient's hand, and looks heavenward, with an expression on his face that must remind people of a sick calf. We never saw a sick calf, but we have often heard of the expression, and the healer this morning made us think of it. The patient was a woman. Then the healer placed his hand down the back of the woman's neck, and next fumbled her ears. The woman then gave the healer a handkerchief, which he 'blessed' by looking heavenward again with an

expression on his face that was intended to be thoughtful and divine, but which was really silly. His partner don't do anything, but had a basket, to accommodate those who wished to give money. No money was taken in while the reporter was present. In this enlightened age a man or woman should be ashamed to express confidence in such methods. This sort of thing is as bad as witchcraft. The healer who stands around and handles the collection basket looks like Bill White."—[Kansas City Journal.

Custard Pie Club.

THE town of Hartford in Oxford county, Me., has a Custard Pie Association, which meets annually in a hemlock grove on the margin of Swan Pond and gorges itself with custard pie. It grew out of a custard-pie-eating contest between two residents of the town on the annual fast day, thirty-nine years ago. The match was adjudged to be a tie, the association was formed, and everybody in it now strives to beat everybody else eating custard pie.

Unfamiliar Facts About Mr. Kipling.

SOME unknown general facts about Rudyard Kipling and his work make interesting reading. Kipling's height is 5 feet 6 inches; his eyes are dark blue, and gleam kindly through spectacles with divided lenses. His hair is dark brown, his hands large, but delicately formed. He is stoop-shouldered, but broad across the back.

He has a resolute jaw, a voice low and soft, and a smile in which there lurks a hint of cynicism. Though only 34 years old, he has an oldish face on which thought and incident have prematurely left their mark.

His writing-garb is a loose suit of black cloth in winter, the coat buttoned high to the throat like the blouse of a workman—which is all he pretends to be. In summer, or while in tropical lands, he affects white linen or duck. In India he wears the native turban, and in his journalistic days was often seen on the streets of Lahore and Simla in a pure white headress of the native type closely wound about his scalp.

Some twenty-two volumes bear his name, and beside their Shakespearean range of subjects, they contain in bulk more technical knowledge of navigation, seamanship, railroad engineering, war maneuvers, the industries of distant climes, and other unfashionable themes than all the modern novels combined.

Railroad men everywhere praise him for his accuracy in dealing with the iron horse of transportation, sailors swear by him as one of their kind, the British soldiers long ago nominated him their laureate, and mechanical engineers will not believe he is not a graduate in their calling.—[Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

A Twelve-year-old "Comer."

JIM AUTEN is a Hopkins lad only 12 years of age, but he's a crackerjack, declares an admiring local newspaper. He picked up several bushels of shelled corn along the railroad tracks recently that had been spilled in loading cars and traded it for a horse. He then rigged up a small wagon and harness, and is now doing the dray act, hauling a barrel of water, delivering ice and doing various jobs for those who have a nickel or a dime. He never makes less than a half dollar a day and his cash receipts ran up to \$1.75 one day this week. Jim doesn't blow in his earnings foolishly, either, but is saving them and some day will be filling the big cribs along the tracks with corn on his own hook.—[Kansas City Journal.

Much Traveled at Small Expense.

"A STYLISH young man, who does not frequent Del's and the Waldorf-Astoria," gossips a New York writer, "because his purse is not long enough, but who does drop in once in a while and always leaves an impression, is envied of numerous acquaintances for his good luck in being able to take a month off each year to visit the old country. One year he goes to Paris, the next to London, the next to Berlin, and so on through the list. He now has covered eight European cities. How can he afford it? By never going abroad, I discovered him last week in a lonely spot down on the South Shore, spending his month in company of his reel and rod, his bicycle and his catboat. He is supposed to be in St. Petersburg. Every book containing information about the Russian capital that he could lay his hands on, together with maps, geographical and topographical, he is provided with, and these he is studying, as he studied other books on other cities. He learns a city a year, and can tell more about it than if he had spent ten years in it and spent \$10,000."—[Kansas City Journal.

Rome to Have a World's Fair.

PRINCE RUSPOLI DI POGGIO SUASA, the Mayor, has now publicly and officially announced that the Eternal City is going to have a world's exhibition, which will be the first held in Italy, and will take place in 1911, the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the United Kingdom of Italy by Count Cavour, in the sub-Alpine Parliament, shortly before he died. It will be asked, why announce an exhibition twelve years before it takes place? The answer lies in the rivalry which still exists between the large Italian towns. Rome wishes to have it decided that the first exhibition of the kind must take place in the capital, and Milan—the great competitor of Rome, what her admirers call the virtual capital of Italy—had already spoken of having one in 1904, for the opening of the great Simplon tunnel.

Besides, Rome needs several years of preparation to "put her house in order," finishing the extensive works which, begun all at once, had to be suspended for want of funds. This means an expense not to be comprehended by those who have never been in Rome! There are whole quarters half built and left for years in that

condition, and monuments uncompleted. To mention only the principal of the latter there are the monument to Victor Emmanuel on the Capitol Hill, which, after twenty-one years from the death of the Re Galantuomo, needs \$2,325,000 to finish it; the Palace of Justice, decided upon about fifteen years ago, needing still \$350,000; the Archeological Promenade, still merely a scheme, the cost estimated at \$560,000, which, of course, will prove much too little; the completion of the Embankment of the Tiber, the greatest engineering enterprise of modern Rome, which was suggested by Garibaldi, for which \$2,550,000 is required. Will twelve years be sufficient for all this? Not certainly if the work be carried on as leisurely as up to the present. Beside this it is estimated that another \$400,000 will be required for the expenses of the exhibition itself.—[Rome Correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

A Parisian's Record of Drink.

IN THE Middle Ages the Germans had the reputation of being the hardest drinkers in Europe and next to them came the English and Dutch. Nowadays the French, or at least the Parisians, have the ill-repute of being greater victims to alcoholism than either the English, Dutch or Germans. Such, indeed, is the testimony of the recent report of a great Paris hospital. Out of 1000 patients examined, 70 in the 100 among the men and 31 in the 100 among the women were hopeless "alcoholites." The whole thousand lived in Paris. One of the number, the keeper of the Paris wine shop, gave the following autobiographical account of his normal life for each day: "At 6:30 a.m. I rise. At 7 a.m. I take coffee and brandy. About 9 a.m. I drink three to four glasses of white wine, and perhaps eat a little therewith. Between 9 and 10 o'clock I usually take three or four 'aperitifs'—bitter vermouth, or absinthe. For my second breakfast, I have one litre of wine, and then coffee and rum. During the afternoon I take various 'consummations.' Between 5 and 8 p.m. take some more 'aperitifs,' on an average about three or four. At 8 o'clock I have my dinner, or supper, with which I drink one litre of red wine. Between that and bedtime I consume a few glasses of brandy or liqueur." The customers of this unwearied tippler's, so far as they can afford it, follow his terrible example, so says the report.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

Work of the Penny Savings Society.

THE report of the Chicago Penny Savings Society shows the deposits to have been \$43,300 for the last year, and the withdrawals, \$31,849.75, leaving a balance to the credit of depositors of \$11,450.25. This is a very good showing, considering the short time the society has been in existence. At present the savings system is in operation in about one hundred schools of the city, but the plan is to extend its operations to many other schools at an early date.

The aim of the Penny Savings Society is educational. The inculcation in the young of habits of thrift is rightly held to be as important as development in other lines. The child that is taught to produce wealth, but not to safeguard it is only partially educated in any correct sense of that term. In so far as the Penny Savings Society accomplishes the end in view, therefore, its work is to be highly commended. Its field is necessarily limited. And inasmuch as it does not pay interest on deposits, but simply undertakes the responsibility for their safe-keeping, it cannot afford as much stimulus to the savings instinct as is to be deserved. What is needed is the postal savings bank system, to which the penny savings system would make an exceedingly valuable adjunct. Then the work of education in saving need not terminate when the child leaves school, but could be continued until he reaches manhood. The fact that funds accumulated in the penny savings bank, paying no interest, could be transferred to the postal savings bank, where interest would be paid on deposits, would encourage children to make greater use of both institutions. In countries having the postal savings system the school savings banks and the postal savings banks are thus operated in harmony with each other.—[Chicago Record.

Nothing Unusual.

A CORRESPONDENT who writes to the New York Sun to inquire if it is true that David B. Henderson, the prospective Speaker of the next House of Representatives, is a Scotchman, and if it is not an unusual thing for a Scotchman to take a very active part in political affairs in the United States, is informed that he is and it is not. Mr. Henderson was born in Old Deer, in 1840. Iowa's present representative in President McKinley's Cabinet, James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1835. Congressmen McKelison of Ohio and Spaulding of Michigan were born in Scotland, and Scotchmen generally have taken an honorable part in American public affairs. It was of a Scotch United States Senator, however, that Senator Hearst, alluding to his talkativeness, said: "He rests his mind while he speaks."—[Kansas City Journal.

They Like Our Mary Leiter.

A PROMINENT business man from Calcutta, India, who is now in this country, said the other day of Lord Curzon's wife, who was Miss Mary Leiter of Chicago: "Lady Curzon, the Vicerine of India, formerly Miss Mary Leiter of this country, is without any exception the most graceful and charming woman of any nationality I have ever seen. She possesses great tact and is exercising herself to please both the Anglo-Indians and natives, and that she is succeeding there can be no manner of doubt. I first saw her the day she landed at Hawrah Station, Calcutta, on her arrival. From the station she was escorted to Government House by a gorgeous retinue of sikh bodyguards, and everywhere en route she was received by English and natives alike with great enthusiasm. The next time I had the good luck to see her was at the splendid ball given at Government

House, where she was received with even greater acclaim. I do not think that people here realize how strong this feeling of pride in her beauty, tact and graciousness is in India, and I think they should know of our attitude of mind toward her. No woman in the whole world, not even the Queen of England herself, is received with the ceremony and state that the Vicerine of India is. This is largely done with a view to impressing the natives by this outward manifestation of the power of the paramount people. The Vicerine's reception at the Calcutta race meeting is a good example of this pomp. This meeting is a wonderful sight. Thousands and thousands of natives are there, and with their different colored turbans and oriental costumes they constitute a gorgeous scheme of color. When the Vicerine arrived the band struck up the national anthem in her honor, as representative of the Queen-Emress, and as Lady Curzon drove up to her box, escorted by her sikh bodyguard, the whole great assemblage rose to its feet, every man present removing his hat and standing until she was seated."—[Kansas City Journal.]

The Chinese Hello Girl.

THE ordinary conception of the Chinese woman as an absolutely dependent being, incapacitated for any serious exertion by her disabled feet and the tyranny of her male relatives, will be seriously disturbed by the knowledge that Chinese women have taken possession of the telephone exchange.

It isn't long ago that the telephone was introduced into the Orient, and the most noteworthy feature of the institution is the employment of women at the switchboards.

All day she sits patiently with a metal band around her head shouting the Chinese equivalent for "Hello!" through countless wires and adjusting switches with remarkable accuracy. In fact, her success has called the attention of her countrymen to the fact of woman's adaptability, and they have shrewdly begun to think they may make their wives and daughters useful in other ways.—[New York World.]

How Col. Henderson Was "Discovered."

IN MORE ways than one Col. David B. Henderson, who will probably succeed Reed as Speaker of the House of Representatives, owes his preferment to Senator Allison of Iowa. The two men were first thrown together in 1862. Allison had moved from Ohio to Iowa in 1856, and had at once taken an active part in politics. He had known Gov. Kirkwood in Ohio, and attached himself to that statesman's adherents. He was a delegate to and a secretary of the convention which first nominated Lincoln for the Presidency.

In 1861 Gov. Kirkwood appointed Allison colonel, and set him to work raising volunteers for the Union service. In all he raised four regiments, but it was an arduous task, and at one time it might have failed had it not been for the assistance of a big Scotch-American college boy from Fayette. He offered his services in any capacity that he might be found useful, and Col. Allison set him to work. In less than a week the college boy came back with a company of thirty-one men. He was the man who is destined to be our next Speaker.

That was the beginning of Col. Henderson's military career. From the army he went to Congress, and his subsequent history is national property. The friendship began in the recruiting camp at Dubuque thirty-seven years ago has been unbroken since that time.—[Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.]

Trouble for the Wheel Girls.

IT IS proposed in Kenosha, Wis., to make wheelwomen take out a special license. A lawyer who was run down not long ago by a girl on a wheel has drawn up an ordinance requiring the license, and requiring that before any girl may have one she must give a specimen of her riding before a committee of three experts, and if she succeeds in proving that she can control her wheel, must file a bond of \$100, to establish the victims of possible collisions beyond the reach of loss.—[Kansas City Journal.]

The Colony Founded by Ex-Minister Thomas.

THOMAS BRACKETT REED is not the only distinguished member of the famous class of 1860 of Bowdoin College, Me. One of the ex-Speaker's classmates was William Widgery Thomas, twice Minister to Sweden, and the founder of the colony of New Sweden, in Aroostook county, Me.

This colony is the most successful venture of the sort ever made in this country. It was planted a little more than twenty-five years ago in several townships of land near the village of Caribou. It has grown now to more than 6000 inhabitants. It is the greatest potato-raising district in America, and while the colonists have not yet become individually wealthy, in the aggregate they form the richest body of farmers in the Pine Tree State. Mr. Thomas still takes the keenest interest in the colony, and is still looked up to by the members as their guardian. Mr. Thomas has drawn himself even closer to the Swedes by his marriage. His wife is a Swede, and the Minister and his entire family are as familiar with the Swedish language, literature and customs as they are with those of this country.—[Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.]

Mexico's Celebrations.

SEPTEMBER is a month of celebrations in the City of Mexico. In this month occurs the anniversary of the declaration of Mexican independence by the priest Hidalgo y Costilla; the Spanish festival of Our Lady of Cavadonga and the anniversary of the storming of Chapultepec by the American troops in our Mexican war, which, although a defeat for the Mexicans, is observed in commemoration of the useless valor of the young defenders. The castle of Chapultepec was then, as now, the seat of the Mexican national military schools and the guns were served by the cadets—mere boys—many of whom were found dead when the Americans entered the works. Recently the monument of the brave youths was decorated, President Diaz laying a magnificent wreath at the base of the votive stone. The President of the republic will appear on the night before Independence day bearing the banner unfurled by Hidalgo. Thus do Mexicans keep alive patriotic mem-

ories and by so doing and by standing steadily and loyally by the constituted government, distinguish themselves from the other Spanish-American peoples of the two Americas.—[Kansas City Journal.]

Marconi's Progress.

MARCONI seems to go on from one success to another. He is to be the guest of honor at the coming session of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Dover, near which place he has carried on most of his famous experiments. The most recent results obtained by the clever Italian there were communications between the Dover Town Hall and the South Foreland lighthouse and the Goodwin Shoals lightship. The installation was set up at the Town Hall and the wire connecting the instrument with space passed up the ordinary flagstaff. The hall, which is surrounded by buildings, is in the center of the town, which lies in a valley. Intervening between the place where the instrument was fixed and the South Foreland are the high cliffs upon which stand Dover Castle. For messages to be transmitted between these points the mysterious currents had, therefore, to pass the cliffs, from 300 feet to 410 feet above sea level, for about four miles. The same conditions applied to the East Goodwin lightship, except that in this case, after passing through the highland, the current had to travel twelve miles across the sea. The results were completely successful. Messages were transmitted and received with ease and without a hitch in the same way as they had been across the channel through open space.—[Kansas City Journal.]

Want Only Patrons With Fat Purses.

CAPT. DAVIS of the British steamer Europe, which arrived at Philadelphia from St. Raphael, France, recently, tells of a queer experience he and his third officer had while on a visit to Monte Carlo. The port of St. Raphael is a short distance from the gamblers' paradise, and one evening he and the mate visited the gay place. They were dressed in the garb of well-to-do seamen, and no attention was paid them until they made an attempt to enter the casino where the great gambling is carried on. At the door they were stopped by a uniformed waiter, who inquired their business. They wished permission to go inside, but were told by the waiter to stand outside until he had interviewed the superintendent. The waiter returned shortly and asked the captain if he had a letter of credit. Upon being informed that the captain and his friend had no letter of credit, and were not financially very strong, the waiter firmly informed them that no one was permitted to enter unless wearing a dress suit. The captain found out afterward that Monte Carlo had no use for visitors who were not prepared to lose large sums at gambling.—[Kansas City Journal.]

Baby's Bottle in Use 700 B. C.

MOST people are of opinion that feeding bottles for babies must be an invention of modern times. This, however, is not the case, according to Prof. Mosby, who, lecturing recently before an antiquarian society, stated that it was the custom among the Greeks for the nurses to carry a sponge full of honey in a small pot to stop the children from crying. There are two Greek vases in the British Museum, dating from 700 B. C., which closely resemble the feeding bottles used subsequently by the Romans. In the old Roman cemetery of St. Sepulcher Canterbury, a feeding bottle of bright red polished ware was dug up in 1861, and Prof. Mosby came to the conclusion that this bottle must have been buried with the little Roman child to whose wants it had ministered during the child's lifetime.—[Chicago Times-Herald.]

Lightning Pictures on His Skin.

MEMENTOES of a lightning stroke were left impressed on the body of Charles W. Grist of Cokeville, Pa. Upon his back is a red mark that resembles that species of the spider known as the "granddaddy longlegs," and the prints of the nails in his shoes are visible upon the soles of his feet. Mr. Grist was, strange to say, only stunned by the electric bolt.

Capt. Watkins on Sea Captains.

CAPT. FREDERICK WATKINS of the steamship Paris, who has been suspended for two years on account of the disaster to that magnificent ship, is an exceedingly popular visitor in New York.

Not long ago he said: "There is no doubt to one who makes his living upon the sea that character is unconsciously changed by the conditions prevailing on shipboard. A good captain becomes the brain of his vessel, and insensibly forms an attachment for it as strong as the love borne by many men to their old homesteads. Landsmen speak of captains going down with their ships as if it were a wonder; the real wonder is when old sea veterans do not go down with their ships."

"They tell a story of an old skipper in England who had been frequently urged to retire. He had saved up a great deal of money and had passed the threescore-and-ten mark. He refused persistently, until finally, in a storm and fog combined, he was cast away upon the coast of one of the eastern counties. His craft was very staunch, and though considerably broken, still held together. The old skipper never left her, and on the day following his sudden arrival he hired laborers, had the old craft drawn high and dry upon the land, propped on either side by heavy timbers, and there he passed the remainder of his life."—[Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.]

Author of "Coronation."

THE will of the late Frances A. Tyler of Boston contained the following codicil: "To the Bostonian Society I bequeath the portrait of my grandfather, Oliver Holden, also the old organ on which he harmonized the tune of 'Coronation.'" Oliver Holden was born at Shirley, Mass., in 1765. The boy Oliver early began to show signs of a rare musical talent, so much so as to charm the rustic people with whom he was early associated. He remained in Shirley until after the revolution, when there was a call for carpenters to aid in rebuilding Charlestown, destroyed by the British on June 17, 1775. Oliver Holden, following his father's trade, set

out for Charlestown, being soon followed by the family. He began life in Charlestown at the housewright's trade, which he had acquired without serving his time, as was the custom. While at work with the saw and plane music seemed to have possession of the young man. He soon appeared in the choir of the church, where Rev. Jedediah Morse was pastor, and presently came out with several hymns and tunes, which opened the way for him to devote his time to what nature had intended him. He was chosen to select and train a choir to sing an ode which he prepared for the reception to Washington, given by the town of Boston, when the first President visited the place in 1789. He composed many tunes, which were gathered and published in volumes for the singing schools of that time, in some of which he was the teacher. But no tune met with such public favor as "Coronation." The grand tune first appeared in "The Union Harmony," and was sung by the composer in Charlestown church choir in 1793, and for more than a century it has continued to make its way as an inspiration to thousands in all climes and under varied circumstances. This tune was often used as a battle hymn of the civil war, being a favorite in camp, field and hospital.—[Boston Globe.]

Worth \$100 a Bottle.

AT A LITTLE informal dinner given in Washington the other night to E. H. R. Green of Texas, and Hon. M. A. Smith of Arizona, by E. K. Somborn, proprietor of Chamberlin's, the host produced a bottle of rare old Bourbon that bore the name of the maker, "Shreve," and underneath the date of its distillation, "1848." It was voted by the party, the Post says, as worthy the most extravagant eulogy that was ever offered in praise of Kentucky's most noted product. "I doubt," said Mr. Smith, who is a connoisseur in ancient liquors, "whether there is as much as a barrel left of this forty-year-old Shreve. The maker has long ago been gathered to his fathers. This bottle before us, which was given to the lamented John Chamberlin full twenty years ago, may be the very last extant. During all that time its imprisoned essence of corn has been mellowing and attaining a richness of flavor that is simply perfection. I have seen once, and once only, some sixty-year-old whisky, but I should say after the fortieth year has been reached but little added excellence can be given by time. In this respect it is very much like the human family, for man reaches his zenith about the fortieth milestone. The price of such antique goods as this, if there were enough of it left for commerce, would be fabulous. I know one western collector who would give at least \$100 for this bottle before us, for to him a remnant of some famed brand of long gone days appeals with the force of a painting of an old master to a lover of art."—[Kansas City Journal.]

Miss Pomeroy's Good Shot.

MISS GRETA POMEROY, a New York girl, while on a western tour last month with Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, had the good fortune to kill a bear with a well-placed shot from her rifle.

At Glenwood Springs, Colo., a bear hunt was organized under the supervision of D. C. Beaman of Denver, Miss Pomeroy being the only lady in the party. About five miles north of Glenwood the dogs struck the trail of a she bear and three cubs. She led her young in the direction of a steep ravine. After about two miles of the roughest climbing the bear was successfully treed, the cubs of about four months making good their escape.

By unanimous courtesy and consent Miss Pomeroy was accorded the first shot, which was fairly planted behind the left shoulder, causing instant death. The hide will be properly mounted for Miss Pomeroy and serve as a reminder of her skill.—[New York Herald.]

Fading Colors of Birds' Eggs.

THE beautiful and delicate shades on the eggs of birds are not very fast, especially if they belong to the lighter class of colors," remarked an ornithologist to the writer yesterday. "In many instances some of the finest and most characteristic tints of eggs disappear almost entirely on exposure to light. A common example is the beautiful pale blue of the starling's egg, which, on exposure to sunlight for a few days, loses its clear blueness of tone and becomes purpler, approaching more to a slate tint. Such is also the case with most of the greenish blue eggs, like those of many sea birds, the common guillemets, for instance, the beauty of which largely depends on the clear freshness of its blue tints. It is, therefore, wise for egg collectors to keep the glass cases containing all such specimens carefully covered up when not being inspected, otherwise much of the beauty of tint will be lost in course of time."—[Washington Star.]

Slot Gas Meters.

THE penny-in-the-slot gas meter introduced from Liverpool by the South Metropolitan Gas Company three or four years ago has been an astonishing success, and a further development of the idea is now being tried. It has been a success, at any rate, so far as the attainment of a wide popularity may be considered to constitute success, though it is understood that the Gas Light and Coke Company does not find it pay. On the other side of the water it pays very well, and they have nearly ninety thousand customers, and are adding to them at the rate of three or four hundred a week. These are all penny customers, and they bring into the company's exchequer somewhere about £200,000 a year, so that this development has done much to neutralize any injury the electric light may have inflicted. So satisfied is the company with the result of its new departure that it is now getting out "shilling-in-the-slot" and "half-crown-in-the-slot" meters for customers a cut or two above the penny people. One great advantage the company has in this system is, of course, that there is no trouble and no difficulty in getting in money. "No penny, no gas," is the principle, and it will be the same with the shillings and the half crowns, though these at present are only in the experimental stage.—[London News.]

NOTE.—Readers of the Magazine Section who in reading other journals meet with good short sketches peculiarly appropriate for the department entitled "Graphic Pen Pictures," etc., are requested to send them to the editor of The Times.

THE MORNING SERMON.

MYSTERIES.

By the Rev. Louis B. Voorhees.

Pastor First Congregational Church, Groton, Mass.

The secret things belong unto the Lord our God.—Deut. xxxii:29.

"RELIGION is a mystery; I cannot understand it," is an objection sometimes heard when individuals are asked to accept its claims. To many persons it seems a hazy and unreal thing.

Of course, there are mysteries in religion. The Great Teacher admitted their existence, and that they perplexed the people. Our textbook tells us that "Great are the mysteries of godliness," and confesses that it contains some things that are "hard to be understood."

In endeavoring to throw some light on these problems, I remark:

First—There are and must be mysteries about all systems of truth; they are not peculiar to revealed religion. Suppose we leave the Bible out of account, are there any less difficulties in Natural Theology? Let us see. One of the most familiar and popular arguments for the existence of God is that from contrivance. The obvious adaptation of means to ends, we say, proves an adapting cause—that the eye is so clearly a contrivance for seeing that it is evident that he who made the light and gave to it its laws made also the eye, with its cornea, its retina, its lenses, and its nerves. It was made for vision.

The ear is a wonderful apparatus for hearing. How much of power and skill are compacted within this bundle of bones, sinews and muscles which we call a hand? This marvelous instrument suggests a Divine mind, and is worthy of it. Our minds are more wonderful still. They can use this material body as they will. By our intellectual faculties we gain dominion over the world. We harness the great natural forces and make the lower animals our obedient servants. Reason, conscience, imagination and will, all point to a great personal, contriving God. They could only come from such a source.

But where are we? We are sure that our minds indicate a wonderful designing Creator as their cause. But what as to the mind of this great Cause? What as to the great eye of God, that sweeps immensity with its glance? What as to the ear that hears the whispers that come through endless space from countless worlds spinning through space, and upholds them by its power? What as to the intellect that conceived and created this stupendous universe and superintends its manifold activities?

Much more than mine, must the eye, and ear, and hand, and mind, of God have had a great contriving cause. The argument that proves that these material objects and that we ourselves must have had a Creator proves with a hundredfold greater force that God himself is a created being. Do we escape perplexity by turning away from revealed religion to Natural Theology?

Let us for a moment glance at Natural Philosophy. We find puzzles in heat, in light, in sound; mysteries in chemistry, geology and astronomy, which no man can solve.

For instance, we want to know something about heat. Heat is a very commonplace and simple thing, which ought to be understood by the scientist. If we chance upon an ancient textbook, we are told that heat is a material something that comes out from the heated body and enters other bodies. We test the truth of this theory. We come in very cold and sit by the stove until warm and weigh ourselves, and find that we have not increased in specific gravity, and we give up the theory as untrue.

Then we take a modern treatise to ascertain the latest utterance of science. The author tells us there is strong reason to believe that heat is a mode of motion. When a body is heated, the particles begin to move about among themselves, the atoms are thrown into violent agitation. I question my book as to what is sound, and I find that sound is caused by the vibrations of the particles of a body. Then why doesn't a heated body emit sound? We thank the scientist for informing us that heat is a mode of motion, but we do not understand it any better than before.

The skeptic who writes about the unknowableness of religion cannot explain the heat that warms his writing hand, nor the cheerful sound of the blazing fire on his hearth.

Carlyle says: "The world, after all our science and sciences, is still a miracle, wonderful, inscrutable, magical and more, to whomever will think of it."

What do we know about ourselves? Not much? Impenetrable mysteries cluster about the very beginnings of our being. Life itself is a Sphinx, and science cannot extort an answer from its closed lips. No one can explain it, or even adequately define it. We know ourselves to be soul and body, mind and matter. But what is mind and what is matter? The laconic answer of the professor to his pupil tells us about all we know. Asked "What is mind?" he answered: "No matter." "What is matter?" he replied: "Never mind."

We are ourselves inscrutable problems to ourselves. Now, we have not been searching the immensities of space for mysteries, nor exploring the remote regions of illimitable time for puzzles. We have been quizzing the common phenomena about us. In the same field you may see a goose, a cow and a sheep, all eating grass. In one case the grass makes feathers, in another hair and in the third wool, or we may say that it is making goose-flesh, beef and mutton. By a wonderful transformation, it is true that "all flesh is grass!"

Yet the very grass of the field, acted on by a marvelous animal chemistry, supports our lives, helps us to gain an intellectual grasp of truth, and gives us a vision of God. It is as great a mystery as anything we find in our Bibles. There stretches out before us a sea of knowledge. How can we cross it. Here is a ferryboat called Science. We gladly go on board, but we find that all it can do is to take us across the shallow to leave us in the profound depths beyond.

Yes, we believe in science, though it is a bundle of mysteries. And we believe in religion, though it has some things hard to understand.

Again, these considerations become more significant

when we remember that mysteries are to be expected above all in a revelation of God.

Hiero, King of Syracuse several centuries before Christ, was a learned man and a patron of literature. The great poets, Aeschylus, Pindar and Simonides, belonged to his court. The King asked Simonides: "What is God?" Simonides asked a day to consider his reply. When the day had passed, he asked for two days more, and when these had been spent, he asked for four days. Hiero expressed his surprise, and Simonides said: "The more I think of God, the more mysterious and unknown He is to me."

God lives and acts upon a plane entirely above us. If we could comprehend Him fully; if all He is and does were within the grasp of our weak, finite minds, we could not revere and adore Him as we do. It is transcendent power and spirituality that make Him to exceed the limits of our thoughts. He would be a poor God whom we could perfectly understand. Here we can expect to explore only the shadows of His being and action. It will take Eternity to sound the abysses of His mysterious love.

A very practical thought for us all is—and we can thank God that it is true—we do not have to solve puzzles to discover what we must do to inherit eternal life. There are many things connected with religion that perplex us, but this we can know—that God loves us with a surpassing affection, would emancipate us from the power of sin and would shape us in forms that would fit us for heaven. How foolish, then, to busy ourselves with insoluble mysteries, to the exclusion of the plain duties of righteous living and Christian service. He who uses the light of the sun for the practical purposes of life will find it sufficient, while his speculative brother seeking to gaze into its mysteries will be blinded by its glare.

The inquiry, then, that we should make is: Am I living so as to best-develop my immortal manhood? When Alexander the Great was plundering the palace of Darius, one of his soldiers found in a leather bag the crown jewels of Persia, worth millions of dollars. The stupid fellow opened the sack, threw the contents away, and boasted that he had found a first-rate bag in which to carry his dinner.

What have we within these forms of ours? Precious souls—jewels that God loves and would have to shine forever in heaven. The body is not simply a bag in which to carry food. It is a casket that contains "that which is of greatest worth the whole creation round." God has told us how to keep it clean and sweet, and pure and shining, and to know that is of more practical importance than the solution of a thousand speculative mysteries.

LAY SERMONS.

"I WANT to do something for Christ; if He were only here on earth I should know how to serve Him, but now what can one in my humble sphere of life do?" inquired a poor woman the other day.

Why, my dear friend, just turn to your Bible and read these blessed words of the Master; "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Now, doesn't this make it all plain? Whatever service we render to God's needy children His love accepts as done unto Him. Knowing this, is it not easy, in this world of want and suffering to find something to do for the Master? And He will remember that it is done for Him if it is only giving a cup of cold water in His name to some one of His humble followers.

And in this we see how closely Christ identifies Himself with His disciples. The "God manifest in the flesh" comes very near to us. The perfect, sinless man—the divine Christ—appeals to our hearts, although we can never, in this life, fully understand how "God became flesh and dwelt among us," yet we dare approach to Him nearer than we would if we knew Him only as infinite Spirit. "He was tempted in all points, like as we are, yet without sin." Cannot such an one understand our needs and feel infinite pity for all human woe?

We who would serve Him let us ever bear in mind these words of His, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me," then how many ways of service we shall find. How many about us there are whose hearts are aching for a kindly word, and to whom it would mean more than silver or gold. Shall we forget such as these, or shall we give them our sympathy in the thoughtful word of kindness, or even in a pleasant smile, if we have not opportunity to give more? A little flower sent to some sufferer confined to a sick chamber is often like a message of hope and comfort, for it brings with it the thought that there is some one in the busy outside world who has not forgotten him, and the fragrant rose will breathe something of the love of Christ to the one upon that sick bed, and it will bring some of the beauty and brightness of the summer world into the darkened room.

And sometimes even in the simple pressure of the hand you may serve Jesus. How much it means sometimes to the sorrowing. It says that heart pities me, and I feel that the one who gave me that warm, tender grasp is my friend, and life does not seem quite so hard. I am not wholly forsaken; Christ has not forgotten me, and I will strive to live and work for Him still.

Then sometimes we may feed the hungry and clothe the naked for love of the Master, and in everything that we do for Him we too receive our share of the blessing. Our hearts are lightened through the sympathy we give to others, and we feel the blessedness and the joy which lies in that "Inasmuch."

The way of the Cross, that is the way that we should tread. In a recent sermon by Rev. J. B. Silcox, pastor of the Congregational Church at Sacramento, that way was set forth in the following words:

"If that cross means anything it means that the more a man has of wealth and talent and culture, the more is he under obligation to render service to humanity. He who would be chiefest and greatest must make himself the servant and slave of all. Increase of strength means increase of obligation to help the weak. Increase of culture means increase of obligation to enlighten the illiterate. Increase of virtue means increase of obligation to reform the vicious. Christianity is not separation, it is impartation. The throne must bend to the hovel. The monarch must minister to the mendicant. Heaven must come to earth. That is the meaning of the cross. That was the governing law in the life of Jesus.

It must be the governing law in our life. 'We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and not to please ourselves, for even Christ pleased not Himself.' He died for all 'that we who live should not henceforth live unto ourselves but unto Him who died for us and rose again.' Our life belongs to Christ, and therefore to humanity.

"No man ever came to greatness along any other path than the way of the cross. The truly great have felt the truth that their life belonged to the race, and that what God had given them was given them for the service and salvation of man. The enthusiasm for humanity that made beautiful the life of Jesus has irradiated the lives of men and women and lifted them to thrones of distinction. Not to be ministered unto, but to minister has been the one motto and ideal of their life. It was the motto and ideal of Peabody when he used his millions to endow schools for the enlightenment of the ignorant and erect homes for the well-being of the poor. It was the motto and ideal of Florence Nightingale when she consecrated her womanhood to the service of the wounded and dying on the battlefields. It was the motto and ideal of John Howard when he devoted himself to the betterment of the criminal population of the world. It was the motto and ideal of Wendell Phillips, when he turned from the honors and emoluments of the law to champion the cause of the dumb, downtrodden slave. It was the motto and ideal of Wesley when he turned away from the classic halls of Oxford to go out and preach the gospel of God to the people in the lanes and highways of the nation. It was the motto and ideal of Livingston when he consecrated the valor and genius of his manhood to open a path and carry the light of the gospel into the dark jungles of Africa. These are illustrations of the high serving the low, the strong ministering to the weak. They receive the homage of earth and the hallelujahs of heaven. They declare with trumpet tones the truth that the great life is the life that serves."

Oh, shall we not make that life of service ours? Every day we may find those who need our service, and we may realize the blessedness of that "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

LIGHTS AND FLASHES.

The mountains are the cathedrals of the Infinite and the altars of His power.

The psalm which the ocean chants is unending, for it is the anthem of Omnipotence.

If every day's duties as they come are faithfully performed, your life will be a success.

A man or woman never is old until they lose a lively interest in life and fail to be in touch with the world.

Do not make the mistake of supposing that there is logic in calling your opponent hard names.

There are those to whom life would lose half its satisfaction if they were not able to say "I told you so" when misfortunes come to others.

The only true criterion of social distinction is that of mental and moral worth. There is nothing so appalling as poverty of the mind and heart, even when gilded by untold wealth.

Of all created things that a lady most admires is the genus that gathers about the postoffice, churches and hotel fronts and exorcises his tobacco juice upon the sidewalk, and stares with a monkey-like gaze upon her as she passes.

To the true woman there is no kingdom so royal as the kingdom of home; no scepter like that of love; no desire so strong as to be enthroned in the hearts of her husband and children; no crown so priceless as that of their tenderness and respect.

He who is not content to live truly each hour as it passes without reaching out for a grander tomorrow in which to perform some great deed will find his life fruitless of worthy achievement, and in the end it will be said of him that his life was a failure.

"Lizzie," said a mother to her little daughter, "if you are not more amiable, people will not love you as well as your little sister Mary, and they will say you are a bad little girl." "I don't care," was the child's quick retort, "for the Bible says, 'wee unto you when all men speak well of you.'"

E. A. O.

The affection of the office-seeker, just before election time, for the children of the sovereign citizen, is beyond all words. It finds vent also in smiles and tender caresses. But after the election the frost of indifference chills him, and it becomes possible for him to pass them by in silence on the other side.

It is not so very long ago since another people occupied this fair land, and the bright sun shone here only on a dark-eyed splendid race of gallant cavaliers and charming señoritas—when little Spanish and native children ran and played, kissed by these delicious sea breezes, and those far away across the continent never dreamed of this land which the sun loves—the land of flowers and deep-blue skies and a long, endless summer-time. How time's shifting curtains are forever disclosing new scenes in the wonderful drama of humanity.

PILFERING STUDENTS.

The library of the University of Chicago has lost more than fifteen hundred volumes during the last year. It is thought that most of them have been taken by students. Strange as it may seem, the largest number of missing volumes is reported from the theological section. The inspector of libraries reported that these depredations have been going on for years, and that students when detected in thefts have been expelled. But for fear of injuring the future prospects of the offenders the reason for the expulsion was never mentioned, and so the lesson was lost on the remainder of the student body.

A COLLEGE BANK.

A banking system on a small scale has been adopted by the administration of the Woman's College of Baltimore, for the convenience of the students. A student makes a deposit for personal use in the cashier's office and is given a check book, which she uses in drawing money as she needs it, in making purchases in the shops downtown and in paying out-of-town bills. The cashier pays out to the student any amount from 25 cents to \$100. By this method she is relieved of the responsibility of holding large sums of money, and at the same time gains some practical knowledge of banking, which is important to her in after life.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

Answers to Correspondents.

[The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will answer any proper and clearly-stated queries addressed to her in care of The Times; and where she may not have been clearly understood on any particular point, will answer privately and make necessary explanations. A number of inquiries already received will be answered next week.]

A Cottage on a Hill.

L. E. C. W.: "I am about to purchase a cottage on a hill. I will be so pleased to have some suggestions from you to assist me in making it a beautiful and dainty abode, but inexpensive. What colors of paint and what kind of wall paper would you use in a sitting-room that faces the east and has a double window, and a dining-room that faces the north? In other words, will you give me a description of how to make these two rooms 'a thing of beauty and a joy forever.' Are window curtains made from casing to casing, or do they extend below the casing?"

I presume your sitting-room opens into your dining-room. If this is the case I would do the former in some color which opens up well with yellow. As your dining-room is a north room I would have it yellow. You will find suggestions for a yellow dining-room in my advice to "Ranche" in The Times of August 13.

If you wish to use paper on the wall get cartridge paper in a soft, rich shade of yellow. If you had not used that little word "inexpensive" in your letter, I would have advised you to use the glazed burlaps here, which comes in such beautiful shades of yellow. It is called "Fabricona" and is becoming popular in very artistic houses, but costs much more than cartridge paper.

A beautiful effect, and one that I have before me as I write, is to have a wooden paneling about four feet six inches high and finished with a narrow shelf, put around the room. From this, paper to the ceiling. Your paneling can be painted black with "drop black," which gives you a soft unglazed black finish, or it can be stained a dark brown with Flemish oak stain. A light cornice of wood about twice as heavy as the ordinary picture moulding is then placed up against the ceiling, and also painted black. It makes a handsome finish at the top of the wall. Either paper your ceiling with the same paper used on the wall, or have it washed over with yellow.

Against black paneling you will find that light oak chairs look well. In such a room, however, you can use either dark or light wood furniture. You need not buy an expensive dining table to complete this room, if you will match the walls exactly in yellow denim and make a large cover for your table. Let it come down well over the legs, and make a broad hem all around it, feather-stitching it with white. This can be used on the table except at meal times, and with a fair white linen centerpiece, and pretty yellow jardiniere with a fern in it you will realize that a plain, inexpensive table can be made extremely handsome and ornamental. A light wicker stand with a plant in it by the window, and an East Indian, or ornamental wicker chair with yellow silk cushions, will take the stiff, "dining-roomy" look away, and make your room much prettier. You will find that wicker looks extremely well in a yellow room.

If you can get chintz with a white ground, having yellow conventionalized figures on it, it would be beautiful to hang straight at either side of your windows, with plain yellow, very thin silk sash curtains. The flowered calico is also pretty, but not quite so good for a dining-room. Reserve the flowers for your bedrooms. These, I think, cannot be too flowery. The real success of this treatment of your windows will depend entirely upon how perfectly you match your shades of color. There are yellows and yellows, you know, and one which is greenish refuses to accord with a clear, pure yellow. A new shade of yellow which is becoming very popular among artists and ultra-artistic decorators is "pumpkin yellow," a most beautiful shade, much rarer than orange, though quite as deep in tone.

Run a small brass rod at the top of your lower sash for your sash curtains. It is much better than a wire. If you have much blue and white china that you could place on show in this dining-room, you would find that blue and white Japanese cotton crepe would make beautiful curtains here. Use sash curtains of full white net with this. This room should have a dark floor.

The sitting-room I would paper with some of the pretty fresh-looking papers that are brought now in great variety. I saw recently a white ground with green and white snow balls over it, and I thought, as I stopped to admire it, how beautiful and fresh a room would look with green woodwork and that paper on the walls! Select for your wall above the picture moulding, and for your ceiling, the predominating color in your paper. If, for instance, this is green, paint your woodwork the same color, making it several shades darker. I have seen a room papered with a light green paper having a white figure in it. The ceiling was washed with a pale cold green and the woodwork and doors, having brass oval knobs and hinges, were painted the most delicious, cool, white green. On the floor was a green and white matting, and at the windows hung Indian silk curtains which exactly matched the woodwork. Against the window panes full curtains of white net were caught back midway, with little white silk cords and tassels. A black fur rug lay on the matting floor and the furniture was of dark wood interspersed with wicker. I remember being particularly struck with a wicker stool with a cushion tied on it of plush in pale green, which had a white frosted look in its high lights. It seemed to concentrate in its exquisite surface all of the delicious freshness of the room.

In such a room you can run the gamut down to dark, blackish greens, and you will find that either wrought iron or brass fixtures look well in it, while gilt picture frames show beautifully. Any color can be worked out in this scheme. A good shade of terra cotta, the sort that has old pink in it, is beautiful with black rug, white net, etc.

In answer to your last question, I will give you some general rules for windows and doorways.

Window Drapery.

It is often merely a matter of taste whether the curtains hang to the floor or are cut off at the sill, but it is also sometimes a matter of construction. For a casement window there is seldom a question, the curtain

should fall only to the sill. Casement windows are meant to look wide, and short curtains strengthen this effect. These short curtains may be caught back midway with cords and tassels, if straight muslin curtains next the panes are underneath them; or, all colored and white, may be left to hang straight and full together. In hanging muslin, or net, or silk, at casement windows do not sew any of the breadths together. They are much more artistic and airy looking, if left hanging selvage to selvage. The fashion of trimming with fringes and tassels has fortunately been abandoned. The outer curtain, therefore, you understand, may be caught back and the under ones left straight, or, vice versa. These are all rather cottage effects. If your windows are medium long and you wish to give more height and a statelier look, hang heavy outside curtains to the floor. These curtains may be only of cretonne and yet will look very rich, if lined with plain colors in raw silk or sateen. They should be caught back just above the sill line.

A very commonplace window may be metamorphosed into a picturesque and noticeable feature of your room by means of its drapery. If, for instance, you have two plain, mill-made windows which are placed not more than a foot apart, you can so curtain them that they will look like one large window. This is done by hanging a valance from the top casing over both windows and letting the breadths of goods hang from this. One on either side of the outside edge and one to cover the wall space between the two windows. Suppose this goods to be pretty flowered chintz, and that you have white muslin caught back against the panes, and suppose you go still further and have a broad shelf made and fastened to your sill, so that you can set flower pots on it with blooming plants in them; have you not thus created an effect which will be a constant pleasure to you and to your friends?

You might, if you choose to do so, merely hang green paper blinds at these windows and leave them undraped to stare at you in characterless stupidity. For curtaining doorways I would merely advise hanging all drapery straight from rods. It is seldom pretty caught back. A handsome Kiskillim rug should be thrown over a pole and one end left to hang over straight. They can be fastened invisibly to the pole with safety pins, and push back easily. In buying a handsome Kiskillim rug the seam which runs down the middle and hang them with the borders facing one another.

L. M. P.: You ask about the fireplace tiling in your yellow room. As your woodwork is yellow and your paper yellow and white, I would have my tiles white. Instead it is a very safe plan when you wish to keep a room light and to give it a particularly dainty look, to have white tiling. It is far better than a color which is slightly off shade from the rest of the room.

M. P. G.: By all means set the large mirror into the wall of your hall. As you say, it will in this way exactly face the front door, and as your hall is not large, it will be a great acquisition, for it will apparently add much depth and certainly much elegance to the apartment. I would place some sort of light pedestal with a growing fern or delicate little palm in it, in front of the mirror if I were you.

A. K.: I am sorry that I have not space this week to give you a scheme for an oriental den. I will have it for you next week.

KATE GREENLEAF LOCKE.

A MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM.

TWO GIRLS WHO FIRST SAW A PRINCE UNDER THE SEA AND AFTERWARD ON LAND.

By a Special Contributor.

THE island of Santa Cruz in the Santa Barbara Channel, looks like a mere dot in the great blue ocean, but in reality it is a strip of land thirty miles from end to end. The brick storehouses, each two stories high, the barns, the horses and cattle and the old, white dwelling-house are near the old landing, where the water is so deep and blue and clear and where the shore stops abruptly and goes straight down. Farther inland is "the vineyard," and beyond this is a broad stretch of sheep-grazing land.

The old white house was the first one built on the island. It has queer iron gratings about the windows and these may be opened and one may step to the ground below. The rooms are long and wide and the corners are filled with tiny cupboards and shelves. And it was to this beautiful island and to this old white house that Mr. and Mrs. Drab came with their two small daughters, Emma and Mary, to spend the winter.

One morning, after they had been about a week on the island, Mr. Drab said: "Cousin Jim will probably get into Ventura tomorrow from the East, and I will take the sailboat, get some groceries for mamma and then we will come back tomorrow. That is," he added, "unless Jim has telegraphed that he cannot come. If he has and if it is clear, I will try to get back tonight." After breakfast, the little girls brought the cushions from the house for the boat and, to please them, he stowed the unnecessary articles on the seat. Just as he was starting and about to pull up the anchor, which held the restless boat, Margarita came running down with a basket of lunch. "Thank you," said Mr. Drab, with the bright smile which made it such a pleasure to perform the smallest task for him. Then he added to his wife, "Mommy, don't allow the girls to go in bathing today. There is a strong west wind, and it looks as though we should have a storm." The little girls heard him say this, but made up their minds that they should take a swim, anyway. They stood on the shore and waved their red sun-bonnets until the boat went out of sight and then ran down to the "vineyard" with Juan to look at a brand new baby lamb and thought no more about their swimming frolic.

The wind grew stronger all day and at dusk the wind was blowing a gale up the channel, and the sky was heavily overcast. The mother went to the window and tried to look toward the land. "I do hope that John will not attempt to come back tonight, even if Jim has telegraphed that he cannot come," she said. Soon after dark, she put the girls to bed and then went out into the kitchen to help Margarita finish up the evening work.

The rain was coming down now in bucketfuls (this was when it knew how to rain in California,) the seals in their caves were barking and whining, and occasionally a shutter would bang. It was not long before

Emma moved about restlessly in her sleep and then Mary cried.

"What is it, dear?" and the mother was bending over them.

"Oh," said Emma, "I dreamed that Mary and I had gone in swimming, anyway," forgetting that her mamma knew nothing of their plan, "and we had gone out a long, long way and we were swimming and diving and having such a good time."

"When I felt a drop of rain on my nose," put in Mary, who was now wide awake.

"Why, how did you know?" Then Mary sat bolt upright in the bed.

"Do you suppose we were dreaming the same thing, sister? Let me go on and finish. I felt a drop of rain on my nose and we both looked up and the sky was all dark and cloudy. The waves were coming in just awfully high and we tried to swim in, but we were so frightened we couldn't swim at all. We were just drowning when a fairy came up to us, right out of the waves, and she said: 'You naughty, naughty girls, why didn't you obey your father?' And she looked at us cross-eyed and we thought that she was a witch, but she said she was a fairy. 'I am not going to allow you to drown in my place,' she said, 'but I am going to turn you into mermaids.'"

"Yes," broke in Emma, "she said we would have to go and live down under the sea. She touched us with her wand, and I could feel myself turning into a fish. Ugh." "And we went down and down and down. At last we got to the bottom and, Mamma, there was a little house all ready for us and we had big rocks to sit on. The walls were all covered with brown seaweed and green moss and a little pink moss. We didn't have any cats or dogs to play with, but we had little fishes and—"

"Don't you know what a dear little fish you had, Emma? It was black with gold and silver on it and I wanted it, but just then another one came in for me." "Yes, I know, but do you remember that good, old mer-man? He was so nice and so were his little mer-boys and we taught his little boys to play 'tag' and the little one was 'it' most of the time." "Yes, I remember, and, Mamma, great whales came along and let us ride on their backs. Large steamers went right over our heads and we would catch the keels and go skimming through the water. There wasn't a bit of cleaning to do, for the sea swept in and out of the house and left the sand all crumpled. They gave us long shells and when we held them to our ears the water ran through and it made music. But one night, Mamma, there was a storm and a big vessel was wrecked and a prince was drowned and he came right down into our house. Then we knew that he could not live under the water and we didn't want to stay there any longer, and we cried. Yes, both of us did, and the fairy came to us again. 'What are you crying for? You do not wish to go back to your island, do you?' We told her that we would be oh, so good, if she would only let us come back, and then she didn't look cross any more, and she said, 'I think that you will be very good and you may take the prince to your island with you. Once I had two little fairy daughters, but they went off to fairy-land with their god-mothers and never came back.' She touched us with her wand and we came up, up and up. It was just so soft and easy and we kept right on forever so far; and then, Mamma, we saw you looking for us and we cried and cried." And then she added, looking rather sheepish, "we woke up right here."

"Yes," said Mary, "that is the very thing I dreamed." Before their mamma could say a word, they heard a knock at the door, a loud knock, which startled them all. Thinking, however, that it was clumsy old Juan, one of the shepherders, their mother went to the door. A man stood there drenched and dripping. With the aid of the lamp in her hand, she saw that it was not Juan, and that there were two men behind him. "We were in a boat, looking at the seals in the caves early this afternoon. Then the wind began to blow so hard that the schooner left us, and when the rain began to fall, we had a pretty hard time of it. As soon as we saw the lamp here, we headed for it, but the boat struck those rocks and went to pieces in an instant. The waves rolled us upon the shore and—will you please take us in?"

"Why, come in, come in out of the storm," and she pushed the door wide open. She saw that the three were only boys, the eldest perhaps 19 years of age. "Why, you poor boys, of course, we will take you in." Mary and Emma were behind their mother now. They had crawled out of bed and stood in their little white nighties pulling at their mother's sleeves, their eyes fastened upon the eldest boy. "Mamma," whispered Mary; "Mamma," the two spoke this time, "there is our prince."

BLANCHE WALKER.

George in Business for Himself.

IN MICHIGAN lived a farmer, owning many acres in fine cultivation, plenty of live stock, a large house and capacious barns. He had made a good living, and had a comfortable balance in bank. He had but one child, George, about 12 years old. One day, while in the store where I was then employed, the proprietor asked him:

"Mr. Lowell, what are you going to do with your son George? You'd better make a business man of him; he is bright, and a business training will do him good. He will inherit all your property, and if he wishes to continue as a farmer a year or two in business will do him good."

"No," replied Mr. Lowell, "George never will succeed as a business man."

"But you never have given him a chance. Send him to me for a time and see what he learns."

"No, I gave him a trial a few weeks ago; it isn't in him for business."

"How was that?"

"You know I always have sweet corn before any one else, and I bring some to town and get good prices for it. Well, I told George one day if he wanted to make a little money he could go into the garden and fill a bag, take it to the village, sell it, and have all he could get for his own use. I did not see him until the next day late in the afternoon, when he came into the yard, and, throwing down a bag of corn on the porch, said, 'There's your corn.' 'Why, George, couldn't you sell it?' 'No! I got up at 4 o'clock, have had nothing to eat all day, walked three miles to town, and up and down every street in the place in the hot sun. No one said anything to me about buying corn. One man wanted to know what I had in my bag. I told him none of his business.'"

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

RECREATIONS OF THE RICH.

DRIVING AND "MOTING" AND CULTIVATING HANDSOME GARDENS.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Sept. 18.—Driving and "moting" are the choicest recreations a generous, popular hostess can now offer her guests at her October house parties. She is an intrepid woman who will ask a dozen persons to her big place in the Berkshires, on Hudson Heights, or in the Tuxedo inclosure, and not provide beforehand double as many horses as she has visitors and traps enough to carry every transient member of her household. Should she fail to do this she will be apt to find her invitations promptly regretted, and so thoroughly do the majority of fashionable chateaus understand the situation that they go all the length of having temporary stable accommodations erected and a supply of vehicles, stout cobs and capable grooms sent up from the nearest and best city livery station to fill any deficiency in her own private establishments.

Of course there are houses, such as the John Sloans, at Lenox; the Twombly place, at Morristown, and Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt's, on Hudson, where from twenty-eight to thirty steeds are, as at Branksome Towers, ready in stall to take visitors wheresoever they list, but even in these great establishments some difficulty is found in always being able to keep pace with the

fashions in driving, for constantly varying methods of locomotion there are.

An Airing on Wheels.

For example, in the morning 'tis the mode to take an airing in a runabout, with bicycle wheels preferably, sending off the couples to hunt wild flowers and autumn leaves. A coach, drag, or brake is properly never used until after 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and on Sundays everybody goes to church in a ponderous omnibus, to which three horses are harnessed abreast. One clever woman, who, by means of true wit, great wealth and much beauty, has recently arrived at the proud position of a revered social leader, set the fashion last spring of inserting in all the invitations to her house parties a generous clause to the effect that any guest who wished to bring along his or her favorite trap and horse would find every convenience and comfort for them in her stables, that cover nearly two acres, also, in that any one who owned a motor carriage would find a free supply of gasoline or electric power on her place.

This, and the fact that this autumn at her first house party she had sent up from a factory five smart, new, light gasoline traps for the use of her guests, clinched the argument as to her eligibility to a first social place, and now everybody who has a motor carriage and can bear the expense ships it ahead of her arrival to any house where a week's stop is to be made. Another invaluable contribution to the gaiety of the smart set has been made by a Newport hostess, who, infatuated with driving and moting, has invented the illuminated drive. On a crisp night, lighted only with stars, she turns out a score of horse-power and horseless carriages from her gates, a group of guests in every one. All over the

body of every vehicle, even out upon the harness of the horses and to the hat of the driver, runs lines of tiny glass bulbs in various colors. In every trap there is a storage battery, and at a signal the drivers turn their keys, and the entire train of carriages bursts into light and color. Winding through woods and over hill tops this sparkling procession shows to amazing advantage and the illuminated drive concludes appropriately with a jolly supper.

Wild-Flower Gardens.

After excelling in many fields, our enterprising and beauty-loving rich women are giving the most serious attention to gardens. A book recently published by a woman, "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," is what set two or three clever souls to thinking that there was more fun and picturesque effect to be got out of flowers than by cold-bloodedly purchasing the scentless phenomena our florists produce, or giving over the whole horticultural business to a capable gardener.

This winter acres of ribbon-bed abominations are going to be plowed up, a great many expensive greenhouses are to be closed, and the mistresses of big country places are to have gardens laid out that express some special individuality or floral passion of their souls. During the winter season lectures on soils, fertilizers, subsoil drainage and landscape will be attended and the women are already deep in books on French, Italian, English and German gardens.

As was to be expected, some wonderfully clever notions have already been evolved and put into prosperous execution, and Mrs. McKay Twombly leads with her exquisite wild-flower garden. This has been made under her personal supervision at her Morristown place. The



A Frock for Winter.

Tucks used in a dozen and one ways will be seen on new autumn and winter frocks for little people. The picture illustrates that fact. The stuff is a soft coral-pink silk, the skirt tucked from waist to hem, while the full little bodice shows the same treatment of goods used on the bias. There is a yoke of lawn and embroidery, a knife-pleated trimming of satin-edged silk muslin, with belt and revers of Indian-red velvet. The hat, imported by Best & Co., from Paris, is a really beautiful affair of the richest Indian-red corded silk; the wide fluted brim faced with masses of coral-tinted chiffon, and bows of the pink ribbon against the crown.

An Attractive Afternoon Coat.

An attractive little afternoon coat of pale mastic melton is photographed here; it is an importation by Best & Co., of New York, and indicates one of the leading styles for the opening season. All such garments will have fancy shoulder capes, be trimmed with straps and

ornamental buttons. The coat is practically cut straight from throat to hem, is not shaped to the figure, yet has a smart well-fitting appearance. A hat of quiberry-red velvet, trimmed with satin ribbon of a darker shade, and two of the gray and brown composition quills so popular at present, is worn with this costume.

Scotch Tartan for Winter.

This is a smart little winter frock of Scotch tartan, shaggy of texture and in shades of red and green. It is trimmed reverely with stitchings and pipings of velvet, has a vest of mastic silk lined with close-set rows of baby-green velvet ribbon and an inset of plain silk simply tucked. The hat is recommended for school wear.

A Rich Winter Coat.

This is an admirable model of a rich winter coat for a young girl from eight to ten years of age. It is of sapphire-blue velvet trimmed with pale-gray fur. A "V" of heavy cut cream lace fastens across the front, from

which a wide rolling collar and revers of velvet turn back, the silky, shaggy fur making a handsome finish. The skirt of the coat is plain, fits smoothly over the hips and has the waist line indicated by an inch-and-a-half wide belt. The becoming hat worn with this elegant garment has a full soft blue velvet crown with a brim of pleated taffeta and lace in a lighter shade. The pale turquoise silk also forms the big upstanding bow in front.

A Toilet of Turquoise-blue Velling.

Nothing could be prettier than this dressy little toilet of turquoise-blue velling. The skirt is in close, knife pleats, and the low bodice, worn over a gimp of white muslin or silk, has an under frill of crimped chiffon and a berth over it of scalloped and embroidered satin. Ribbon of a slightly darker shade is twisted to form a belt, with rosettes and streamers. The hat worn with the toilet is of black velvet, dressed with ostrich plumes and a facing of fluted blue velvet.

wild flowers have not been planted in ornate beds nor subjected to a course of cultivation, but gathered up from every part of the State and set down in a rich soil to flourish and blossom in an entirely rustic environment. The whole season through some groups of these wild plants are in flower, and because of the good soil and abundant water and weedless freedom they are given they have produced large gloriously-tinted blossoms that are never picked for house adornment.

Mrs. Schuyler Crosby's Garden.

Up on the Hudson Mrs. Schuyler Crosby is perfecting the most admirable example in this country of an eighteenth century garden, a fair copy in size and plan of the renowned Italian gardens at Newnham Courtney on the Thames. Mrs. William Rockefeller has nearly completed a beautiful example of sunken gardens at her Hudson place, and among the young women it is the fashion to not only preside over but work in what are prettily called Love's Acres. A Love's Acre is a modest square of ground inclosed by a high gray stone wall, or thick, close-clipped evergreen hedge, out of which on four sides low stone arches lead. In the center of the square is a tiny stone or white marble temple, supposedly dedicated to Love. In it are rug and stone vases to hold cut or growing flowers and a stone table where books lie and a breakfast, or lunch, or tea can be served.

The flowers in this charming encient grow in a broad bed that runs at the bottom of the wall running all about the four sides, and only the quaintest, most sentimental, old-fashioned plants find a footing there. Wall flowers, holly hocks, painted ladies, pretty maids, lady's slipper, blue-eyed Mary, love-lies-a-bleeding, sweet sultan, sweet William, forget-me-nots, etc., mingle their brightly-colored faces in the gay crowd that shows to advantage against the gray stone or green cedar background, and one romantic phase of Love's Acre is that nobody save the owner is supposed to tend the wants of these delicate pensioners.

Every mademoiselle who sets up one of these gardens has a box of pretty light tools for her own use, and in a vast pair of gloves, a beribboned hat and a hugely becoming apron on the warmest days, while a maid or man servant holds an umbrella over her head, she digs and pats and prunes and sprinkles the flowers. She gathers them when she desires in a dear little osier basket fastened on the top of a staff, with a pointed end that runs into the ground and holds the receptacle handily, and she gives teas in the temple to celebrate the coming into bloom of each species of flower.

Mrs. Potter Palmer's Diary.

Mrs. Palmer, who is a feminine Edison for inventing new and captivating ideas, has been the one to revive interest in diary writing. To her active and original mind it became evident that if something was not done the women of today would leave none of those intimate, valuable and always amusing documents of their lives and thoughts and emotions to the generations of the twentieth century. For is it not by means of their letters and diaries we know so much of our ancestresses of the eighteenth cycle?

Acting on her own able initiative, Mrs. Palmer has for years kept a diary of life as she has known it. Great people, she has met and entertained, great events as they have touched her interests, comments on the changing fashions in dress, scraps of witty conversation, reflections on manners, criticisms of the popular books—all have found place in her diary, which faithfully reflects the days and thoughts of a great lady of 1900, and which cannot fail to deeply interest posterity. Her example is now being generally followed in society, and to keep up her diary is one of the daily tasks of the fashionable woman, though not all of them exactly follow Mrs. Palmer's plan.

For example, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, whose brilliant notes are repeated at dinner tables, is recording her experience in a set of letters dedicated to her great-granddaughter. Mrs. Goelet is collecting in a book all her most interesting correspondence from all parts of the world, copying down often her own clever newsy replies to interesting epistles received, and Miss Hewett is preparing the autobiography of a society woman from her own varied and unfailingly interesting experiences in society, in the arts, in philanthropy, etc. Nobody but the authors of these compilations knows what is in them, and they are put together not to possibly ever see the light in print nor come under public gaze, but to delight and edify posterity in these ladies' families and to be cherished as precious heirlooms as we today hoard the diaries, letters and samplers of our grandmothers.

EMILY HOLT.

NEW JACOBAN FURNITURE.

MRS. SHEPARD'S USE OF THESE STATELY MODELS IN HER NEW YORK HOUSE.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Sept. 11.—Red, running through the gamut of its rich dyes, from Morris scarlet to the deepest mulberry, is by universal choice the favorite scheme in house decoration this season. The steadily-increasing popularity of mahogany in simple colonial forms has brought this sanguine color into fashion, and after long dalliance with French styles and a momentary fancy for delft blues, a lavish use of gilding and white paint, the whole inclination of extremely modern interior ornamentation is toward the older, darker and severer English modes. Nothing is more acutely fashionable, for instance, than a library, a hall, or even an entire first floor, wholly decorated and furnished after the best Jacobean models left in England, Ireland and Scotland, and one of the charms of a King James room is that it can be done at as lavish or moderate cost as you please, and it is like nothing we have had before in our American homes.

Mrs. Elliot F. Shepard's House.

In Mrs. Elliot F. Shepard's New York house, only recently completed, there is a small Jacobean library that would be a faultless model for any one desiring a similar room to copy from. The walls are hung in murrey-colored leather, and the woodwork is carved cedar; the floor is stained black, then waxed, highly polished, and on it are laid red rugs. All the furniture and this motif in decoration come from an ancient manor house in the border between England and Scotland. Carved fumed oak, so called from being blacked by age and the smoke from slow peat fires, forms the presses that hold the books, and the wooden portion of the quaint, uncomfortable, long-legged, low-backed conversation chairs, the window stools and the settees. Murrey-colored

leather upholsters these, and in corners against the walls there are carved-locked chests for holding valued manuscripts and family papers, and one long tapestry curtain hangs at each deeply-recessed window.

The effect of the Jacobean room is, in spite of its absence of mirrors gilt and loose bric-a-brac, wonderfully rich, stately and cosy; and in those houses where no such liberal expenditure as in Mrs. Shepard's could be indulged, the decorators have pursued the King James style with wonderful cheapness and success. They copy the quaint-furniture forms in carved black American walnut, or use an oak that by artifice is given the worn, dusky tone of great age. Burlaps is laid on walls and painted murrey red and walnut is used for woodwork or door facings, etc., painted black. Where in any room this early sixteenth-century idea of decoration is followed, the bric-a-brac is carefully hoarded up in open-fronted cupboards, or shallow presses with half-glass doors, and the very newest idea in dining-rooms is a great plate sideboard.

The Plate Boy.

Whenever a dinner party is given nowadays, it is in the code of fashion for the hostess to order on view all her beautiful plate, gold and silver, not so much for actual table use as for display and the ornamentation of her dining-room. Now, the ordinary long, low Georgian, or what we call colonial, sideboard of mahogany is not well suited for this, so that some women, who do not only own splendid silver services, but whose husbands have won with their yachts and received from corporations beautiful gifts of plate, require special sideboards on which to exhibit their glittering hoards.

For this purpose in black-carved oak Jacobean plate boys, with shelves rising nearly to the ceiling, are being especially built and so placed in handsome dining-rooms that the light from many-branched candelabrum can fall effectively on the tiers of almost Nibelungen richness. Mrs. Bradley-Martin was one of the first women in America to use a plate boy, and she introduced one at her dinner parties last winter. Hers was of richly-carved fumed oak, a genuine King James or Charles piece, and its top shelf nearly touched the dining-room ceiling. Those of her wealthy friends who this winter will follow her initiative are some of them having their plate boys built of any simple wood and then entirely covered in ruby red velvet against which the plate will show as effectively and certainly at much less expense, than on the lofty oak shelves.

Red Drawing-rooms.

Sang de boeuf or bull's-blood red, is the approved tint in which the drawing-rooms are being done over, and the decorators say that it is the most becoming background possible for women of all colorings, and especially when in evening dress. It appears that in a drawing-room decoration, as in the feminine wardrobe, fabrics go in and out of fashion about every five years, and now, after the brocades and damasks of the French influence, velvet has come to its own again. It is used as a wall hanging, for portieres and curtains, not draped, but hanging straight, arras fashion. Our modern silk velvet is not approved; Venetian, Utrecht and Flanders velvet are the kinds employed for hangings and upholstery, and just now, no matter if your hall is colonial, your library Jacobean and your dining-room of another period, your drawing-room must not be in any particular cut-and-dried fashion. One of its most important features is its chairs, that can be chosen from every period in history if you choose, provided they are all graceful and ornamental.

Novelty Chairs.

In every one of the newly done-over reception salons there is sure to be a carved-cedar gondola chair, inlaid with very pink pearl and bits of coral and softened in its curved seat by a plump pillow covered with Venetian velvet and having heavy gold tassels at its four corners. On either side the drawing-room fireplace are also inevitably a pair of lofty-backed court chairs. These have glided frames, perfectly straight, solid-wood backs, down the center of which a strip of red velvet is fastened, velvet seats, and are occupied usually by the hostess and her most honored feminine guest. A deep Dutch easy chair is another one of the new-comers in the American drawing-room, and a feature now noticeable is the increasing number of foot stools. Women are just beginning to learn again, not only that against a crimson velvet cushion their slender, delicately-slipped feet show to wonderful advantage, but that there is no better means of resting tired feet than by use of a foot stool, and also there is no wiser precaution, when weary or under the weather, for escaping colds and neuralgia than by propping the feet upon a cushion.

The upholsterers are making foot rests of many shapes and materials, stuffing them with feathers, or a fine hair, and covering them with bit of handsome tapestry, bullion-embroidered velvet, or soft moleskin, doeskin and leather, and hanging tassels at their corners, until they have become essential ornaments in any well-decorated living room.

FANNY ENDERS.

Chinese Compliments.

THERE is one point in which Chinese etiquette, so often absurd, is much more sensible than ours. That is in its failure to regard the imputation of mature age as a discredit to either man or woman, or, on the other hand, the imputation of youthfulness as a compliment to persons of either sex. An example of Chinese politeness connected with the visit of the Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia to Shanghai, is amusing, as it reflects on our own false notion of the complimentary in such matters.

The German prince and princess were visiting a notable mandarin, one of whose first questions to the prince—this being an invariable matter of Chinese politeness—was:

"How old are you?"

"A little more than 36," answered the prince smiling.

"Indeed!" said the mandarin. "Your Highness appears 50."

The mandarin then turned to the interpreter—Herr Voight, a German—and inquired the princess's age. She answered: "Thirty-two." The interpreter interpreted, and the mandarin made a remark in Chinese evidently intended to be complimentary. The interpreter blushed uneasily, and hesitated to translate the remark. The prince saw the difficulty and laughingly commanded:

"Out with it, Voight!"

"He says," the interpreter then translated to the princess, "that Your Highness looks like 60."

He had meant it well, and, of course, the princess had sense enough not to take it ill.—[Youth's Companion.]

MARVEL OF THE CENTURY

The Most Remarkable Legacy to the Twentieth Century is the Discovery of a San Diego Citizen.



Prof. C. W. Harris.

It is foolish for a newspaper writer to expect that his readers will believe all kinds of absurd statements. The newspaper of today deals in facts. But no such startling truths have ever appeared in the pages of The Times as this wonderful story of the system whereby the power inherent in every human being which we call magnetism has been reduced to a tangible, practical system for the curing of every disease known to man.

It is absolutely beyond the comprehension of the finite mind to measure the benefits which will accrue to the human race from the operation of the methods discovered and now taught by Prof. C. W. Harris at San Diego.

No reader of this article has failed of an experience somewhere in his life which showed him incontrovertibly that this SOMETHING dwells within. It is commonly called magnetism and under different guises with greater or less attempts at mysticism is availed of by the magnetic healer, the hypnotist and Christian scientist and scores of others.

Prof. Harris is not one of these. His system has nothing whatever to do with religion or any ism. It is from first to last scientific, but so simple as to be understood by everyone. In its application to disease it cures perfectly and permanently. The hundreds of results obtained in his short residence at San Diego prove this fact beyond a question. Read for yourself what some of his patients have to say.

Mr. J. H. Orcutt of Thirty-second and Clay avenue, San Diego, says:

"For two or more years I suffered from Rheumatism in my right leg, tried several different kinds of treatment but never received any relief whatever. Hearing of Prof. C. W. Harris, I concluded to go and see him.

"He gave me one treatment, and in less than five minutes the pain had all left me; I went back the next day and received another treatment of about ten minutes, and have not had a pain since. This cure was effected several months ago, and I consider myself permanently cured. Very truly, J. H. ORCUTT."

There are hundreds of other cured men and women who will gladly write you the particulars of their case if you will inclose a stamped envelope for reply. They, one and all, consider that it is but small return for the inestimable benefit derived from the treatment of Prof. Harris, and that they owe it to humanity to publish as widely as possible the power which is able to restore fatally sick people to vigor and strength.

All these may be addressed at San Diego:

Miss Mary Belto—Stomach trouble of seven years' standing; afterward complicated with consumption. She was completely restored in four treatments.

Mrs. O. P. Waters of University Heights—Upper and lower limbs almost helpless from spinal trouble. Completely cured in ten treatments.

Mrs. H. C. Turner—Made well after nineteen years of suffering.

Mrs. H. Hughes, Brooklyn Hotel—Was completely cured of rheumatism of twenty-five years' standing.

Mrs. T. A. Berry—Pronounced hopelessly deaf, was cured in five minutes.

Mr. James Glead—Suffered from sciatic rheumatism for several years, but was cured in a single treatment some six months ago. There has been no return of the trouble.

George A. Knowles, a San Diego fireman—Was kicked in the back by a horse. When Prof. Harris called he was unable to turn in bed. Seven minutes afterward he was walking all about the room.

This list might be indefinitely extended but sufficient cases are cited to convince any rational mind that Prof. Harris is able to accomplish truly remarkable results.

The whole purpose of this article is to establish his claim as an admitted fact in your mind.

Prof. Harris can treat any disease with the same wonderful results as were obtained in the above cited cases.

Learn to Do Good to Others.

You will understand from the above statement that Prof. Harris has so crystallized his system around the central essentials that he is enabled in a short time to impart to others his knowledge, making them every whit as competent to practice this wonderful art as he. So remarkable have been his cures that the Professor is unable personally to treat the hundreds of sick applying to him. He desires to train assistants for the work, and has established a regular course of lectures. There is no nobler profession and none which pays as well.

For further information of any character in regard to the school or treatment, address

**PROF. C. W. HARRIS,
OF SAN DIEGO.**

In writing any of the patients for particulars as to their case kindly inclose stamp for reply.

The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

SECRET OF THE WELL.

HOW A BOER BOY CAPTURED TWO ENGLISH SOLDIERS AND PROVED HE WAS NO COWARD.

By a Special Contributor.

I.

LITTLE Paul Reuter was busy with his herd of wide-horned oxen, far more busy than usual. The cattle wondered why on earth he did not let them wander afar as usual among the richer, juicier grasses. Paul could not. He was doing double duty. The cattle had to feed, or lose value, but, also, the house had to be watched closely, lest he were needed there, so the perplexed oxen were remorselessly kept to the shorter grass near the farm buildings.

As Paul now called to an obstreperous cow, and again looked back at the quiet deserted farm, there suddenly came to his startled ears an alarmed, excited cry from inside the farmhouse.

"Kunje—Verdamter! Come back! Thief, robber! Paul!"

Paul left the oxen to their own slow devices and dashed to the house, where came the angry yells, his bare, freckled legs leaping across thorns and pebbles and rocks with a recklessness born of a lifelong disregard for shoeleather. He sprang into the main room, and there, in a great old-fashioned chair sat a tall, white-bearded old man, whose white face was distorted now with rage and dismay. It was evident he was very ill, and it was noticeable that he moved his head very stiffly, while his legs, which rested on another chair, he seemed quite unable to move at all.

"What is it?" cried Paul, running to him. "What is it, grandfather?"

"The ungrateful dog! The jackal! Kunje—robber!" the old Oom Hendrick spluttered, quite unable to explain by reason of his huge indignation.

"What is it? What has Kunje done? Where is he?"

"Shoot him! He came in just now, and grinned, and said he was going back to his kraal—did not want to fight the English! Shoot him quick! I taught you to shoot!"

"Shoot Kunje—the last servant to stay with us!"

"He has taken my watch—it belonged to my grandfather, and your uncle's rifle, and your father's best coat! Quick! He went out through the yard a minute ago. There is no place for him to hide—it is open veldt. Quick! Shoot!"

Young Paul grabbed a rifle from the wall and ran out. Certainly, four hundred yards away, there was the recreant Kar servant, a big black Swazi man, walking off with his master's church-going coat on his back, and his master's rifle over his shoulder—walking off very serenely, because he knew that behind him were only an old paralyzed Boer farmer and a young Boer boy. So indignant was Paul at the sight that he rested his rifle—already loaded—on the stone wall of the yard and took aim, and (for young though he was, he was still, like all Boers, a marksman and able to shoot straight) would next instant have dropped the Kaffir, when his heart failed him. He had shot at beasts, but a man, even a thieving Kaffir man, was something very different. Paul raised his voice, and shouted:

"Kunje! Wacht ein beetje! Come back, or my father will lay his sjambok on your back! Come, and I'll speak for you!"

Kunje looked back, saw the rifle, and, like a spring-bok, took to his heels, and in a moment was beyond Paul's shooting skill.

"Did you shoot?" cried the old man. "Did you kill?"

"No, grandfather," said Paul, putting away the rifle, "I was afraid to kill a man."

At that the old Boer, who in battle had killed many men, black and white, nearly choked with wrath, and so railed at Paul that the boy was dazed and frightened.

"Coward!" cried Oom Hendrick. Afraid! You are a pretty boy to call yourself a Boer! You to defend your country—you to be a soldier, of which you have blustered so much! When I was your age already I had fought the Zulus, and shot them down! Wait till your father gets back from Pretoria, and he will thrash you, yes, with his sjambok he will thrash you, when I tell him you are no Boer, but a coward, who lets his house be robbed!"

II.

Paul went back then to his stolid oxen without (for he had been brought up to reverence age) a word of reply. But he was heart-broken. In his ears the insects buzzed the word "coward," and the lowing kine boomed "coward," and the birds flying above him sang "coward," so that, by the banks of the stream he lay down and wept, for now he, who had wished to be strong and big and a good marksman like his grandfather and father, able to fight back the warlike Kaffir tribes, and the invading English, was a "coward, coward, coward," who had let his own home be robbed.

Now at that time all South Africa was in a hurly-burly. The Zulu war with the English was over, but English soldiers were everywhere, especially on the Natal frontier, where bands of irregular volunteer cavalry were constantly patrolling. The Reuter farm lay in the Transvaal close to Natal, and, as already more war was talked of between the Boers and the English, Reuter, Paul's father, was in an awkward position, between two fires as it might prove. His Kaffir servants, last of all Kunje, had left him, from sheer fear of being drawn into the fight, and Reuter had gone to Pretoria, the capital, to get the real facts, and be advised what to do. His wife was dead, and Oom Hendrick and Paul were left alone. The old, once grimly fighting Boer, was now helpless, so on little Paul devolved great responsibility, which his father, always proud of him, had yielded him with a smile.

"You are head of the family now, Paul," said the riding away, "and remember you are in charge—even of the well."

And his father would come back from Pretoria to find his son was not fit to trust. For a long time Paul wept by the stream.

He was roused from his misery by a great trampling of feet of horses in the distance, and hoarse, loud voices and that peculiar jingle-jangle of steel against steel

which, like the rattle of the snake, is the warning note of the approach of a cavalry command.

Before Paul made up his mind what to do—drive his cattle as far away as he could, or run to the house to warn his grandfather, the troop came in sight, at the trot, from round a corner of the wood. The captain, riding ahead, saw Paul with a quick, all-scanning eye. With a wave backward of his gauntleted hand he fell to a walk and at once the men behind him did the same, and then, at the word "Halt!" the company remained still and mute, and the officer beckoned Paul to his horse's side. Paul went with great awe and trepidation, for there is something terrorizing to even a grown peasant at the unfamiliar sight of many sabred soldiers of strange dress and manner and speech.

"Whose cattle are these, my boy?" said the officer. "I must have some."

Paul's face lengthened, so that the soldier laughed and reached down and patted his head.

"Don't be frightened, laddie," said he. "My men are short of fresh meat and I want two fat steers, but you will get a fair price for them, and cash down at that. Are they your father's?"

"Yes, sir," Paul answered, somewhat reassured, "but he is not at home. My grandfather is, but he's sick. That's our house."

"Take me to see your grandfather, then."

He told a sergeant to have the men dismount, and he himself dismounted to follow Paul. The boy watched the agile men obey the order as if touched by one spring, and then suddenly Paul saw something which made him cry out shrilly.

"It's Kunje!" he shouted, for, now the men were off their horses, he could see at the back of the column the big black Swazi bound with a rope, in charge of a soldier.

"Halloa, my boy, do you know that Kaffir?" the officer asked in surprise.

"It is Kunje, our servant, who ran off this morning and stole a rifle and watch and other things!"

"Oh, was that it?" the soldier laughed. "It was the gun that got him into trouble. We don't approve of armed natives in these times who can't give an account of themselves. So he's a thief, is he? I don't know but what shooting would be the best thing for him. Bring that fellow here, corporal!"

The corporal moved forward to obey, when with such sudden quickness that the soldiers had no time to see what was intended, Kunje gave a juggler-like twist of his almost naked body, the rope fell from him, and he dashed away among the trees and the cattle and into the brush by the stream.

"Shoot!" yelled the officer. "Mount and after him!"

One or two men fired off at the fleetly flying form, and two men followed at a gallop, but soon came back. It was impossible, even on horseback, to catch that agile, low-running savage, soon lost in the bush.

"A poor piece of work, whoever tied him," the officer growled. "Let the rascal go. Boy, there's your rifle and watch, just as you said. We took them from him. Now, let's see your grandfather about the cattle."

Oom Hendrick was sternly polite to the English soldiers, whom thirty-odd years ago he had fought, and for whom he had his racial antipathy, but the English officer was young and jovial, and not yet had the Boers and English come to actual warfare, so a fair price was paid down, and the soldiers rode off, driving their cattle, to the camp where their regiment lay, not many miles off. Then Oom Hendrick took the few gold pieces left with him and laid his recovered heirloom (an enormous heavy silver watch, which one would have to carry, one would think, in an overcoat side pocket) carefully beside them.

"No thanks to you," said he to poor Paul, "I have my grandfather's gift again. Some day I will give it to you, if you grow up a true Boer, and not a coward. Your father told you, as you know where to place these things, that neither Kaffir nor Englishman can find them."

Paul's head hung low; his face was shamed; he did not answer at all, but the bitter words of the old warrior—most heroic to the boy among men—cut sorely to his soul.

He went out and looked carefully around. Everything was silent; the heat of noon had driven bird and beast to shelter; even the hum of the insect world was stilled. The clatter of the cavalry was far gone, and not a soul, not a servant, was in sight. At the back of the farmhouse, among an orchard of orange trees, there rose, peeping up from the grasses, moss grown, a circle of stones. Paul walked to them and stood over them a minute, looking down into a deep old well, unused now, but whose bottom was hidden by black water. Once more the boy looked all round, but there was no one to see. He disappeared, and reappeared again quickly, and went back to his neglected cattle.

Twilight in the Transvaal is brief. The sun touches the peaks of the purple mountains, and yet it is day; the sun is lost behind them, and in a few minutes it is night. Paul had his oxen driven home and stalled and the cows milked, and he was very weary, for the day had been most exciting. He got a simple supper for Oom Hendrick and himself, and ate, in spite of his hard day, poorly, for his boyish heart was still sore, and still, when the ducks by the pond waddled to their nests, their mocking quacks said: "Coward, coward, coward!"

He was still eating when the door, opening straight from the yard to the living-room, was flung inward without any previous knock or sound of voice, and two big men strode in and closed it behind them. The old Boer, with a great angry roar, like an insulted bull, almost rose to his feet in his wrath and astonishment, but sank back, shaking and spluttering. Paul did jump to his feet, and with one leap was at the wall where his father's rifle hung, but at once, quick as he, one of the men was upon him, and swung him far into a corner of the room.

"None of that, my little Dutchman," cried the man, standing over the boy threateningly. "Mind you, my blooming little nipper, that's the way to get into trouble, so don't you go for to try it on. Mate, hurry up and see to the ancient one in his chair."

Paul could not move, for the man's foot was at his neck, but he could look, and his quick eye at once noticed that the boots of the men and their trousers were

the same as those of the soldiers who had bought the cattle, but—their faces were blacked! Paul was astonished more than, at first, frightened, because the kindness of the officer and some others of the soldiers who had spoken to him, had made him feel almost grateful to them. Grandfather Reuter sat in his chair glaring, and the other man stepped up to him, drew a pistol, presented it full at the old Boer's face, and said harshly:

"If you want to see tomorrow morning, old cock, tell me and my mate where that wealth of yours is stowed, and tell it quick!"

Oom Hendrick gasped and choked, and his eyes burned, but he said nothing.

"Bring the nipper here, Jack," said the man, and his "mate" pulled Paul to his feet, placed him beside his grandfather, and pointed another pistol at the boy's head. Now, indeed, the old Boer shook, and he turned a sorrowing look on Paul, for, if he were sometimes harsh, still Paul was the hope of his old age.

"What wealth?" he forced himself to ask.

"No gammon, now, 'cause we're pressed for time," said one of the English soldiers. "We know all about it. How do you suppose that Kaffir escaped today? 'Cause me and my mate had him between us, and he promised if we gave him a chance to run he'd put us in way of a good thing. He told us that you stow your gold 'cause you're afraid of banks these rough times. We're men of honor, and let him run for it. Now, d'ye see, the nipper couldn't tell us just where, but it's here. Spit it out, hand over, or go to glory, you and the boy. That's the long of it and the short of it. What d'ye say?"

The old man looked defiantly at them.

"The money is here, if you can find it," he said. "It is not mine; it is not the boy's. If its owner, my son, were here, he'd dash your brains out against the wall, as I would do or this boy would if he were older, or I younger. Verdamter Engländer! Do you think a Boer can be afraid of threats?"

"Crimes!" said the soldier coolly, "you're a bully old swaggerer, ain't you, but we've no time to waste. Come, I'll give you a one-two-three and fire. Will you tell?"

"No!" cried the old man. "Paul, if you are not a coward, say no!"

And Paul said "No!"

"One—two—" cried the soldier, now growing angry.

"No!" said the old man, grimly. "God will deal with you for this murder!"

"No!" said Paul, white, but with a sudden brightness in his eyes.

"Last chance, old pighead! Th—"

"Yes—I'll tell," cried poor Paul, unable to stand the strain. Oom Hendrick turned on him a reproachful eye and with pale face and trembling legs the Boer boy was led out, and took his guards straight to the old well.

"It is hidden in the stonework, down the side. Two men can reach it—one standing in the water, and the other on the first's shoulders. The water is only a foot deep."

"Chaw!" cried the soldier, "this is a deuce of a place. How much is there?"

"About £500," said Paul, shaking, and a late duck on the pond suddenly cackled, "Coward, coward, coward!"

"Get a lantern," said one of the men, and Paul got a lantern, and then at their command he showed them how to go down, by niches and cracks in the old stone walls. He showed them a stone which could swing in its place, leaving a crevice big enough for a big bag of money. He went down himself and explained that he was not tall enough to reach the stone. He behaved like an ardent sneak and coward indeed, but what could be expected from a little boy of 13 with a pistol at his head? Then the men whispered together, apparently satisfied with Paul's story, and one of them said: "You are a rank, blooming sneak to give away your own father, but I believe you're telling the truth, you're so scared. Anyhow, as we've both got to go down, I'll have to bind you. There's too many guns about the house." So they bound him, arms and legs, with a belt, and then Paul shed tears and implored and implored them to let him run back to the house to his grandfather, but they bound him with their belts, and laid him down by the well, which they at once began to descend.

All alone in the dark, never did a boy wriggle so fiercely to get free—never sweat more with terror lest he should be unable to, for he had not thought, after telling them the secret, that the soldiers would be mean enough to bind him. At last, at last! he got one hand loose, and then another, and he did not mind his legs. He crawled to the edge and by the faint light he could just make out one soldier standing in the water and the other on his shoulders, struggling with the stone. Paul gasped and struggled and pushed and heaved at the coping of the well until he had a great loose rock poised over the robbers' heads, and then—he cheered and laughed and yelled until Oom Hendrick wondered what on earth had happened at the well, and the ducks woke up, and quacked "Bravo! bravo! bravo!"

"Wow!" cried Paul. "You fools! the real stone is still far above your heads, and if you try to climb up I'll drop this stone, heavy enough to crush you both to death."

And the soldiers cursed all night, and little Paul laughed all night, until his father rode home in the morning, and made both of the robbers prisoners.

Old Oom Hendrick took a long time to understand that his grandson had actually had the cleverness and courage to entrap two of his country's enemies, English soldiers, but when he did he called the household together and with great gravity and a long speech solemnly presented Paul with an ancient silver watch which weighs about two pounds troy.

P. Y. BLACK.

A STRIKING EXPERIENCE.

A BOY TELLS OF A TRICK HE TRIED AND ITS RESULT.

Dear Editor: Last week I had a very "striking" experience, and take the liberty of sending you a description of it. Ma has a funny notion that all boys must go to bed at 7 o'clock exactly every night, and I don't agree with her. So on Sunday night I "struck." Pa was home reading the Times Magazine Section, so I didn't

make a rowy strike. I just carried out a quiet little plan by setting the hall clock forty minutes back, and spent a fine evening.

Next morning pa looked at the clock. "Only 7:30," he says, and sits in the dining-room picking his teeth and reading the morning paper. Half an hour later pa rushes home from the station hopping mad.

"Missed train," roars pa. "Something wrong with clock. Some prank of Thomas's. Where's Thomas?" When pa was safely off on the 9 o'clock train ma comes into the playroom and shuts the door.

"Thomas," says ma to me, in a tone meaning business, "you set the clock back."

"Ma!" I begin, innocently.

"Now, Thomas," says ma. "I believe I have told you what happens to little boys who steal cookies. But as to little boys who tell fibs—"

"Oh, ma!" I break in. "I—I set the clock back forty minutes, ma."

A second later ma was marshaling me into her room. When we were in ma closed the door and opened her bureau drawer. I tell you I felt funny—sort of like eating raw oysters full of sand.

Ma always uses brushes for us. She has broken the handles off of four on me.

The brush looked as big as a trolley-car today.

Ma seized me by the neck, as usual, and sat down. It required a good while to get me into position on her lap, especially as I wasn't overanxious. Then ma applied the back of the brush vigorously. I just kicked and held in hard. Finally, ma turned the brush over and used the stiff bristles. Every one felt like a 12-inch spike. Maybe I didn't yell, though! I go to bed at 7 now, and feel happy.

Yours,

THOMAS S. BOLLES, JR.

A FRENCH GIRL'S PLUCK.

TRUE STORY OF A WILD RACE WITH WOLVES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

By a Special Contributor.

The following true adventure is an incident in the life of a French girl, and it occurred not so many years ago. It all happened in South America, whither Dr. Jerome of Paris and his pretty young daughter had gone to live.

It was in a rough part of the country—the exact locality I do not remember.

There was not much society for the French girl, who, in consequence, was rather lonely. In a town some thirty miles distant, however, lived a family whom the doctor and his daughter Marie had known in France. There was no railroad then between these two towns, and the only road ran, most of the way, through a thick forest. Whenever Marie went to visit her friends her father always escorted her, for, owing to the number of wolves which infested the woods, it was not safe for a girl to ride through alone. Marie had been spending two or three days with her friends. She was to have returned on that afternoon with her father, but noon-time came without any sign of the good doctor. When it was 2 o'clock and still no doctor, Marie became alarmed lest some harm had befallen him at home, and, being a fearless girl, she determined to start back alone. Her friends tried to persuade her, but in vain.

She had traversed perhaps half the distance on her homeward way without anything of note happening, when, looking around, she perceived a long, lank wolf, with red eyes and lolling tongue, running along beside her horse's heels. She reached for her revolver, which she always carried. It contained but two cartridges.

Pretty soon she glanced back again. There were two wolves now, and even as she looked a third lank creature came stealing out of the undergrowth and followed in the trail of the others. Then an awful fear came over the poor girl. Her father had once told her that a single wolf never attacks till a number of his brethren have joined him. Then they wait for the horse to tire or perhaps to stumble, when they rush in and rend it to pieces.

Marie urged on her horse, but the poor beast was tired by that time, and, moreover, was trembling violently, for he knew the danger quite as well as his rider.

The wolves had soon grown to quite a band, and already they were creeping up closer on to the jaded horse. Marie was in despair. She knew it was now only a question of a short time before the wolves, grown bolder because of their numbers, would close in, and then all would be over. Then Marie saw just ahead of her the low hanging limb of a great tree. In an instant she had resolved on a desperate feat. Kicking her foot loose from the stirrup and dropping the reins, she passed under, swinging herself free of the horse. The horse, relieved of her weight, went dashing madly on, with the pack at his heels. Two hungry-eyed brutes dropped behind and waited underneath the tree for their prey.

By a superhuman effort the girl drew herself up on the limb, and then worked her way down toward the trunk, where in the crotch she found a fairly safe resting place.

"Now," said the brave girl to herself, "if my horse reaches home safely the empty saddle will give the alarm, and they will come in search of me. And if the worst come to the worst I have two bullets, one to defend myself with, the other for myself."

Twenty-four hours later a distracted father, with a posse of men, found Marie in the tree, completely exhausted. The good horse, it seems, had managed to shake off his enemies, and, gaining the town, had made straight for his stable.

This is the story as it was told the writer by the French girl herself.

A boy's fishing rod was fastened to the root of a tree on the river bank, and he was sitting in the sun playing with his dog, idling the time away. He had been fishing all day, and caught absolutely nothing.

"Fishing?" inquired the man passing.

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Nice dog you have there; what is his name?"

"Fish," replied the boy.

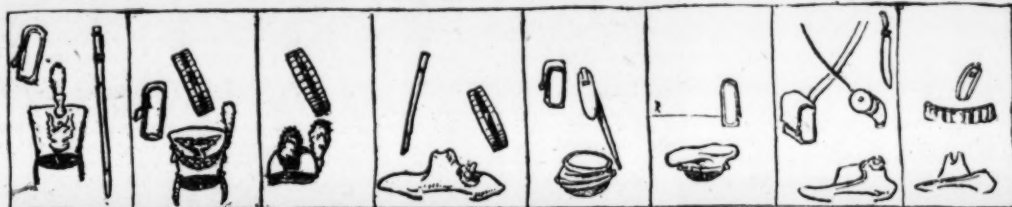
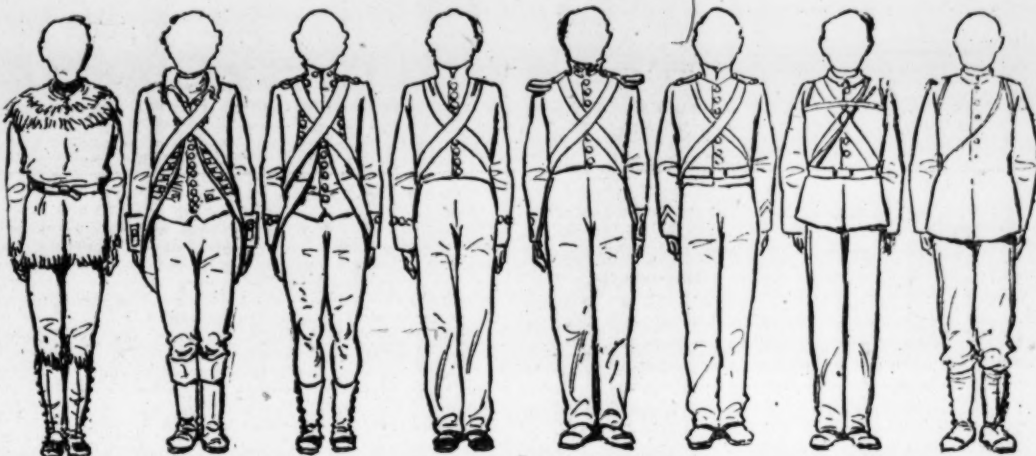
"Fish? That's a queer name for a dog. What do you call him that for?"

"Cause he won't bite."

Then the man proceeded on his way.

Sir Moses Ezekiel of Rome, Italy, the well-known sculptor, who is visiting in Cincinnati, was, during the civil war in this country, a member of the cadet corps of the Virginia Military Institute, and took part with the corps in the battle of Newmarket.

THE MILITARY PUZZLE.



The half dozen military figures above represent the American soldier at different periods of our history, starting with the revolutionary times. The first figure wears more the costume of a trapper than that of a soldier. He represents the type of man who fought under Gen. Marion. They were, in fact, hunters and trappers who took up arms in freedom's cause. The old Continental and the Mexican fighters are among the others represented in the illustration.

Directions: Cut out each set of hat, side arms and accouterments and paste them on the soldier you think they belong to. You will probably have to hunt in your American history for pictures of our soldiers at different periods. Next complete the picture, using black ink.

To the boy or girl sending in the best picture, with the arms, etc., correctly pasted on, will be given any dollar book he or she may desire. Have your answer in by next Wednesday.

Name Address

Age Book desired

Address Editor Children's Page.

NOTE.—A series of highly interesting and instructive puzzles similar to the above will be published by The Times.

IN CLEOPATRA'S FOOTSTEPS.

LILY LANGTRY HAS FOLLOWED A CUSTOM HONORED BY EGYPT'S QUEEN.

By a Special Contributor.

Mrs. Lily Langtry, aged 47, has married Hugo Gerald de Bathe, aged 28, who has not much money, but will one day be a baronet, in spite of all an irate father can do.

Lady Randolph Churchill, aged presumably 45 at least, is engaged to marry Lieut. Cornwallis-West, who is exactly two weeks older than her oldest son. It is said that Cleopatra longed to wed the young Augustus for his youth as well as his power.

In the days of good Queen Anne, Joseph Addison remarked through the mouth of Will Honeycomb that many a man who had wasted months suing for an icy girl of 15, had, a little later, made his fortune by running away with her grandmother. That was, perhaps, in part the wisdom of experience. Addison himself married a titled and wealthy widow, the Countess of Warwick. He had been engaged as tutor to her son, the young earl. Before the tutoring ended he married the earl's mother, a lady with a temper to match her rank, so it is hardly necessary to add they lived unhappy ever after.

Samuel Johnson was more fortunate. He married a woman twenty years older than himself, fat, simple-minded and much given to gaudy frocks, but to the day of her death he worshiped his "dear Titty," and thought the world had never held such another beauty. D'Israeli, it is likely, married through interested motives, but it is unquestionable that he became passionately attached to his wife, although she was very much older than himself, and almost painfully insignificant-looking. But she had tact enough, and money enough, to help him become three times Prime Minister of England. He paid her only a deserved tribute in refusing a peerage for himself, but asking that she might be created, in her own right, Countess of Beaconsfield. After her death he himself assumed the title, but solely as a mark of deference to her wishes.

Lady Salisbury, wife of the present premier, is older than her husband, the marquis. Like the Countess of Beaconsfield, she has been a very present help throughout her noble husband's career. There was a love match contracted in the very face of prudence. There were several excellent lives between Lord Robert Cecil and the marquise.

Robert Louis Stevenson's matrimonial fortunes were nearly as unique as his genius. He fell in love with the wife of a friend, a woman old enough to be his mother, singularly charming, and full of a refined Bohemianism, the direct antithesis of his own straight-laced Presbyterian womanhood. There was an amicable—wholly amicable—divorce, and Mrs. Osborn became Mrs. Stevenson, her ex-husband giving the bride away. Yet the marriage turned out to be so nearly an ideal one, the world doubtless owes to it the full flowering of Stevenson's genius.

Plenty of notable women have matched themselves unsuitably in age. Baroness Burdett-Coutts, for example, who, when she was young and only Miss Burdett-Coutts, yet the greatest heiress in England, refused the Iron Duke of Wellington, and forty years later, lost the favor of her Queen by marrying a brisk young American, William Ashmead Bartlett, exactly half as old as herself.

Dinah Maria Mulock married a man whom she had fondled as a baby, when she was herself a woman grown. He was very badly hurt in a railway accident, lost a leg, indeed, and came near dying. Miss Mulock nursed him, and in the end married him, in spite of the disparity in years.

George Eliot is another of the literary lights. Her

"Scotch marriage" to Mr. Lewes—which in England was no marriage at all—neither astonished nor grieved her world half so much as did her later legal union to Mr. Cross—who might easily have been her son. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is said by those who should know to be just one year younger than the mother of her husband, Herbert D. Ward.

There have been plenty of such marriages among America's social leaders. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont has several years the advantage of her husband. So has her new daughter-in-law, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr. The number is variously stated at from four to ten—with odds on the latter figure. Mrs. James Speyer is more than twenty years the senior of her banker husband. The pair are said to have been drawn together by mutual love of good works. As all the world knows, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., born Wilson, is so much older than her husband, the difference in ages, on the wrong side, was at first the ostensible reason of paternal opposition to the match.

Saved by a Cigar.

A GOOD story is told of a sea captain who died not long ago and who was formerly in command of a ship in which passengers were carried from London to Lisbon. On one occasion the ship caught fire and the passengers and crew were compelled to take hurriedly to the boats. The captain remained perfectly cool throughout all the confusion and fright of the debarkation, and at last every one except himself was got safely into the boats.

By the time he was ready to follow the passengers were almost wild with fear and excitement. Instead of hurrying down the ladder the captain called out to the sailors to hold on a minute, and, taking a cigar from his pocket, coolly lighted it with a bit of burning rope which had fallen from the rigging at his feet. Then he descended with deliberation and gave the order to push off.

"How could you stop to light a cigar at such a moment?" he was asked afterward, when some of the passengers were talking over their escape.

"Because," he answered, "I saw that if I did not do something to divert the minds of those in the boat there was likely to be a panic and, overcrowded as it was, there was danger of the boat being upset. The act took but a moment, but it attracted the attention of everybody. I was not nearly so unconcerned as I seemed to be, but was in reality in a fever of excitement. My little plan succeeded. You all forgot yourselves, because you were thinking of my curious behavior, and we got off safely."—[Tit-Bits.]

YANKEE GIVES MEXICANS A TIP.

[Modern Mexico:] An American farmer near Guadalajara has convinced his Mexican neighbors that oxen can do more work under American yokes, so generally used in the republic. The American brought several modern yokes from the States and used them with success. The curiosity of his Mexican friends was aroused and they proceeded to ask questions.

"Well," said the American, "when you lasso a steer and the lasso gets around his neck, what do you do?"

"Turn him loose," was the reply.

"Why?"

"Because he's too strong for us that way."

"That's it," answered the American. "His strength is in his neck, not in his horns."

The Mexicans saw the point, and now yokes of United States manufacture are generally used in that neighborhood.

The new story of sea life which Frank T. Bullen has been writing for D. Appleton & Co. will be entitled "The Log of a Sea Wolf."

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

THE RIGHT TO DIE.

The question as to whether, under certain conditions, a person is justified in committing suicide, has been a subject of discussion for many years, and has elicited many diverse opinions. The general opinion on the subject has been considerably modified during the past few years. Whereas a few years ago there were very few who would openly advocate the propriety of suicide in certain cases, today it is not at all unusual to see such arguments advanced. Whether this is due to an advance in thought or to a spirit of decadence, or to an increased trend of pessimism in looking at the affairs of life is a question which The Times will leave to others to discuss. The fact remains that quite a number of people whose views are entitled to respectful consideration have come out lately in favor of the right of a human being to "shuffle off this mortal coil" under certain extreme conditions.

Among others who have recently spoken on this question is Judge Simeon E. Baldwin of the Connecticut Supreme Court, who recently delivered a lecture at Saratoga on "The Natural Right of Man to a Natural Death," which caused something of a sensation.

Judge Baldwin's argument was that a man had a right to die when ill with a mortal disease, without regard to interference by nurses and doctors. In his paper, Judge Baldwin held that doctors and nurses had positively no right to prolong life in cases of persons ill with incurable disease. The following is a condensation of Judge Baldwin's address:

"Death by disease is an abnormal occurrence. It is always the result of something unusual, such as congenital weakness or malformation; exposure to contagion; an act of personal imprudence, or violence at the hand of others. The only natural death is that brought by old age.

"But there is another form of unnatural death, which we approach in the opposite direction. It is living too long. It is the work of science, the achievement of the highest medical art.

"A natural process, common to all created beings, and through which each must pass, cannot, ordinarily and normally, be a painful one. It would not be in harmony with the order of the universe did it involve any violent shock or disruption. So should pass away in ordinary course our human life.

"There are certain maladies that attack the human frame, which are necessarily fatal; and others which naturally end in a speedy death, but may be so treated as to lead to a protracted state of weakness and suffering.

"In uncivilized nations such diseases are of short duration. They are either left to take their course without interference, or the patient is expedited on his journey to the grave.

"In civilized nations, and particularly of late years, it has become the pride of many in the medical profession to prolong such lives at any cost of discomfort or pain to the sufferer, or of suspense or exhaustion to his family.

"Nature has kindly smoothed the sufferer's pillow by leading the way to the gradual exhaustion of the vital powers which follows the refusal of the stomach to receive or to digest food.

"To force nutriment into the system in such a case through other channels is simply to prolong a useless struggle at the cost of misery to the patient and to the profit of no one but the doctor and the nurse.

"It is a great responsibility this that rests on modern medicine. It has a power to hold us back from the grave for a few days, a few weeks, a few years, to which the physician of antiquity was a stranger. But are we sure that the course of nature with mankind is really at fault? May not she know best when she has had enough of us, in this state of being? Or, to rise to a higher and truer level, may not the God over all be safely left to name the time for calling His children home?

"Are we sure, let us ask from another standpoint, that we have a moral right as against ourselves, to postpone the hour of death?

"A natural death, coming in ordinary course, may be the divine way of calling one up from a condition of existence to which he is unfitted or in which he is not needed, to one in which he is needed, and needed at once. To postpone it, to protract a life in doing so by medical skill beyond its seemingly appointed bound, may, looked at in this light, risk the loss of a fitter place in a larger life—the loss of a God-given opportunity.

"I have spoken the more freely on this subject because no code of medical ethics of any school of practice countenances that which I denounce. The physician is enjoined in cases of fatal disease to continue in attendance for the purpose of alleviating pain, but not to protract or produce it. Many of them, no doubt, have felt warranted at times in shortening by opiates a life that had lost its value. I do not ask if this is right. I do say that it is not right that such a life should be prolonged in hopeless misery by medical art, when nature has plainly called the sufferer away."

In San Francisco and other large cities of the country, and also in Europe, there are many first-class vegetarian restaurants, where no meat in any shape is served. Those who imagine that the menu of these establishments is confined to cabbage, and potatoes, and beans, and fruit, would be much surprised to note the elaborate and varied menu which they present. During the past few years a great number of new foods, composed of nuts and other products, have been placed on the market, so that those who prefer to abstain from flesh food have a large variety of other foods to choose from. In London there are probably twenty of these restaurants.

There are many vegetarians in Los Angeles, and it

seems that a first-class vegetarian restaurant, conducted by some one who understands the business, should be a paying investment.

DEATH FROM VACCINATION.

Reports continue to be published in the press of deaths from vaccination, which are of special interest just now to many in Los Angeles, who are debating whether to have their children vaccinated, or keep them out of the public schools. Edwin J. Clark, M.D., of Denver, reports the following case:

"The patient, a four-year-old girl, born in this country of German parents, both of whom were healthy, had enjoyed excellent health from birth. At the public school the pupils were vaccinated, and this child was among the number. Two days after the vaccination her arm became erythematous from elbow to shoulder; a roseolus rash appearing here and there. The axillary glands became greatly enlarged; the child had repeated chills, fever and sweats, and suffered considerably. She passed successfully through the papular and vesicular stages, and on the eighth day (which was the first of the pustular stage) the pock disappeared. On the ninth day the child complained of headache, general malaise, and inability to defecate or urinate. The appetite, which for the past few days had been poor, disappeared entirely. Domestic medicine could not move her bowels or empty the bladder. The scar left by the pock began to redden again, papulae appeared, and later a vesicle and pustule. The child's face began to grow yellow and to swell slightly. Seventeen days after the vaccination the child began to feel much better; she ate a little, but had had no movement of the bowels for about ten days or so, according to the parents' story. Next day the child had a slight cold, and the following day, at 6 o'clock in the morning, she had a convulsion, which frightened the parents so much that they called me in. When I arrived at 8, I was informed by the parents that the child was quite well, had eaten some candy, and was playing in the bed. On entering the room I saw a rosy-faced little maid, with playful eyes, but dilated pupils, and as healthy-looking a babe as I have ever seen. Hardly fifteen seconds passed from my entrance, when the child suddenly stiffened, without an outcry or any premonition, and was dead! All restoratives were in vain. I labored hard and earnestly, but the child was gone beyond all earthly aid."

THE DRINKING OF WATER.

Reference was made last week to the mistake often made in the method of drinking milk, which should not be swallowed like water, but sipped slowly. Even water, like food, requires to be assimilated, to properly fulfill its natural office in the system. This is a fact which is ignored by many. A writer in a medical journal, the Medical Brief, in a valuable article on this subject, shows that water is not readily incorporated into the blood serum thinning it, increasing its solvent qualities, and lessening its plastic properties, unless it is drunk in response to thirst, such as normally follows good digestion, brisk exercise, eating salt foods, a hot bath, vigorous sweating, fever, etc. Adventitious water, water taken into the stomach without appetite, or demand for it, lingers long in the digestive organs, often producing a feeling of weight, followed by sloshing, gurgling noises in the bowels, very annoying to patients.

Unless measures are employed to stimulate the assimilation of water by creating a legitimate demand for it, as expressed by thirst, it is not advisable to force too much on the system. A single glass between meals and at bedtime will wash out the stomach as well as several where the individual manifests no desire for, or an actual repugnance to, water. Indifference to a fluid which constitutes three-fourths of the human body, is abnormal, and requires treatment, but the treatment must consist in establishing a physiological need for water in the system, not in forcing nature by distending the digestive organs with a heavy fluid.

That this is fact, not theory, can be verified by test experiments, examining the blood serum before and after the free use of water by persons who experience no thirst at the time the water is taken. Individuals who have sluggish circulations, care little for water, as a rule.

In brief, the idea conveyed by this writer is that while the drinking of water is a good thing, and while most people should drink more water than they do, the system must first be prepared for its assimilation by the creation of a natural thirst.

THE SKIN AND BATHING.

A learned German professor has said that in a state of absolutely wild nature, a man would require no bathing. That is to say, the skin, exposed constantly to sun and wind and rain, brushed by dewy branches and grasses of mornings, and inured to periods of cold and chill, would keep itself clean enough.

Dr. Lyman in the New Voice, says: "The skin, when exposed to all the vicissitudes of weather develops a vastly more extensive circulation than is seen in the clothed man of civilization. Lay a hand on the thigh of a Nez Perces Indian in winter time. It is covered only by flaps of buckskin fastened roughly at the side edges with two or three thongs. Even in zero weather it feels hot. That means circulation of blood.

"But a savage pays for this by having most of his nervous force taken up in adjustments to the various inclemencies. In civilization we want this force for other things. So we dress, and heat our houses, and shade the body (except hands and faces) always from the sun rays, and get quiet and equable conditions for the skin and its thousands of nerve endings. The brain can work better thus than when the skin nerves are in excitement. But incidentally to this almost incessant shielding of the skin its circulation falls off vastly more than we ordinarily realize. Its glands become less active by far than in the savage. It becomes thinner in its working elements; or, worse, be-

Tuberculosis

Treated by Tuber culin in Combination With Antiseptics.

Dr. C. H. Whitman, medical director of the Koch Institute in this city, has submitted a report to the medical profession as to his use of a purified tuberculin which he terms "Borotuberculin," a preparation that is prepared as follows: Koch's tuberculin is first subjected to the Kleb's modification in order to remove all objectionable toxins. To this is added a compound which he calls "Boron-Ichthyol;" this is intended to meet the secondary mixed infection which is always present in the form of the Staphylo and Strepto cocci (pus germs), beginning with the second stage (stage of softening) of lung and bronchial consumption.

That this method of treatment has been highly successful, and that a very large percentage of consumptive patients have been cured is clearly shown.

The report covers six hundred cases in all stages of the disease admitted to the Institute, and is here reproduced for the benefit of those interested:

Summary of 600 Cases of Tuberculosis Treated at Koch Institute to Jan. 1st, 1899.

CHARACTER.	No.	Cured.	Improved.	Not Improved.	Total.
First Stage....	186	183		3	186
Second Stage..	251	145	81	24	251
Third Stage....	163	38	55	69	163
Total	600	367	137	96	600

Patients need not leave their own homes in order to avail themselves of this treatment, as

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Gives universal satisfaction, and is being used by consumptives in nearly every State in the Union.

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comes a sort of shelving-place for half-vitalized fat and water—this especially in women of leisurely lives or men in sedentary occupations. And its nerves from lack of employment become relatively inert.

"Finally, the constant excretions, so necessary to the general well being, tend to accumulate in the top layers of the skin, on its surface, and in the clothing, and impede the escape of other excretions that should be having right of way. This brief history is necessary to bring the mind to the point where it realizes that baths are the compromise made by civilization to savagery. We need to constantly work back toward the superb skin circulation of the savage and his complete glandular activity, and to this end can gladly afford a quarter to half an hour out each day, taking all the rest for other things.

"It is not otherwise with a horse or a cow. Turned out in a brushy pasture, and (for horse especially) free to roll in the dirt, and getting betimes showers and sun and wind, their hides keep clean. The bushes curry them the whole day through. But if horse or cow or calf or bull is kept up in a barn, and there are enough reasons for doing so in winter, then it becomes imperative for the best results to curry the creature thoroughly every day. We take extra work from the horse or more milk from the cow, and give in exchange currying, along with hay and grain and shelter."

Statesman and Secretary.

WHEN Hon. Thomas B. Reed and Hon. Amos L. Allen shook hands at Grand Beach Sunday the meeting was very cordial on both sides. Mr. Reed was glad to meet his trusted secretary, and Mr. Allen was glad to see Mr. Reed, possibly destined soon to be called ex-Congressman Reed of New York.

"Did you bring your boom with you, Amos?" asked the bad Congressman with a chuckle.

"This is the Lord's day, Mr. Reed," said the good secretary, flushing slightly.

"I didn't know but you might have it with you," said the bad Congressman. "How are you feeling, Amos?"

"Physically and spiritually in good health, Mr. Reed."

"I'm glad of it. Amos, I gained seventeen pounds while in England in a single day."

"Mr. Reed, is it possible?"

"You ask Dick Croker," said Mr. Reed.

"Poker," said the good secretary, under his breath, and then he said, "Did you make a frequent use of the Bible I gave you?"

"I had no occasion to, Amos. I wasn't sick an hour while on the trip except when at sea."

"Mr. Reed," said the good secretary, anxiously, "are you taking any thought of the future?"

"I should say so. The clams ought to be here any minute."

There was a pause, and then the bad Congressman said, "Amos."

"Yes, Mr. Reed."

"Sing to me, Amos. I've heard some of the best musicians of the world since I left this country, but nothing like your singing, Amos. Nothing as touching, nothing as restful."

"What shall I sing, Mr. Reed?" said the good secretary, as he sat down at the piano.

"You may sing 'A Charge to Keep I Have,' Amos," said Mr. Reed, with a wicked smile.

And as the good secretary sang his face was oppressed with care, while that of the bad Congressman was like the pictures of the glorified saints.—[Portland Argus.]

Miss Mamie Frey has selected as her vocation in life the making of watches. She occupies a bench in her father's shop, in Chicago, where three years ago she began to learn the trade. Her bench is in one of the windows, and surrounded by the little tools of her trade, Miss Frey may be seen there deftly fitting wheels, levers and jewels in watches and clocks.

AMONG THE SHELLS.

THEIR STUDY OPENS AN INTERESTING FIELD OF KNOWLEDGE.

By a Special Contributor.

WHEN we meet a stranger who interests us we inquire regarding him. We want to know his name, where he is from, and such information as the public has a right to know, and it is this instinctive desire for knowledge that leads the lover of nature to gather data, or facts, in his favorite study. In the study of shells an important step has been taken when the name of the shell has been ascertained. Tennyson says of a tiny shell, with its "delicate spire and whorl," found on the Breton strand:

"What is it? A learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same."

The poet is right, whatever its name, "the beauty would be the same," but what shell does he refer to? No one but the poet would ever know. But suppose he had given its name; the one might hope some time to see the delicate form to which he refers when he writes that it could withstand the shock

"Of cataract seas that snap
The three-decker's oaken spire
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand!"

A young man was once trying to tell the writer about a "rare shell" he had collected in San Pedro Bay. He had seen this particular shell for the first time at Long Beach. He tried to describe it, but was not successful in giving any points in reference to the shell other than that it was "in one piece and of a brown color." One shell after another was shown him in order to learn the form of the shell. It began to appear that he had found



ABALONE OR HALIOTIS CRACKERODII, ONE-HALF ACTUAL SIZE.

a rare form indeed, when one tray after another was displayed without a sign of recognition; but at last, in one tray of shells he saw the mollusk. It was a Bulla or bubble shell, that is sometimes found in the mud flats by hundreds. As his descriptive powers were poor, if he could only have given the generic name, what an economy of time it would have been, for me, at least.

Yes, I believe in learning the names of shells just as we would learn the names of flowers. One is not harder to learn than the other. Bearing in mind that the name of a shell, like the name of a flower, or the name of a person, is the beginning of an acquaintance, or knowledge, but extremely superficial if that is all.

There is an advantage in the Latin or Latinized names given to shells, for students of conchology the world over have one name in common, and this is absolutely necessary in exchanging shells. A German, Italian, Spanish or French conchologist unfamiliar with English could take up a bulletin, or list of shells, and in reading over the list the names would be as comprehensible to him as to an English student, although he might be unable to translate English words, if the bulletin were in English. The uniformity of terms is a necessity in the study of natural history, and this is only possible where classical names are used.

The study of shells, or any one branch of natural history prepares the way for other knowledge along scientific lines. Our minds are capable of a varied amount of information in the form of association of ideas, and the study of shells leads us into a most delightful field of knowledge. So many sciences contribute toward a knowledge of conchology that the study of mollusks does not stand alone in science; physics, chemistry, biology, comparative zoology, geology, paleontology and geography, both physical and political, all have some information necessary to an intelligent study of molluscan life. And if through our study of fossil shells found in the oldest stratified rocks we seek for a glimpse of the beginning of our world, we find astronomy also contributes toward our general knowledge. Instead of the study of shells being unworthy of mature minds, this study is so comprehensive in its range that life is too short for even an introduction to the science, when one is following it as an amateur.

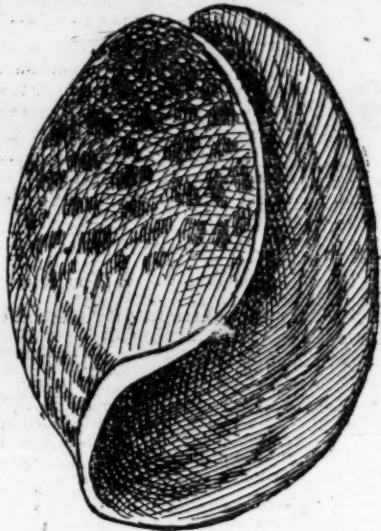
The habitat, or natural abode of shell fish is as varied as the environs of man. Some seek a lodgement upon other shells (Crepidula), or in the soft rocks (Pholas), others live buried in the sand (Solen), or in mud flats (Chione), or on the wet rocks between tides (Actinaea); while many microscopic shells live under the

rocks, in rock pools, and in coarse sand. Some mollusks spend their lives on kelp swinging to and fro, as the waves come and go near the rocks on the sea beach. These are all littoral shells, for they dwell near the shore, at one time entirely covered by the ocean, and at another time merely dampened with its saline waters.

Scientists divide the areas of the sea into zones according to the depth in the ocean. Shells found between tide marks are called beach or littoral shells, as this area is known as the "littoral zone."

Shells (as you observe, the "shell" is very frequently used to designate the animal as well as the shell,) that inhabit the zone from low water to fifteen fathoms, ninety feet, is known as the Laminarian zone, and of this zone S. P. Woodward says: "In this region, when rocky, the tangle Laminaria and other seaweeds form microscopic forests, the resort of the vegetable-feeding mollusks." Shells from this zone are collected on the beach, being washed ashore by the incoming tide.

We are told that still farther out in the ocean is the



BULLA OR BUBBLE SHELL, TWICE ACTUAL SIZE.

coralline zone, from fifteen to fifty fathoms. Then, another deep-sea zone reaches from fifty to three hundred fathoms to three thousand or more fathoms. The study seems a great depth for a shell fish to live; but there is still another deeper zone where shell fish are found. Dr. William H. Dall, our authority on deep-sea shells, says of the deep-sea zone: "To this cold, dark area of the ocean bottom has been applied the name of the benthal or abyssal region." It extends from three hundred fathoms to three thousand or more fathoms. The study of the fauna of this region is one of recent times, and reports of deep-sea researches read like fairy tales.

The geographical distribution of mollusks show such a variety of species that collectors of shells from any province or region will not be duplicated, as a rule, by shells from another geographical province. Species will occasionally be duplicated, as shells are transported, and also, one region being contingent to another, shells often cross the line included in geographical areas. The shells of different provinces or areas, have characteristics; the shells of California, if we except our abalones, are dull colored when compared with shells from Florida. Shells from the Boreal provinces are noted for their lack of beauty, while those collected in the southern provinces are admired by everyone. The islands of the Pacific and Indian Ocean are famous for their bright-colored shells. Wherever coral reefs are abundant beautifully-tinted mollusks may be found.

The environment, or habitats of shell fish are not more varied than the size, shape and color-pattern of mollusks. Think of the contrast between a headless oyster attached to other oysters in a colony, all firmly adherent to one spot, and that of the giant octopus so restless and powerful in strength that human life is in danger when one of these huge carnivorous devilfishes embraces him with its long tentacles or arms. Compare the ponderous shell of a bivalve (Tridacna gigas,) which scientists tell us sometimes reaches a length of over five feet, and weighs five hundred pounds, to that of a tiny microscopic shell that a breath could blow away!

The Latin names given to shells often indicate their form, and translated, some of them mean that the shells are like a hammer of sword, razor, pea-pod, wedge, heart, basket, watering-pot, kneading-trough, ham, little tongue, and many other quaint forms.

What diversity of shells present to us! Red, purple, orange, yellow, green, black, white, brown, grey, and pink so beautiful in tint that when we wish to speak of our favorite pink color we refer to it as the "sea-shell pink." Sometimes the bright color is found on the outside of the shell, and at other times the interior is rich in color effect. Nature loves shells as she loves flowers, and her pencil has been equally lavish in painting lines, curves, hieroglyphics and geometric designs upon their surfaces. And our abalone (Haliotis) shells bear witness in their nacreous forms of what nature has done in the artistic blending of color and shades found in the interior of these limpet-like shells, and when the shells are decorticated by the use of acids and the grindstone, nothing in nature is more gorgeous in color effects than these shimmering shells.

Shells not only furnish variety in their size, shape and color, but are not alike in their texture; some are porcellaneous, or like china—the cowry shell is a good example of a porcellaneous shell—others are pearly or nacreous like the pearl oyster and abalones, and others are horny. In fact, so various and characteristic are they that with the aid of a microscope a fragment of a shell is often sufficiently characteristic to determine the group to which the shell belongs. The texture of some shells are made up of three parts. And it is the arrangement and diversity of the numerous plates or prisms in some shells that make it possible for the engraver's art to carve shell cameos, this "scion of the Glyptic art."

Writing about shells recalls the beautiful encomium pronounced upon them by Dr. P. P. Carpenter, the English conchologist, and, though often quoted, I am tempted to add it: "Who has not listened to the mysterious 'sound of the sea' in the whelks and helmets, or wondered at the many chambers of the nautilus? What

Wisdom of the Youth

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child ever went to the seashore without picking up shells; what lady ever spurned them as ornaments of her parlor? Shells are at once the attraction of the untutored savage, the delight of the refined artist, the wonder of the philosophic zoologist, and the most valued treasures of the geologist. They adorn the sands of seagirt isles and continents now and they form the earliest 'footprints on the sands of time' in the history of our globe."

*Dr. Dall recognizes three divisions, littoral region, archibenthal and abyssal regions, the first named extending to one hundred fathoms. For information in regard to deep-sea areas see "Preliminary Report of the Collection of Mollusks," etc., by Dr. W. H. Dall, issued by the United States National Museum.

M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.

Music Wards Off Fatigue.

A PHILADELPHIA contractor, who has recently returned from the Sudan, tells of an interesting fact connected with the building by the English of the new military railroad in that region. With every gang of forty or fifty men are assigned two harpers and a flute player. Music is furnished almost continuously, and so long as the musicians play the workmen—nearly all negroes—do not seem to feel the fatigue, and their movements are conformed as nearly as possible to the time of the music. As a general thing the players get tired before the workmen do. To a white man the melody produced by these cheerers of labor would not be inspiring, for it is peculiarly plaintive. The Africans, however, find the music a great inspiration, and work with cheerfulness and dispatch. The Philadelphian declares that the idea is one well worth considering, for it is well known that colored laborers and stevedores along the river front will work harder and faster if permitted to sing. As a matter of fact, singing among them is encouraged.—[Philadelphia Record.]

IN A QUANDARY.

[Puck:] Judge. Did you steal the hog or did you not?

Prisoner. No, judge, I did not; but if yo' kind ob thinks I'se lyin' about it, and am gwine to give me six months for lyin', I'd sooner lie about it and say I did steal de hog, and get two months for steallin' de hog I didn't stole.

The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY, CAPITAL AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

Developing the Belgian Hare.

A NUMBER of enthusiastic Belgian hare breeders in this section have incorporated a company, under the name of The American Breeders of Belgian Hares (incorporated), with a capital stock of \$100,000, of which amount \$56,000 has been subscribed and \$1000 paid in. This city will be headquarters for their operations. Among the members of the company are the following: Prof. J. A. Guttery, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Charles E. Warren, corner Union avenue and Washington street, city; A. W. Jones, No. 751 Ottawa street, city; S. B. Simmons, Long Beach, Cal.; E. M. Hatch, North Ontario, Cal.; S. S. Hogan, No. 787 East Washington street, city; Dr. B. C. Platt, No. 930 Grand View avenue, city.

These parties own at the present time, over two thousand head of choice Belgian hares, estimated to be worth an aggregate value of over \$8000. Their object is to develop the industry, to import and breed hares, buy, sell and exhibit, conduct exhibitions, marts, and barbecues, manufacture fur garments, rugs, etc., establish cannery plants, organize and operate manufacturing and canning companies and buy and sell real estate.

The first move of the company will be to educate the public at large upon the merits of the flesh of the Belgian hare as an article of diet and, to do this, the company has decided to hold a Belgian hare exposition, "mart and feast" in the latter part of February. To this end Hazard's Pavilion has been secured for six days.

The premium list has been compiled, showing a liberal spirit on the part of the company. In the grand sweepstakes class, which includes entries open to the world, the prize is \$100 for a specimen, and this applies to both sexes.

In the American and California-bred-stock classes the prizes are equally as good in comparison as the above. Aside from these, there will be many special prizes in gold-lined silver cups, gold medals and prizes offered by individuals, merchants and manufacturers and other associations.

There will be many special prizes offered, such as watches and other jewelry, bicycles, pony and cart, suits of clothes, dress patterns, for displays made by youths of both sexes, ranging in age from 10, 12, 14 to 16 years.

On the 1st of January the company will open a market for the sale of Belgian hare meat and will also establish routes in the city and at Pasadena for the sale of potted hare. Admission tickets to the exposition will entitle the holder to one of three styles of a Belgian hare meal. Many other phases of the industry will be presented in a manner that will attract the attention of the public and tend to educate the people upon the merits of this new and profitable industry.

Offices of the company will be established and books opened for entries to the exposition and to distribute printed information in general, also the premium list. Evidently the dry season has not prevented the growth of hare.

Port Los Angeles Business.

FOLLOWING statistics of imports and exports at the long wharf for the month of August are from the Santa Monica Outlook:

Imports:	
Telegraph poles.....	274
Lumber, feet.....	29,694
Coal, tons.....	9,072
Ties.....	49,598
Vessels arrived—25 steamers, 2 tugs, 1 schooner;	
total, 28. Net tonnage of vessels, 23,462 tons.	
Three hundred and ninety-seven passengers arrived.	
Exports:	
Merchandise, tons.....	198
Sailed—26 steamers, 2 tugs, 1 schooner; total, 29. Net	
tonnage of vessels, 25,358 tons.	
Five hundred and forty-eight passengers.	

A Lemon By-Product.

ANOTHER manufacturing industry has opened headquarters in Los Angeles. While it is of no great commercial importance at the present time, it may become so in the near future. The California Cream of Lemon Company started a factory on a small scale about two years ago at San Diego, and since its inauguration, has shown a constant growth. The company manufactures a toilet preparation made entirely from the soluble substance of the whole lemon. It is a pure cream, free from chemical or fatty matter. At the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, California Cream of Lemon was awarded a gold medal, for its excellence above all other toilet articles entered.

From time immemorial, man has recognized the virtue of the lemon as a natural healer, cleanser, and tissue

builder, but it took the inventive brain of a Californian to compound its qualities into a commercial toilet article. California Cream of Lemon has found a ready market in all the important cities of the country and following the wake of civilization and progress, has made its presence felt in the islands of Cuba, Porto Rico and the distant Philippines.

The factory will soon be moved to Los Angeles, and installed among our prosperous home industries, giving employment to many, and affording lemon-growers a market for "culls."

A New Smelter.

REFERRING to a recent editorial in The Times on the need of a custom smelter in Los Angeles, or at some adjacent point, a correspondent calls attention to the fact that there was recently patented by J. A. Anker, a citizen of Los Angeles, a new metallurgical furnace, to use petroleum for fuel, which it is claimed will cover the field and will revolutionize the present method of smelting with its consumption of large quantities of coke and charcoal. The good points of the invention referred to are described as follows:

First—Economy in fuel and labor (using one and a half to two barrels of oil per ton.)

Second—Ore under complete control of operator during process of reduction.

Third—Simplicity of construction, equipment and working of furnace.

Fourth—Adaptability to place in operation small plant, say of twelve tons per day capacity.

The ore is treated in lots of one ton or more, according to the capacity of the furnace, and six separate lots of ore are treated at the same time. The furnace is so arranged that flux can be introduced while the smelter is in operation, thus doing away with the chance of "freezing," which often causes loss of time and money in smelting.

San Diego Poultry.

SAN DIEGO poultry breeders recently met and organized under the name of the San Diego County Poultry and Pet Stock Association, with B. Ogden as president. It was decided to hold an exhibition in December. The association will also pay some attention to the breeding of Belgian hares.

Street Sweeper.

ACCORDING to the Covina Argus, the establishment of a manufactory at Azusa for the manufacture of the Maxon street sweeper is an assured fact, all of the \$50,000 of stock having been subscribed for. The Argus says:

"The new building is to be built of stone in the shape of an L, 140 feet in length both ways and 40 feet wide. The company will employ in the neighborhood of forty hands. Rev. Maxon, the inventor, has secured special freight rates East and will be able to compete with his machine in any market in America, on account of the cheap power to be procured in Azusa. Wherever the machines have been tried they are pronounced a grand success. They sprinkle and sweep the street at the same time. The dust and dirt is all swept into cylinders and then dumped. Contrary to all other machines of a similar character it sweeps the dirt out from instead of into the gutter. Should this manufactory prove a success it will mark a new era in the progress of the valley. With cheap power obtainable there is no reason why Azusa in a few years should not become quite a manufacturing center."

A Big Hammer.

THE Santa Fé Railroad shops at San Bernardino are up-to-date in every respect. To the equipment has recently been added an immense steam hammer, which was recently put in operation. The San Bernardino Sun says:

"No, that wasn't an earthquake shock that stirred up the people in the western part of the city yesterday afternoon. It was only the mammoth steam hammer, with its thousands of pounds of weight, and its tons of striking force that caused the vibration."

"The immense steam hammer upon which the Santa Fé people have been spending a lot of time and work and money is finally in motion, and it was used practically yesterday for the first time. While its work as a machine was all that could be expected, the impact of the blow, and the concussion resulting, was heavier than had been anticipated, and may result in a house-moving job in some of the nearer shop buildings, or else things will have to be anchored down when the hammer strikes."

"The hammer was set some time since, and then the building which was to inclose it built around the big machine. All of this is now completed, and the hammer connected up with the steam, and yesterday it was set to work cutting off steel plates, one inch thick by fourteen inches wide, and cut cold. The force necessary to clip off such a piece of metal may be faintly guessed at. The hammer is the largest anywhere in the West."

Santa Barbara Crops.

THE Santa Barbara correspondent of The Times writes:

"The crops of the year in the upper part of this county are phenomenally good, and they are wonderful when it is remembered that the rain of the season came sparingly and very late. The crops and shipments from Santa Maria are especially large."

"From 20,000 acres of barley land 300,000 sacks of grain were produced. Something over 260,000 sacks have been shipped. Of course, much of this barley land was cut for hay. The oat crop also is of considerable importance."

On about 900 acres, 20,000 sacks were raised. Shipments so far are about 16,000 sacks. This crop has brought good money.

"Close upon 4000 acres were planted in beans last season, 40,000 sacks were produced, and 30,000 shipped. What this crop will do this year is not yet known, but the wheat from 4000 acres is estimated at 28,000 sacks, while 200 acres of mustard have produced 1000 sacks, of which 800 have been shipped."

"At Guadalupe, another town north of the Santa Ynez Mountains, an acreage of 1600 has produced this year 5000 tons. Only 250 tons, however, have so far been shipped. The estimated crops of this region are 5000 tons of sugar beets from 500 acres; 500 tons of beans to 1000 acres, and 100 tons of mustard to 100 acres. The estimate from this region also accounts for 200 tons of potatoes from 175 acres of ground."

"These are responsible estimates, had through responsible persons living in the districts and confirmed by persons who have visited the north of the county."

Lordsburg Ore.

ON SEVERAL occasions during the past ten years there has been something of an excitement over strikes of gold-bearing ore in the foothills back of Lordsburg, but nothing definite has so far resulted therefrom. There has now been another strike made there.

Not very long ago a few Pasadenans organized a company to develop water in the vicinity of Lordsburg and at once began work. They are down thirty feet and have struck, not water, but gold and silver-bearing ore, and have knocked off work until they decided whether to make a well or a mine out of their property. The Pasadena Star says:

"The gentlemen interested are Robert Enson, Judge H. W. Magee, Willis Eason, A. R. Metcalfe and Mr. Maples, the last named being in charge of the development work. Mr. Eason has a piece of the ore at the Union Savings Bank, which he has shown to several local mining experts. They have told him that the rock contains considerable silver and a trace of gold, being very similar to the ore taken out in the vicinity of Denver."

"The owners have also sent samples into Los Angeles to be assayed and upon the result of the assay depends the further action of the men who wanted to get water and who may be forced to own a profitable mine."

"Full details have not yet come from Mr. Maples as to the breadth or depth of the vein of ore. The rock contains much lime, apparently being a conglomerate that would be easily worked. Already vistas of a mine with crusher, cyanide plant and a monthly dividend output loom up before the eyes of the fortunate owners."

Prosperous Lompoc.

A RESIDENT of Lompoc has given the Santa Barbara Independent some facts in regard to the prosperous conditions prevailing in that section. The Independent says:

"He reports that conditions are far better than they have been at any time since he has lived in the county. Idle laboring men who are anxious to secure employment are an unknown quantity, and business in all lines is very brisk. He reported that the crop yield is far ahead of the expectations of the people and that \$350,000 will be derived from the harvest alone. There is an unusually large crop of barley and mustard and apples are in good condition and of the best quality."

"Warehouse men in that locality are in the best of spirits, as the facilities for handling the produce, and the urgent demand for all kinds of farm products has never been better. The greatest amount of the harvest has been sold by the farmers, who are securing a much better figure for their goods, than at any time for years. With an average amount of rainfall for the coming season, together with the prospect of the coast line gap being completed in the near future, Lompoc is apt to be the most prosperous city in the county."

Flourishing Yuma.

THE little city of Yuma, which has been the butt of southwestern humorists for many years, on account of its torrid climate, reptiles and other peculiarities, is coming to the front in good shape. John W. Dorrington, the editor of the Yuma Sentinel, has been visiting San Francisco, and gave the Bulletin some particulars in regard to his town. The Bulletin says:

"The colonel is here for the benefit of the cooler weather, though, according to the colonel, Yuma has never had so cool a summer, and the colonel should know, for he has lived in Yuma for the past thirty years, and has watched its development with pleased eyes. In fact, Col. Dorrington has had more to do with the advancement of Yuma than any other man in the Territory. Not so many years ago Yuma was picturesque and woolly. Even the Indians were Indians, and not the semi-civilized creatures they are today, with their boots and their pantaloons. The houses were of adobe, there were no lights, and Yuma was indeed a frontier post."

"And today! Yuma has an ice plant, waterworks, street-car system, electric lighting and all the conveniences of an American city. Col. Dorrington has not labored in vain."

"Indeed," said the colonel this morning, "I have never known the time when Yuma has been so prosperous. Of course that fire to Sanguinetti was a dreadful affair, but what do you think? No sooner did the news reach San Francisco than your wholesalers wired to Sanguinetti to draw on them for all he wanted. That speaks well for both, does it not?"

"I think that the government, in throwing open that immense tract to the west of the town for settlement, will decide the fate of Yuma. You know, for years that land has been in dispute. It is as rich a piece of ground as can be found anywhere, and no sooner was the de-

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cision known than 15,000 acres were settled upon in less than seven months. The families are of the right sort. They do not fear work and they are practical horticulturists. This land is being put into wheat, fruit and alfalfa. Alfalfa is a paying crop when a man can sell it for \$11 a ton right in Yuma. Our farmers came principally from Riverside and San Diego. You know, we can lay just claim to raising the earliest figs and grapes in the United States. Why, we sell grapes to Phoenix, which made the claim that they raised the earliest fruit.

"Everything is prosperous in the Territory. The Castle Dome mine is doing well. They are employing a great many men there. The Golden Cross, over which there has been spent barrels of money in litigation, is now being worked and is paying big." H. W. Blaisdell is now putting a large cyanide plant in the King of Arizona mine, which is forty-three miles north of the Gila River, or in the S. H. Mountain mining district. Oh, I know you people in San Francisco think that we are the fag end of creation, but it is not so. There are good people in Arizona, as well as good mines and good fruit lands."

Prosperous Rialto.

RIALTO, in San Bernardino county, is enjoying a run of prosperity, being one of the few favored sections of Southern California which this year have an ample supply of water. The San Bernardino Times-Index says:

"During the past season no locality in Southern California has been more abundantly supplied with water than Rialto. That thriving colony has more water than it needs. Water is rented for 20 cents an inch a day as against \$3 and \$4 paid in other localities. Rialto derives its water from Lytle Creek, and no more permanent water right exists in this country.

"Rialto, which but a few years ago was covered with sagebrush and inhabited by the jackrabbit and the cottontail, is now covered with thrifty orchards and is the home of prosperous horticulturists.

"Rialto is practically free from frost, as has been demonstrated several times in the past few years. Last year at the New York auctions Rialto fruit took first place, superseding Riverside, which has had the advantage of age and experience."

San Diego Lemon Crop.

THE lemon crop in the National City and Chula Vista sections is practically exhausted for the season. The San Diego Union says:

"The reports received from the East last week were that no lemons were being shipped from the West and that the market had advanced from 25 to 50 cents a box. While there are a few marketable lemons left at Chula Vista the supply is very light and in another week it is thought 'at there will be no more to ship.' The new crop will begin to ripen in a month or six weeks, however, and the shipments will begin again then.

"The past season has been an unusually long one. This was due to the dry year, which caused the lemons to ripen slower than ordinarily, and although it was thought that there would be no more lemons after July, they have been marketed until the present time. Although a dry year is looked upon as a calamity by fruit-growers, it had its redeeming features as far as the lemon men are concerned. It caused the lemons to ripen later, when the highest prices were prevailing, and although the top figures were not as high as last year a good price was obtained. The total shipments from the Chula Vista and National City section this year have been 225 carloads, against 300 carloads for the whole of last year. As there are several months remaining in this year in which to ship lemons, this season's figures will probably come very close to those of last year. The lateness of the crop this summer will undoubtedly have the effect of delaying the ripening of the lemons this winter, however."

San Diego Jetty.

PROPOSALS for constructing an additional 1000 feet of the government jetty at the entrance to the harbor are to be opened on September 29 in Los Angeles, according to Capt. J. J. Meyler, in charge of the government work at San Pedro and San Diego. The San Diego Union says:

"There are 3500 feet of the jetty yet to be built," said Capt. Meyler, "but the \$67,000 available is only enough to extend the work out a thousand feet. As soon as possible after the bids are opened on the 29th the contract for building this new section will be awarded, and no time will be lost in completing the work. I am wholly unable to say when any further appropriation will be made for constructing the remaining 2500 feet.

"I have strongly urged the government to allow me to build at least a half wall the entire length of the proposed jetty, in order to save the great expense contractors are put to in filling in at the end of each section. The jetty extends along a shoal, and though the

water may be only seven feet deep at the end of a section at the time the contract is completed, the scouring at the end of the jetty cuts a deep channel there that has to be filled up when the work of building the next section begins. If a half wall were built, say from the bottom of the ocean up to the surface of the water, it would prove to be much more economical, and would lessen the damage inflicted by the depredations of the teredo."

"Capt. Meyler states that no orders have been received for preparing any new emplacements at this port, though the plans call for big rifles on Point Loma, at the extreme end of the Point, and mortar batteries on the summit of the ridge and south of Hotel del Coronado. The only new work in contemplation, in addition to that now in hand," said Capt. Meyler, "is the construction of a stone and cement house for the range-finder, which is to be located on one of the knolls upon Point Loma, not far from the present 10-inch guns at Ballast Point. The building will be low and solid.

"The excavating for the battery of 5-inch rapid-fire guns will be finished in a few days, when the rock and cement for the emplacement will be laid. The 5-inch rapid-fire guns are the latest guns of the kind, and supersede the 4.72-inch guns provided for in the plan of fortifications for this harbor. The 4.72-inch gun was very good, but the adoption of the 5-inch gun in its stead caused a change in the plans. The 5-inch weapon is very effective, and has been shown to be as near perfect as a gun can be made."

A Model Ranch.

AN INSTANCE of what may be accomplished by scientific farming in Southern California even during a dry season is furnished from Ventura county. The Ventura Signal says:

"By the application of intelligent methods of farming, James Swett, the manager of the big Dixie Thompson ranch, has made a bonanza for Mr. Thompson in this year that promised only disaster. Threshing under Jo Lewis has just been completed on the ranch and the barley yielded turned out enormously. Between 37,000 and 38,000 sacks are the figures, and every sack is now stored in the Sudden warehouses at the wharf and ready for shipment when the market quotations promise best.

"How was it done? Well, mainly by planting deep. When things looked worse on the ranch, before the last rain in January, Mr. Swett began casting about for an outlook. There was not enough moisture promised for beans, the usual crop, so the wide-awake manager be-thought him of barley, with a hay prospect if no more rain fell. 'And I'll drill the seed in deep,' he said to himself, 'so that it can get all the moisture possible.' He did so. He secured drills and plunked every grain into the soil at least six inches.

"The result of this foresight may be seen now in the piles upon piles of full sacks in the warehouse. Instead of the modicum of hay hoped for the big acres turned out all the way from thirty to forty sacks each.

"Nor is this all. The Thompson ranch is going to turn out beets this year—good beets and lots of them. So many, indeed, that the Oxenards have put in a big beet dump on the ranch and a long switch track at great expense."

"Another thing that is noteworthy is the fact that the great stretch of lowlands on the ranch, next the ocean, is turning out about as good crops as the upland, something that was not thought possible a few years ago. But Swett has gone to work with a system wholly his own and is reclaiming what was considered a useless salt flat. He is running dikes and ditches in every direction and is catching each year and holding the wash earth from the hills which every little rain brings down. It is nothing, as has been demonstrated by this enterprising rancher, to reclaim acres upon acres every year, and the new soil is shown to be of the richest, as the tall corn grown on the bottom land this year will evidence. Land worth a few dollars to nothing an acre last year is this year brought up to show an excellent yield and have its value enhanced a hundred fold. Mr. Swett says, and knows what he is talking about, as his past work will show, that he will make every acre of the big ranch a valuable acre before he gets through with it.

"Nor is this all. Water has been found in this lowland—spouting artesian wells that are throwing their goodly streams far above the surface. This has been piped all about the place. Swett took the risk and got what he sought in copious quantities, and the people who remember how water was hauled in the old days are wondering why boring for water was never thought of before. It is the purest and best water possible, too.

"The whole ranch and all its belongings show good management. There is a big dairy connected with it; there are good cows fed on the most nutritious feed of all kinds, from alfalfa to rich chopped corn, and all are of course well cared for by competent men under Mr. Swett's personal supervision. The milk and dairy arrangements are complete. There is a special milk house, a patent milk cooler, and boiler to furnish steam to clean the machinery, and the cans and bottles in which the milk is served. Everything is up-to-date and

will bear the closest inspection. This dairy arrangement is open to the public, too, and a look through it will well repay a visit.

"All the time Mr. Swett is scheming and talking of more and further improvements in the ranch lands and the dairy and has in view improvements that will cost much when carried out, but like the things he has done, will bring many returns when fully complete."

IN TRIBUTARY TERRITORY.

An Albuquerque Enterprise.

THE Albuquerque wool scouring mill has developed into one of the most important enterprises in the city. The Albuquerque Democrat has the following:

"Two years ago it was one of our infant industries, and as 'great oaks from little acorns grow,' so has this important addition to the city's manufacturing interests enjoyed a healthy growth. The building has been enlarged to over double its former size, the capacity of the mill increased, and the plant equipped with modern machinery, so that it now ranks with any wool scouring mill in the country.

"Through the courtesy of James Wilkinson, manager for Messrs. Barrup & Edie, a reporter of this paper was recently shown through this mammoth establishment and was considerably surprised at the activity displayed and the quantity of the fleecy product handled daily. During the past year the firm has scoured over 2,250,000 pounds of wool, including the custom scouring and the clips purchased direct.

"The scouring machine recently purchased at an outlay of \$6000, weighs no less than 60,000 pounds, and is 113 feet in length, with a capacity of 13,000 pounds daily. The firm employs upwards of fifty people, to whom employment is given the entire year, and many thousands of dollars are thus put into circulation.

"The firm expects to celebrate its prosperity by turning the mill over to its employes some evening during the fair, when a grand ball will be given.

"Strangers to the city are invited to visit the mill while attending the fair, and learn the process of wool scouring."

A Kern County Oil Well.

AS ALREADY mentioned in The Times, Kern county is beginning to attract attention from oil men. The Bakersfield Echo has the following in regard to a big well recently struck there:

"Oil came over the top of the Elwood well yesterday when the task of perforating the casing was completed. It was shortly afterward capped and there it stands.

"That is the kind of success that has crowned the first completed well in the Kern River district. And is that not a pretty good one to be only between three and four hundred feet deep? That certainly looks like there is oil, plenty of it to bore for in that 'neck of the woods.' This will settle any further hesitancy about sinking other wells.

"First a layer of boulders, a greenish formation and then twenty feet of oil sand. Then a stratum of blue clay followed by more than 200 feet of oil sand. All horizontal formations. This is the nature of the earth the Elwood well passes through, briefly told to an Echo reporter by Milton McWhorter, the gentleman who drilled the well.

"The oil men all over the State have been watching the outcome of the completion of this well. It was considered that whatever it would show up the result would be a fair prospect of what is possible in the district. Now that the results are known we may expect derricks to rise up in every direction and the big companies interested up there begin to turn loose their money.

"None of the companies in this locality have yet put any stock on the market and do not intend to until there is something bona fide in sight.

"E. M. Roberts has agreed to lease eighty acres of his land in section 8-29-28, near the Means place to a Stockton oil company. The lease has been already drawn and Mr. Roberts is now waiting its return from that city. The life of the lease is set down at twenty years, and it stipulates that the work of drilling for oil must begin within six months, and the wells must be sunk to the depth of 500 feet. If oil is struck a 500-foot well must be sunk every three years during the existence of the lease. Mr. Roberts is to get a sixth of the product.

"This land shows as much surface oil indications as the land on which the Elwood well is located. The water in a twelve or fifteen-foot well on the land never fails to reveal plenty of oil. In fact oil sand has shown at a less depth than that."

The remains of the late Johann Strauss are to find a permanent resting place in Vienna between the graves of Schubert and Brahms.

5000 Bargains.



The Parisian begins a tremendous clearing house for gigantic sample lines from eastern manufacturers.

More than five thousand garments of the newest and most beautiful styles at prices which do not begin to cover the cost of making alone.

This offering includes the entire sample lines from the great wholesale house of

D. Black & Co., Cleveland, Ohio,

B. Bischof Sons, Cincinnati, Ohio,

The Holzman Mfg. Co., Silk Petticoats.

No two garments in this entire collection alike and every garment a genuine bargain at three times the price we ask. You may call it valurism, bargainism, sensationalism or any ism you will, but the fact remains that no such tremendous outpouring of superbly elegant and fashionable garments was ever offered in Los Angeles before, at anything less than double the prices at which you will be able to buy tomorrow.

The store will be crowded the entire week. Come early to get first choice. Don't let the warm weather keep you away or you will regret it in less than thirty days.

Remember that this is the sacrifice of the sacrifices. That the choicest and newest goods are ruthlessly slaughtered right at the beginning of the season. Come early. Come early.

White Duck Skirts.

Tremendous Sample Sale.

"The last run of the shad." Choice of any of our white duck skirts 35c. Wash skirts, cotton waists almost given away. Talk about bargains.

Plush Capes.

Tremendous Sample Sale.

Very finest quality imported seal ette plush. This cape is 30 inches deep, trimmed with black Thibet fur, actually worth \$10; sample price \$6.75. Crush plush capes, 30 inches deep; \$6.50, \$7.50, \$9 and \$10. Just exactly half the price these garments are retailed for in the city of Chicago.

Mackintoshes.

Tremendous Sample Sale.

We have exactly 23 mackintoshes left. These are not samples but the end of our stock which is being closed out. We are prepared to sacrifice on them at any price because we expect our doors will be closed long before there is any rain in this country. Now is your chance.

Silk Petticoats.

Tremendous Sample Sale.

The entire sample line of the finest manufacturer of silk petticoats in the United States. Goods purchased at less than half what other merchants have paid for the same identical styles and qualities within the last thirty days. Petticoats of beautiful taffeta silks, black, plain colors and fancy changeable effects. On account of being only one skirt of a kind we cannot quote prices here, but they were bought at a mere song and if you want an elegant silk skirt at the price of a cotton one come in the morning.

Cloth Capes.

Tremendous Sample Sale.

Plain tailored capes with or without top capes. Plain or beautifully garnished with braid and jet. This is a sample line of garments made to retail from \$3 to \$9 each; your choice of any in the lot at from \$1.50 to \$5.

Dress Skirts.

Tremendous Sample Sale.

A magnificent line of beautifully made dress skirts for street and dress wear in serges, cheviots, the new gray homespun and beautiful plaids. Skirts made with inverted pleats, habit backs. On account of again buying only one skirt of a kind we cannot quote prices but urge you sincerely to be here in the morning if you want a skirt at half price.

Ladies' Jackets.

Tremendous Sample Sale.

A big line of samples. One of a kind garments for ladies and misses in dark colors, including such shades as grays, cadets, navies, browns and black; not a garment in this entire line that was ever made to retail for less than \$7.50. Very latest fall styles; your choice of any at \$4.95. Another line of jackets in fine tan English kersey with velvet collar and silk lined, as long as they last at \$4.75.

Ladies' Jackets.

Tremendous Sample Sale.

Imported tan English Kersey jackets made with strapped seams, full tailor finish in every detail, elegantly lined with silk and easily worth at any store in this town \$12 to \$20 each; your choice here tomorrow \$7.50 to \$12.

Plush Jackets.

Tremendous Sample Sale.

Beautiful jackets of sealette and crush plush. Beautifully made and perfect fitting; silk lined throughout; elegantly finished and made to retail at \$20.00. Sample line price only \$10.00.

Collarettes.

Tremendous Sample Sale.

In December when you want to wear the goods you will gladly pay double money for any one of the articles advertised here today, Electric Seal collarette with wide border of imitation Stone Martin fur, sample sale price, \$6.75. Electric Seal collarette trimmed with Moufflon trimming, \$5.75.

Fur Collarettes.

Tremendous Sample Sale.

A fine Baltic Seal collarette with Persian Lamb yoke; the swellest, nobbiest collarette shown this season for anything less than three times the price we ask. It is really worth and would actually be cheap at \$10. Sample price \$6.75. The same collar with tabs and tails worth \$12.00 at \$7.75.

Children's Jackets.

Tremendous Sample Sale.

If your little daughter needs a jacket for school or for best and you want to save anywhere from \$1.00 to \$5.00 on it you can choose here from 150 garments that come as samples at half regular price from the best makers in America. Colors are plain, fancy mixed or combination of both; plain tailored styles or elaborately trimmed as you choose. On account of buying only one garment of a kind we cannot quote prices but guarantee them to be half what you will pay elsewhere.

Parisian Cloak & Suit Co., 139 SOUTH SPRING